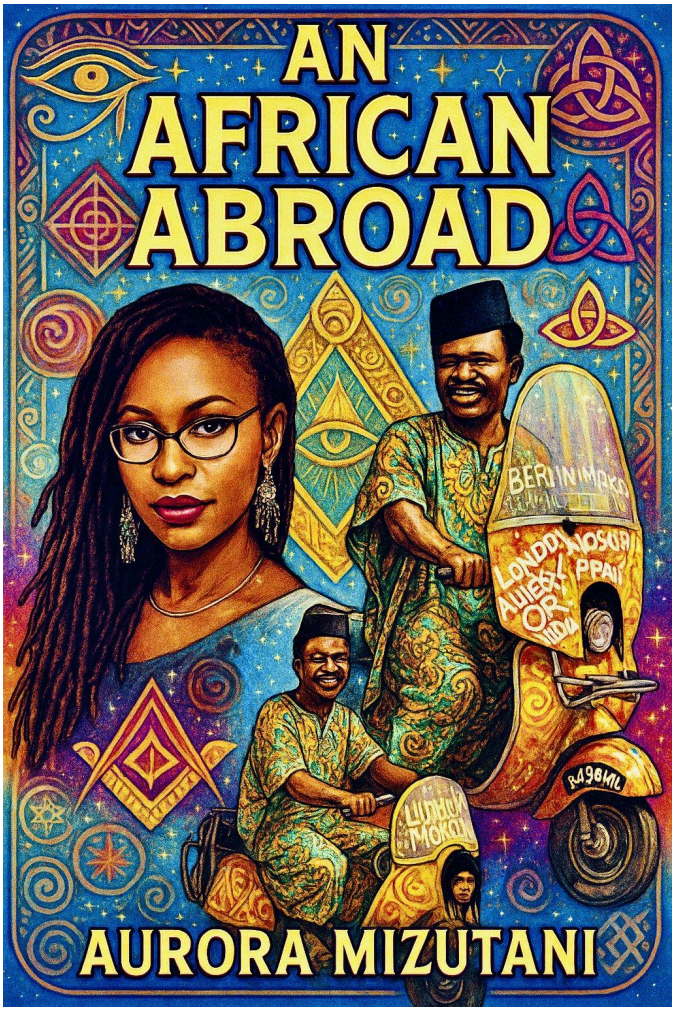
AN
AFRICAN
ABROAD
AURORA MIZUTANI

An African Abroad

Aurora Mizutani

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Disclaimer

This book is a compelling piece of creative nonfiction, rooted in real-life events.

It captures the author's vivid memories and reflections over time.

Every story shared in this memoir is presented with the utmost accuracy, based on the author's recollections.

To safeguard the privacy of certain individuals, some names and identifying details have been altered.

Additionally, certain events have been condensed, and some conversations have been reconstructed for clarity.

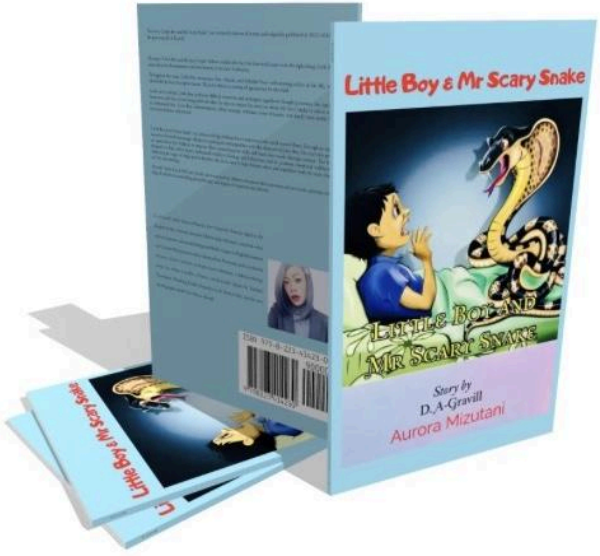
The author does not represent any organization, corporation, or brand mentioned in this work. The perspectives shared in this memoir are entirely those of the author.

This narrative addresses the sensitive topic of child abuse. While the author has approached this subject with care and empathy, it may still be distressing for some readers.

Reader discretion is advised.

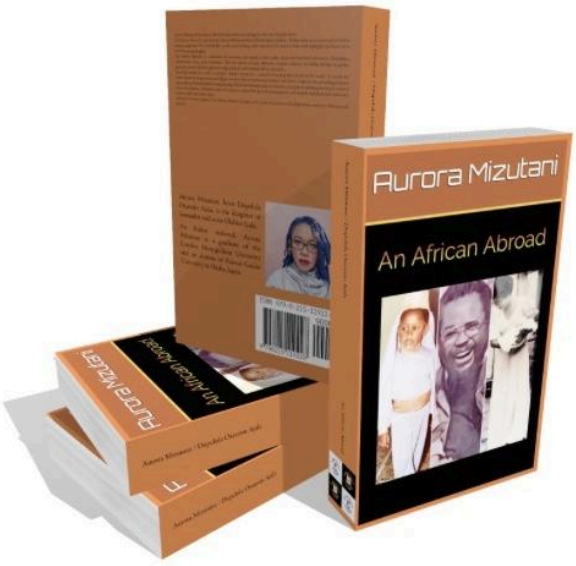
The information contained within this book was accurate at the time of publication; however, the author cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage resulting from errors or omissions.

By the same author



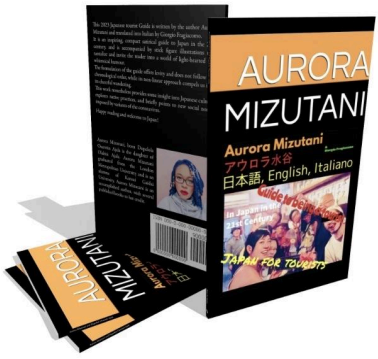
Little Boy & Mr Scary Snake

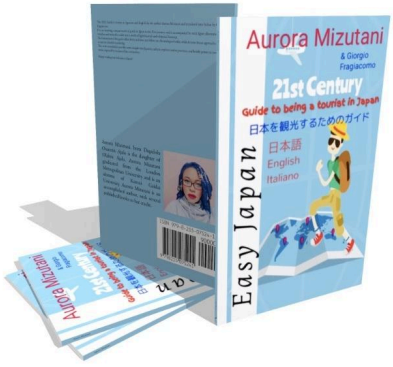
Children's Interactive Story Book



An African Abroad

Author's Autobiography

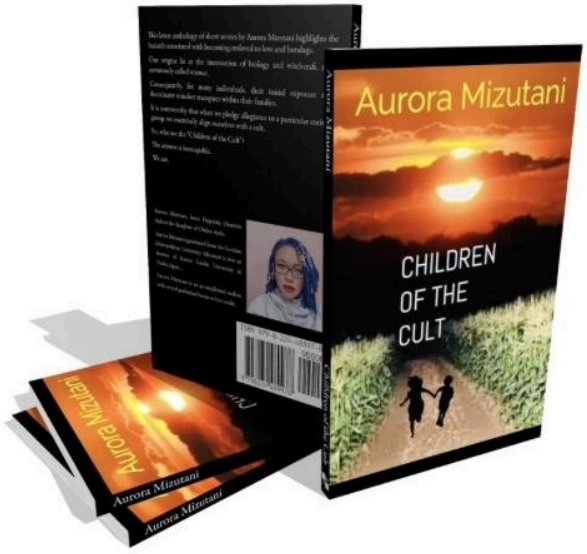




Japan For Tourists & Easy Japan

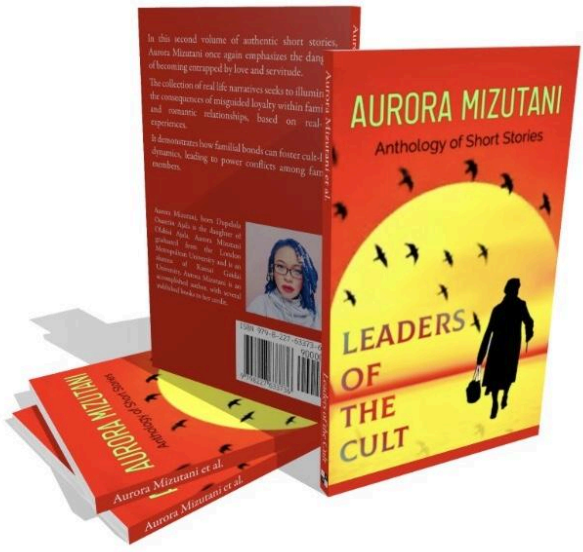
Multilingual Satirical Travel Guide to Life in Japan

Resolving Gender Inequality in the Modern Era



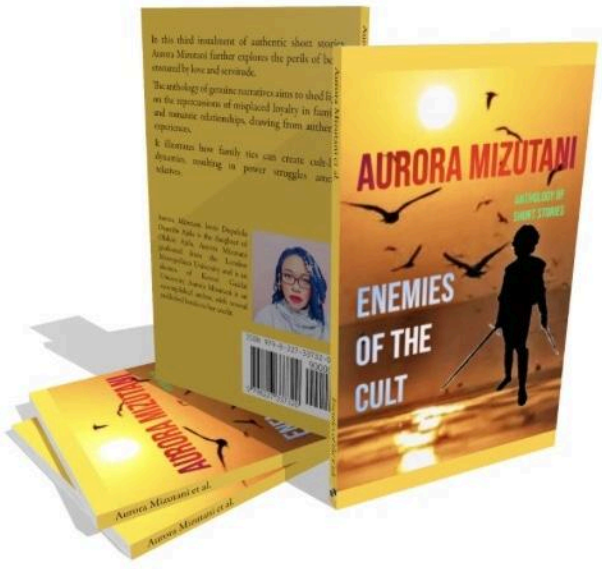
Children of the Cult

Anthology of Authentic Short Stories



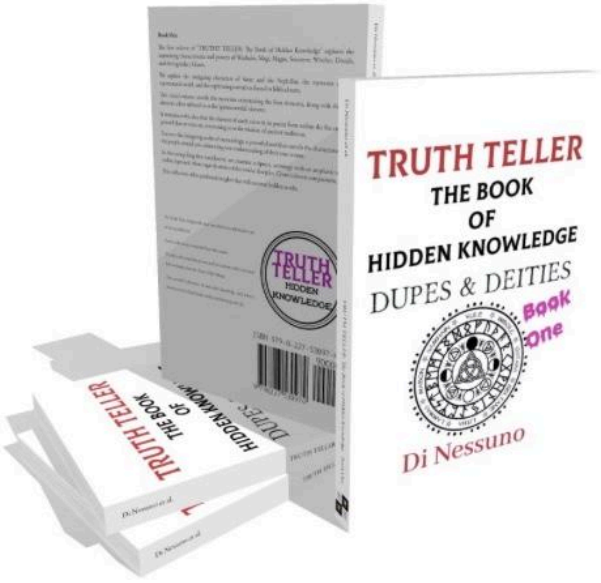
Leaders of the Cult

Anthology of Authentic Short Stories



Enemies of the Cult

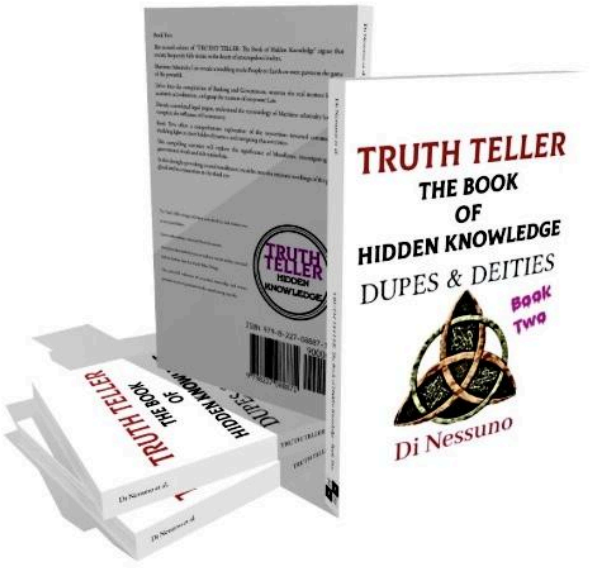
Anthology of Authentic Short Stories



Truth Teller Trilogy

The Book of Hidden Knowledge

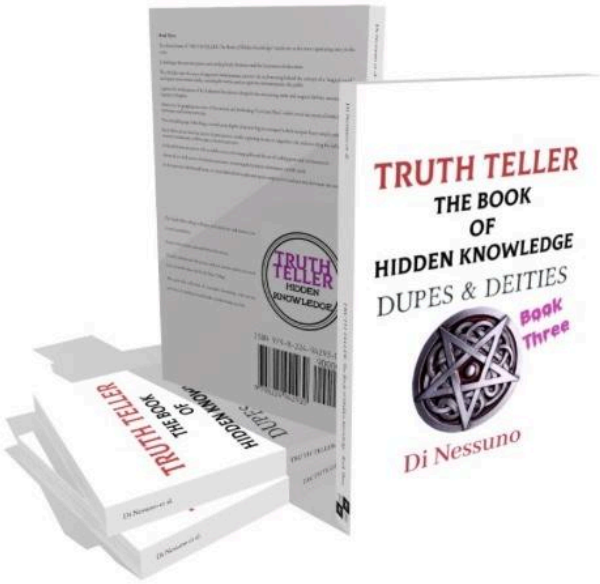
Book One



Truth Teller Trilogy

The Book of Hidden Knowledge

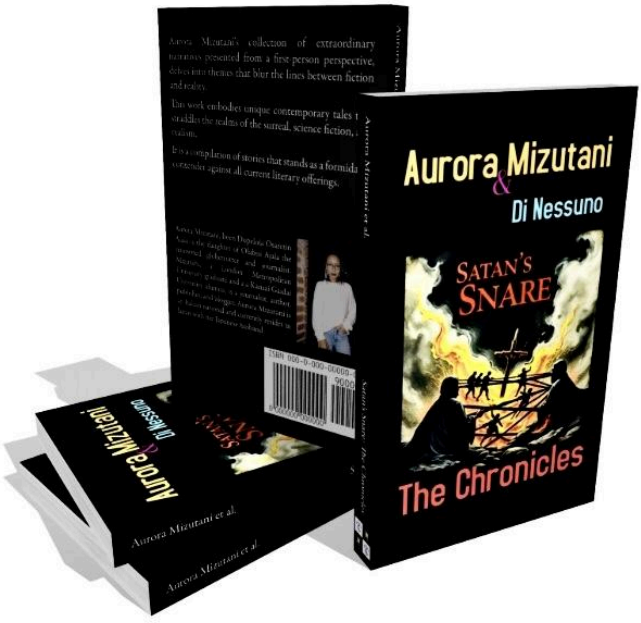
Book Two



Truth Teller Trilogy

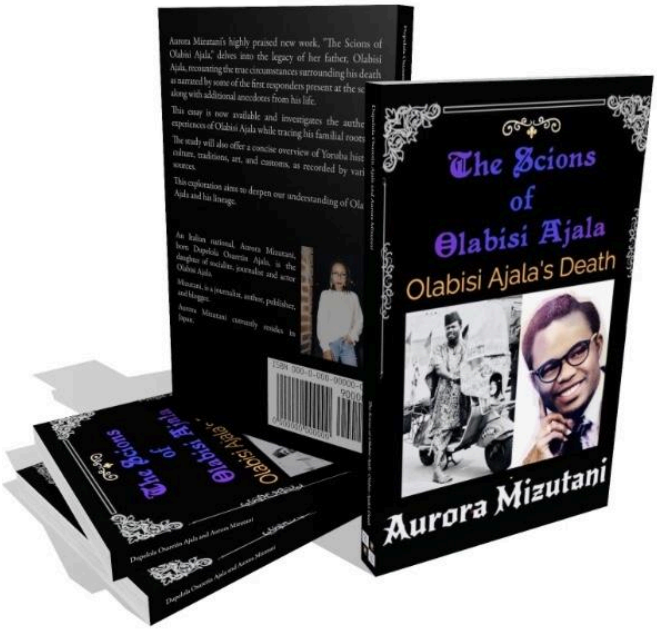
The Book of Hidden Knowledge

Book Three



Satan's Snare

The Chronicles



The Scions of Olabisi Ajala

Olabisi Ajala's Death

Dedication

For John & my 18 dogs for
their steadfast faithfulness.

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‘Ask and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you.

Everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks, it will be opened.

Or what man is there among you who, if his son asks for bread, will give him a stone?

Orifheasksforafish,willhegivehima serpent?

If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask Him!’

Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 7:7-11

Introduction

I have chosen to share a brief account of my relationship with my father and my own experiences, primarily focusing on myself due to my limited knowledge of him. This decision stems from the profound lessons I learned from my contrasting upbringing. My aim is to document my journey and perhaps clarify certain aspects of my life.

It is important to clarify that this book is not a continuation of my father Olabisi Ajala's work, 'An African Abroad.' Instead, it serves as a tribute to his accomplishments while also reflecting on my personal experiences.

This narrative is a historical essay that captures the essence of my father's legacy and my interpretation of it, ensuring it is preserved within these pages.

While 'An African Abroad' recounts the life of one of Olabisi Ajala's many descendants, I acknowledge that my travels, though extensive, are but a fraction of his global adventures, which he undertook in a much more adventurous manner. I have opted for more conventional means of travel, having explored and resided in twenty-one countries, including Nigeria, Italy, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Estonia, Sweden, Austria, Wales, Scotland, Denmark, the West Indies,

the Soviet Union, China, Korea, Cambodia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Thailand, and Japan.

This book chronicles my quest for self-discovery and the evolution of my intellect, filled with sibling rivalry, youthful escapades, substance use, the loss of freedom, passion, intrigue,and the complexities of love and betrayal, including the challenges posed by the the flawed childcare court system and the challenges of facing my son’s alleged abuse and societal judgment.

Prepare for an unfiltered account of my life as the author of 'An African Abroad,' where I aim to share my truth with complete honesty.

I will recount my brief yet impactful interactions with influential figures and the lessons learned from them.

To truly grasp the insights I've gained, we must journey back in time to understand the events that shaped my quest for freedom.

Like my father, Olabisi Ajala, I possess an innate curiosity and a passion for knowledge that has guided me as a non-conformist in discovering my craft.

My transformative experience with the former Soviet Union was a psychological battle that tested my emotional resilience, and overcoming that struggle remains my greatest triumph.

Without the endorsement of the elite, outsiders cannot achieve recognition. Therefore, every figure I reference in my book is connected to the establishment. However, I will draw on the insights of my colleagues to effectively convey my perspective.

Unlike my father, Olabisi Ajala, I do not solely identify as a journalist. This work is neither a political commentary, a travelogue, nor a historical narrative. My hope is that these stories will be beneficial to many, offering valuable lessons from my experiences.

A few of you will relate. The rest of you will wonder.

Preface

Olabisi Ajala achieved an extraordinary feat by journeying through over seventy countries on a moped, engaging with world leaders among his many adventures. Had he been apprehended, my father would have faced severe physical consequences, including potential torture and harsh imprisonment.

Remarkably, Olabisi Ajala managed to avoid incarceration in Russia, possibly escaping the notorious Gulag. While it is often claimed that Ajala passed away in poverty, this perspective hinges on one's interpretation of wealth. He left behind approximately a dozen children, and my father aspired for at least one of his descendants to uphold his legacy. Ajala, a true free spirit, recognized that material wealth is merely transient. In fact, as he departed this world with a profound sense of freedom, I challenge the notion that he died impoverished.

What does true freedom entail?

Olabisi Ajala likely grasped the essence of the game 'Monopoly.' Mastering this game reveals that achieving one's goals is ultimately pointless; when the game concludes, all assets return to the box. The reality is that we cannot carry our possessions, including money, into the afterlife. The Egyptian Pharaohs, who died

with immense wealth, buried their treasures in tombs, which have since been unearthed by archaeologists and are now showcased globally. Ajala wisely chose to invest his resources in this life, understanding that we cannot take them with us. He left behind his descendants and a written legacy, the true riches of this world. I firmly believe that Olabisi Ajala was indeed a wealthy man in the truest sense.

For those interested in the circumstances surrounding my father, Olabisi Ajala's death, I highly recommend exploring the publication titled 'The Scions of Olabisi Ajala: Olabisi Ajala's Death.'

A Message for Passionate Critics

It is important for enthusiastic critics to understand that the intentional application of strategic grammar and purposeful misspellings is designed to emphasize the unique colloquial North London accent and the distinct intonations of English as articulated by non-native speakers.

Additionally, the repetition is intentional, serving to underscore significant points that warrant reiteration.

Chapter One

Olabisi Ajala

London, England, Spring 1994

Having just celebrated my eighteenth birthday, I found myself in a London council flat located at the intersection of Isledon Road and Hornsey Road.

At this point, I want to remind readers that many remarkable figures in history have found themselves imprisoned at Her Majesty's Pleasure. From Elizabeth I to Joan of Arc, Niccolò Machiavelli, Oscar Wilde, Marco Polo, Nelson Mandela, Muhammad Ali, Malcolm X, John the Baptist, and Jesus of Nazareth, the list is extensive. Imprisoned visionaries and fervent advocates have always been the foundation of non-conformity.

I hesitate to liken my struggles to those of the remarkable figures throughout history. As someone who has experienced captivity, I find solace in knowing I am not alone.

A few months after my release from HMP Holloway, my mother, who was living in Italy with my older sister Etna, felt it was necessary to help me find a roommate.

My mother, Lucia, had a history of driving across Europe with her daughters, effortlessly navigating from Italy to France and then to London, all while we were children. Back then, she was in her early forties, and by the early nineties, she would have been around fifty.

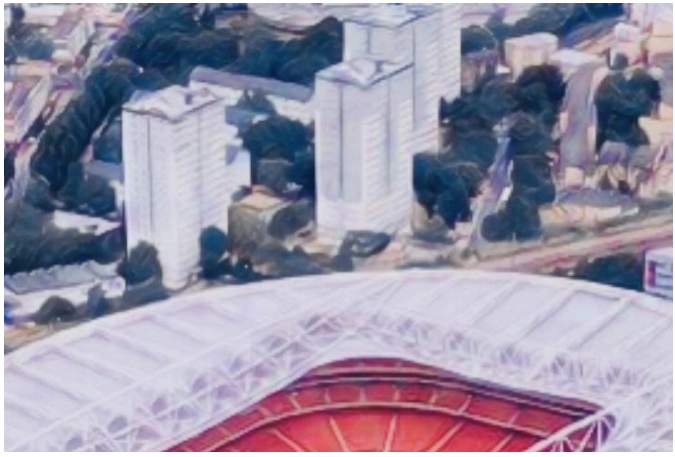
Concerned for my safety, she worried that living in a council flat near Finsbury Park might pose risks. It was well-known that Finsbury Park was one of the more notorious areas of London, alongside places like Brixton, Lewisham, and Peckham. At that time, Finsbury Park was particularly grim, plagued by crime and vice, with a troubling presence of rapists, drug addicts, thieves, and sex workers. This unsavory environment extended to nearby streets like Stroud Green Road and Blackstock Road, creating a challenging atmosphere in that part of north London, which could easily be described as a ghetto. Aside from Islington, which is slightly distanced from Upper Street and connects to the Angel and City Road, the area and its nearby neighborhoods towards the Angel were seen as more progressive and were primarily populated by the working lower class.

This demographic was considered a tier below the working middle class. In contrast, Finsbury Park was viewed as a perilous area in every sense. It served as a haven for those released from the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, which was established in Crowthorne, Berkshire,

in 1863. The institution housed many individuals, including both male and female child murderers, who were deemed dangerous.

Due to overcrowding in the hospital, numerous patients were released back into society, left to navigate life on the streets. This included the vicinity around Finsbury Park, where these former patients could often be seen near the underground station, either begging for money or attempting to steal food and rob passers by.

Finsbury Park, London, UK, the 1990s



Harvist Estates, Hornsey, London, 2015.

My mother hired a young Italian named Arturo, whom she discovered through an ad in a local Bologna newspaper, as a personal driver.

As a man that was still tied to his mother, at twenty-nine, Arturo fit the literal impersonation of a 'mammone'—a term in Italy for a grown man who hasn't yet left his parents' nest. This type of man relies on his parents for support, behaving as if he were still a child or an immature adult. Generally, an Italian 'mammone' is someone who can be anywhere from twenty to sixty years old, as they tend to reside with their parents until the latter pass away.

Arturo, the 'mammone' discovered by my mother, was significantly younger than forty but still a true 'mammone', living with his parents in Italy and relying on them for his living expenses. He and my mother met in Bologna and prepared for their journey to London. Upon their first encounter, Arturo was taken aback by the sheer amount of luggage my mother planned to bring along, which caused his car to be overloaded beyond its limits. As a result, they struggled to gain any speed on their way

to London. Despite his attempts to convince her to lighten the load, they set off as planned. I wasn't there to witness the journey, but knowing my mother, I can imagine the poor 'mammone' was quite stressed within hours of their departure. Three days later, they arrived in Finsbury Park, London, where my mother called me around 8:00 AM to let me know they had made it.

My mother told me that she had parked the vehicle of the young man she recruited to be my roommate near Finsbury Park Underground Station. She mentioned that he wanted to improve his English, so he agreed to stay with me for a short period. This was the first time I learned about her plans for a roommate, but I was used to her spontaneous decisions. What really bothered me was receiving a call at such an early hour.

"Hurry up and get dressed! Head to Finsbury Park immediately," my mother shouted over the phone. "You need to meet the young man and bring him back to your apartment."

My apartment, situated on the 12th floor of Talbot House, is conveniently located right across from the Sobell Leisure Centre. It takes about ten minutes to walk from my place to Finsbury Park, or less than five minutes if I ride my bike. I quickly brushed my teeth, took a fast shower, threw on some clothes, grabbed my bicycle, and dashed out the door without

locking it. At that time, a sensible burglar would likely avoid targeting a home that had not been confirmed to contain valuables. Back then, my apartment had nothing of worth.

I reached Finsbury Park Underground Station on Blackstock Road and spotted my mother approaching me. It was early morning, and the streets were fairly calm. Recognizing her was easy. As she came closer, we headed towards Blackstock Rd. "I've left Arturo in charge of watching my things in his car," she said, skipping the usual greetings, which was typical for us. "That's his name, Arturo. Let's go get a cup of tea," she suggested with a smile. Curious, I asked, "Where exactly did you leave Arturo and the car?" It suddenly struck me that Finsbury Park isn't the safest area for anyone, especially an Italian 'mammone'. "Oh, just somewhere near Stroud Green Rd, behind the Underground Station," she answered casually.

I felt a wave of concern wash over me. Stroud Green Road was arguably the most perilous stretch in Finsbury Park, notorious for being a gathering spot for many released patients from the asylum. "We must find this young man, Arturo, right away," I urged my calm mother. "We need to locate his vehicle with your belongings in it." That struck a chord with her; the thought of her possessions being at risk shook her as she recalled the area's infamous reputation. Just as my mother was about to speak, I noticed a young man sprinting from

Finsbury Park station up Blackstock Road, his face a mask of fear. I could easily identify an Italian from a distance, and this was no exception. The poor fellow dashed towards us, panic evident in his every move. "Aiuto!" he yelled, calling out to my mother. "Aiuto Lucia!" he cried as he finally reached us.

The young man was visibly distressed. Speaking in Italian, Arturo hurriedly conveyed that he was being pursued by a massive 7-foot tall black man, as large as a wardrobe, who was wielding a hammer, his eyes wide and shouting in English while charging at him. Arturo attempted to explain to my unsympathetic mother that this menacing figure had seemingly appeared from nowhere, resembling something out of a nightmare.

My mother quickly assessed the situation and, instead of offering comfort, became furious with Arturo for leaving the vehicle unguarded, putting all her belongings at risk from his pursuer. The idea that her possessions were less important than Arturo's safety never crossed her mind.

In reality, given my familiarity with Finsbury Park, Arturo, the 'mammone', had gotten off relatively easy. Based on his description, it seemed he had been chased by a deranged, larger-than-life crack addict with intentions to rob and possibly harm him. It was only after we returned to the vehicle and found both it and

my mother's belongings safe that she finally attempted to soothe the terrified young man.

The young man had become completely disenchanted with London and was terrified for his safety by this point. It certainly didn't help that my apartment was just a short distance from where the enormous man with the hammer had attempted to attack him. I recall Arturo mentioning that I lived almost at the crime scene, right in the middle of the ghetto.

After that frightening incident, there was no changing his mind. Arturo was convinced that London was a perilous place. My mother emptied the young man's car of her belongings and refused to return the deposit for the accommodation she had, as she claimed, painstakingly arranged for him to share with me in my apartment.

I had just received the council flat in London, and its location was already proving to be a significant drawback. Residing in a council flat near Finsbury Park, only about a mile from the ghetto, felt like being trapped in a cage in the middle of a concrete jungle, while paying rent for it.

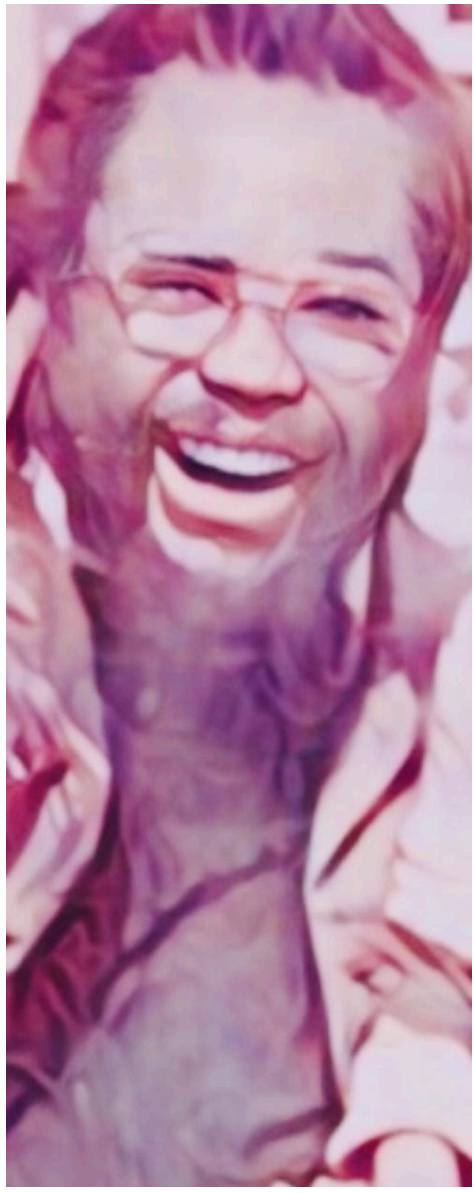
The Italian 'mammone', Arturo, sold his car to catch a flight back to his parents, where I am certain he remains. After his dreadful experience in Finsbury Park, it's unlikely he would ever venture outside of Italy again.

Lagos, Nigeria, 1970’s

The name Olabisi Ajala may be unfamiliar to many, but for me, it resonates deeply as it belongs to my father. Since my childhood, I've heard it almost every day. I entered this world on October 11, 1975, just shy of a century after the birth of Alistair Crowley, who was born on October 12, 1875, in England.

Interestingly, my father picked up my birth certificate two days after my arrival, which resulted in a change of my birth date from the 11th to the officially recorded date of October 13th, the day he retrieved the document.

My father Olabisi Ajala, 1950s.



My father Olabisi Ajala, 1980s.

Olabisi Ajala the actor, US, 1970s.

Olabisi Ajala the socialite, 1950s.

The prominent presence of the letter 'A', which represents the triangle in Life's Trinity, in both my father's name and mine is certainly not a mere coincidence. Many nations incorporate the letter 'A' into their names, which is also no accident.

I cherish the memories of my father, Moshood Olabisi Ajala, who has been like a guardian angel, always watching over his children. Olabisi Ajala played a crucial role in securing visas for my mother, my sisters, and me to leave Africa.

Ajala sought acknowledgement for his global accomplishments, yet not everyone in Nigeria appreciated his desire for recognition. To gain respect and fame in Nigeria, Olabisi Ajala began associating with musicians who created numerous songs celebrating his journeys around the world. The wealth he earned from his acting and journalism was swiftly spent on his passions, as he poured significant resources into backing numerous artists and musicians. To this day, over six songs have been composed about him, although many have faded into obscurity. However, at least

two memorable songs about Olabisi Ajala continue to endure.

It is said that Olabisi Ajala frequently relied on his two sisters and his deceased brother from the Nigerian army for financial support. He rarely took on manual work in Nigeria, aside from occasionally writing articles.

My mother, Lucia, spent nearly two years in the hospital after a severe motor vehicle accident involving a large truck that collided with her, severely injuring her legs. In that instant, my older sister Etna, born prematurely in August 1972, was cradled in my mother's arms when a tragic collision struck, sending her tumbling onto the road as vehicles sped by, far from my mother, who sustained severe injuries and was quickly taken to the hospital. The incident occurred on December 18, 1972. Years later, on the same date in 1977, my mother decided to induce my younger sister Nat as a way to commemorate that tragic event. After her release from the hospital, my mother moved in with her aunt and embarked on a determined search for her daughter. Her relentless efforts paid off when she discovered that Etna had been rescued from the road months earlier by a compassionate family.

Lucia's encounter with Olabisi Ajala was purely coincidental. One day, Olabisi Ajala visited my mother's aunt's home to see her sons, where my mother and Ajala were introduced. During

this visit, my mother shared the story of her accident to my father, which laid the foundation for their friendship. Eventually, my mother settled into her own place. At that time, Olabisi Ajala, who was known for staying wherever he could find a woman willing to host him, moved in with her. When not at my mother's, he would stay at his parents' or at other women's homes. For several years, my mother Lucia and Olabisi Ajala lived together as if they were married. Eventually, my mother requested that Ajala help her obtain the necessary documents for passports for herself and her three daughters, so they could escape the perilous conditions in Nigeria. She often recounted the harrowing experience of having to step over bloated corpses on the roads to reach her destinations, a reality she insisted was commonplace for everyone.

My mother realized that due to Ajala's financial instability, he would struggle to support his numerous children. Therefore, she leveraged Ajala's fame; his notoriety as an actor in America and as a journalist earned him respect in Nigeria, allowing him to gain immediate access to influential officials simply by writing to them. My mother was fortunate to have crossed paths with Ajala. Despite his lack of financial resources, his reputation and respect granted him significant influence, a form of currency that lasts far longer.

Lagos, Nigeria, 1900’s

When I was a child, my mother would share captivating stories that left a lasting impression on me. Some of my most cherished memories revolve around those storytelling moments.

The following Nigerian folk tale has been treasured through the ages, embodying a narrative that feels timeless. The insights we gain from this tale become clear through the events that unfold.

Sofia was the concubine of a wealthy local merchant, holding a position just below that of his wife, Maria.

While Maria had four sons, Sofia had three, and they were often seen as less favored.

Maria and her children enjoyed the societal recognition that comes with legitimacy, which left Sofia feeling slighted. She believed that if she could eliminate her rival's children, her own status would rise.

Unbeknownst to her sons, Sofia concocted a deadly plan.

The family had a long-standing tradition of dressing the legitimate children in the finest garments, while Sofia's sons were relegated to ordinary attire.

After sending the servants away, Sofia entered the room where Maria's children slept and spotted the luxurious outfits laid out on a grand four-poster bed, ready for after their baths. She soaked the expensive clothing in a lethal poison, which she had previously instructed a servant to retrieve from a nearby apothecary.

After carefully placing the poisoned garments back in their original position, she filled the room with the scent of lavender oils and left, leaving the bedroom door wide open.

The radiant shimmer of the exquisitely embroidered outfits, paired with the delightful scent of lavender, captivated Sofia's sons as they strolled past their half-brother's room. En route to the dining hall, the enticing fragrance proved too alluring to resist. They stepped inside, momentarily halting to admire the elegantly perfumed golden costumes, which glimmered in the candlelight, spread out on their younger half-brother's spacious bed. A wave of envy washed over them. A spirited discussion erupted among the boys, contemplating how wonderful it would be to don these forbidden garments just once, with the assurance that no one would ever discover their secret. They convinced themselves that, being older than their legitimate siblings, they were entitled to such a privilege, if not more. Their dialogue intensified, fueled by the twisted jealousy stemming from their mother's unfortunate status as mistress.

Ultimately, Sofia's sons made a pact to wear the garments and keep their secret hidden from everyone, including their mother.

Their forecast proved to be only somewhat correct. The truth about the children's deaths, caused by the toxic substances in their

clothing, did indeed remain undiscovered by everyone except their mother.

In the funeral preparations, as a sign of respect for his dead children their father insisted that they be laid to rest in the same beautiful yet fatal outfits.

Amist a wave of grief and grand tributes, Sofia, the mother of the deceased children, overwhelmed by her remorse, attended the funeral appearing just as stunned as the rest of the mourners.

My mother, 1960s.

This Be the Verse

“They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.

They fill you with the faults they had And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn By fools in old-style hats and coats, Who half the time were soppy-stern And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man. It deepens like a coastal shelf. Get out as early as you can, And don't have any kids yourself.”

Lyric by Philip Larkin

Lagos, Nigeria 1970’s

Philip Larkin's words are true: 'Our parents mess us up.'

My mother embodies both my adversary and my inspiration. Yet, the fear of losing my mother to death looms large.

After my father's passing, I found myself reflecting deeply on life..

Having mentioned my father, let me now share more about my mother. It's hard to find anyone as focused on money as she is, and the bond between my parents made my father's loss even more painful. To clarify, I've always been a dutiful daughter. Even as an adult, I would find myself trying to heed my mother's advice, despite knowing it might not be the best. My son, at just seven, is also quite obedient, suggesting this trait runs in our family.

My mother often dispenses poor advice. As a result, I frequently found myself in trouble for adhering to her suggestions.

Lucia, my mother, served as my inspiration for understanding relationships, particularly with men. To truly grasp the dynamics between my mother and me, we must explore the bond she shared with my father.

They were young parents in the 1970s, living in West Africa, where they enjoyed a comfortable lifestyle. Their social calendar was filled with events, and they often attended these gatherings together.

My father, a prominent journalist and socialite, had a reputation as a womanizer, while my mother hailed from a distinguished family of merchants and was also well-known in social circles.

My father Olabisi Ajala and my mother, Nigeria 1975.

Despite the challenges of parenthood, they would arrange for family or staff to care for me and my sisters, donning their finest attire to revel in the nightlife, moving from one celebration to another until dawn.

Let me share the story of a night filled with 'glamour and passion,' as my mother fondly remembers it.

One evening, she was chatting with my dad while my sisters and I were just four, two, and three months old.

“I’m not going to the party tonight,” my mother declared firmly.

“Why not?” my dad inquired, slipping into his grey slacks.

“I just don’t feel like it, that's all.”

Even as a toddler, I could tell my mother was not being truthful. It’s easy to recognize when she’s fibbing; she has never been particularly skilled at it, and to this day, she seems indifferent to whether people catch on. I

suspect my father would have noticed the deception too, but with his mind racing at the thought of the opportunities her absence might create, he chose to ignore it. Eventually, it became clear that my mother had learned a married woman, one of her many competitors for my father's affection, would be at the party. To spare everyone from potential embarrassment, she cleverly opted to skip the event entirely. I wish I could say that was her only reason for not going, but I digress.

"Are you sure?" my father asked weakly.

"Absolutely, I'm certain. I'll stay home with our girls instead. We'll bake cookies and dance until the clock strikes midnight."

It was, and likely still is, quite common for children in Africa to stay up late. My two-year-old son and I had frequently turned on music and danced the night away to the tunes of Michael Jackson and Tina Turner. But again, I digress.

"What about you, dear? What time do you think you'll return from the party?" my mother continued, a hint of amusement and mischief in her tone.

"I should be back around 6 AM, I suppose," my dad replied, attempting to conceal the sheepish grin that was spreading across his face.

"Very well then. But you really ought to take those keys out of your pants pockets. The bulge is rather unsightly," my mother suggested helpfully.

"Okay," my dad responded as he complied.

"Well... I'm off then... See you later."

"Enjoy yourself," my mother said, gently closing and securing the door behind him.

The knock on the door echoed around two in the morning, prompting my mother to rise and see who it was.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"It’s me. Open the door, for heaven's sake!" my father bellowed, his impatience evident.

"Me who?" my mother replied playfully.

"The father of your children, of course!" His irritation quickly escalated to anger.

"Fine," my mother said with a sigh of acceptance. Something must have gone awry at the party. She unlatched the door as she had promised. "What’s happening? Why are you back so early?" she inquired, annoyed by his unexpected return.

"Nothing," he muttered.

As my father entered and made his way to the kitchen, my mother stepped aside, following him closely. They took their seats at the kitchen table, enveloped in silence, his expression unreadable—a mask of mystery.

"The girls had a blast tossing flour around today," my mum began. She had wisely opted for a casual demeanor, knowing that a direct confrontation would be futile.

Time dragged on, and as the clock struck four in the morning—two hours after my father returned—my mother remained unaware of what had transpired at the party.

"What's that bulging in your pockets?" she inquired, her tone laced with suspicion. She had noticed the noticeable bulge in his trousers, a stark difference from how they appeared when he left. She speculated that he might have accepted some sort of bribe from someone desperate for a reference from a prominent figure, likely to assist with a visa application. It was not unusual for my father to lend his name for favors or money.

The guilty expression on my father's face was a clear indication, and my mother was sharp enough to notice. Picking up on his unease, she insisted he reveal what was in his trousers. As my father began to object, my mother, quick as a flash, leaned in and deftly emptied his pockets. According to her, the

kitchen fell into an unsettling silence that seemed to stretch on forever. There she stood, in the center of the room, holding a pair of pink women's panties in one hand and the very undergarments my father had worn beneath his slacks before leaving the house in the other.

“Does this mean you've been sitting there without any underwear?' my mother pressed, 'You must be feeling quite uncomfortable.”

My father remained silent. “Let me see,” my mother continued, unfazed and slightly amused, “You must have met someone at the party. You found a secluded spot, and just as you were about to get intimate, you were likely interrupted by the jealous husband of your companion,” she speculated. “In a state of panic, you hastily gathered whatever clothes you could find, deciding it was wise to leave the party and create some distance from the chaos. As a result, you returned home early, feeling quite downcast.”

My mother reconstructed the events with such keen insight that it would impress any detective. By this point, she was in stitches, finding humor in what had been a nearly flawless recounting of my father's escapades that evening.

My father's initial shock at her laughter quickly turned into chuckles, which escalated into uncontrollable laughter.

“I had to escape through the bedroom window, which, as you know, is on the third floor of the mansion. Her husband was livid,” my dad joked, prompting my mother to laugh even harder, tears streaming down her face like morning dew on a leaf.

As dawn approached, their laughter finally subsided. "Alright," my mother said, "I'm heading back to bed."

"Sure, let's hit the hay," my father agreed.

"No, sweetheart, you’ll be sleeping on the kitchen floor tonight."

"Why's that? Are you upset about the party?" my father asked, looking worried.

"Not at all, dear. I'm just a bit anxious about the twenty-one-year-old Swedish gentleman waiting for me in bed. We've been chatting for nearly four hours, and he must be wondering when I'll return," my mother replied as she exited the kitchen, gently shutting the door behind her.

I was one year old, in 1976.

Comfort Idemudia, my grandmother on my mother's side. 1920s.

David Idemudia, my grandfather on my mother's side. 1930s.

Me and my mother, a few days after my birth, October 1975.

My aunt Christy, my older sister Etna, my mother, and me as a baby, in 1976.

Bologna, Italy, 1978

“What is man? He's just a collection of chemicals with delusions of grandeur.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

The most recent memory I have of my father, Olabisi Ajala, dates back to my time at the Italian Collegio Delle Suore Farlottine in Bologna when I was around three years old.

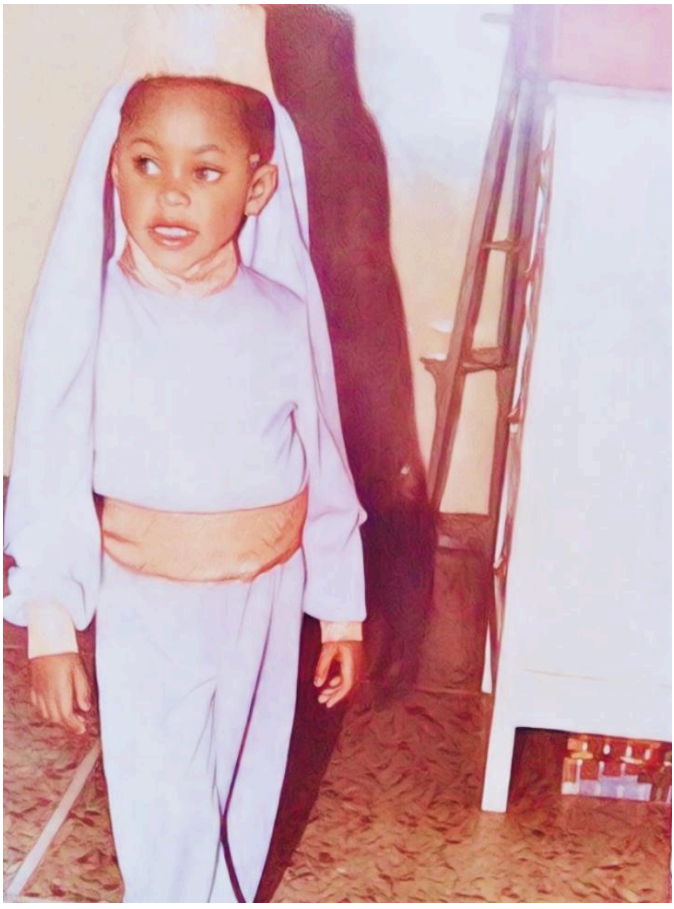
He had journeyed to Italy to spend time with my mother and their daughters. I can vividly recall his arrival at the stunningly adorned Collegio Delle Suore Farlottine in Bologna.

I found myself surrounded by nuns, captivated by this imposing foreign man of African descent.

The nuns informed me that my mother was in conversation with my father and needed me to join them. I noticed them standing closely together, whispering in a corner of the adjacent room. My parents were communicating in one of the various Nigerian dialects.

My father was a tall, robust man with a prominent black beard.

My father's beard and his eyes are etched in my memory—large, brown eyes that seemed to glimmer in the well-lit space. I was frightened by the beard; in fact, I was overwhelmed by his presence.



I was four years old, in 1979.

Olabisi Ajala, 1960s.

I recall crying, and my mother urging me to stop. 'Mora, stop crying. You cry too much,' she said.

I couldn't help but think that I indeed cried excessively. 'This is your father. Don't you remember him?' my mother insisted, which only made me cry harder.

As I entered the room, I noticed him sitting with my younger sister Nat, who was just a baby back then. I approached cautiously, having determined with the innocence of a child that this enormous and imposing man meant no harm. My worries eased; after all, he was cradling my baby sister, so he couldn't possibly be the monster I had imagined. I continued to move closer until I reached his knees, which towered over me as he sat on the low, ornate bench.

To my young eyes, he resembled a king. I felt a childish sense of security, believing he could shield me from anything—not just because he was Ajala, the renowned journalist, but because he was my father. I backed away a little, hesitating, not wanting to get too close for

him to reach me. He caught my gaze and smiled that signature Ajala smile. “Mora, come here,” he beckoned. I walked over confidently, drawn in by his voice. I attempted to climb onto his lap but stumbled. With a gentle lift, he placed me on his lap, where I stayed for the duration of his visit at the Collegio Delle Suore Farlottine in Bologna.

Aside from this moment, I can hardly recall anything else about my father.

Lagos, Nigeria 1977

I have a faint recollection of being just two years old, with my older sister Etna grasping my hand. We were in a room that I distinctly remember was in Nigeria. There was a bed adorned with vibrant fabric, and on it, my father was engaged with a woman, who might have been my mother, though I can't recall her face. In fact, I didn't recognize her at all. Reflecting on it now, it likely wasn't my mother. Their bodies were intertwined in a passionate embrace, something far beyond my young understanding. My sister Etna and I stood by the bed, completely overlooked. At four years old, Etna held my hand tightly, as if to shield me from the scene. As always, Etna had been tasked with watching over me, never letting go, like a reluctant guardian. “We shouldn't be here,” she whispered, tugging me away. As we exited, I now realize my mother must have been heavily pregnant with Nat at that time.

Knowing her, it was probably her idea to entertain Ajala with another woman during her pregnancy.

These are the earliest memories I have of my father, Olabisi Ajala.

Bologna, Italy, 1979

In Italy during 1979, I resided with my mother and two sisters. My sisters, Etna and Nat. Etna is the eldest, while Nat is the youngest, placing me in the middle. You already know my name.

Etna, a beautiful girl with chiselled features, is three years my senior, and has a different father, whereas Nat, who is two years younger than me, shares the same father as I do. Both Nat and I are daughters of Olabisi Ajala, but since Etna has a different father, she is not biologically linked to him. Despite this, we are united by our mother. Nat and I are just two among Olabisi Ajala's many children, who are now spread across the world due to his relationships with various women.

My mother, Lucia, left Nigeria in West Africa around 1977 or 1978 to begin anew in Bologna, located in the Emilia Romagna region of northern Italy.

One night, my mother asked me, “Why won’t you sleep, Mora?” as she stood over me. I got

down from the double bed we all shared and made my way to the only other room in our small apartment, situated in the heart of Bologna, where many buildings were ancient and crumbling. I took a seat at the small round table in our worn-out home. “Mummy always hits Etna, even in my dreams,” I said, as my mother pulled up a red iron folding chair and sat beside me. “Alright, Mora. I'm done hitting Etna. Stop crying.” Later that day, my seven-year-old sister Etna was washing the dishes while sitting on a low wooden stool at the big kitchen sink.

Our flat had two rooms: a smaller one with a double bed and a wardrobe, and a kitchen equipped with a sink, a table, and three chairs.

My mother started scolding Etna again, though I can't remember the reason. “Etna, you are a slave. I'm not hitting you just because of Mora. Mora's nightmares have been getting worse. Nat and Mora, put it in writing. Etna is and will always be a slave.” Nat was a cute little kid, tall and slightly chubby, but still just a baby—barely over a year old.

My late grandfather David, a prosperous merchant from a long lineage of traders, was the father of my mother, Lucia. He took immense pride in his firstborn, showering her with affection and indulgence. To David, Lucia embodied the qualities of a modern-day CEO. Her upbringing significantly influenced her

values, shaping her into the ambitious and often ruthless person she became, molded by the harsh realities of her surroundings. Born in 1943 in Nigeria, Lucia faced a world rife with poverty, crime, corruption, and superstition, which inevitably left her with psychological scars and emotional challenges.

In reality, we all carry some level of psychological baggage, though it often only becomes evident when it becomes 'problematic.'

David instilled in my mother the belief that self-promotion was crucial for feeling superior, especially in a society where ambitious Africans were often looked down upon by colonial powers.

As children, we learned from my mother, Lucia, that she would often cry for sweets during her own childhood. My mother’s mother, my grandmother, Comfort, would give my mother a handful of candies in her right hand, but this would only lead to more tears because my mother’s left hand was empty. My grandfather, David, would question Comfort about Lucia's tears and then scold her for not catering to every whim of their beloved daughter. To appease Lucia, Comfort would trek long distances in Nigeria to buy more sweets for her demanding child. This sense of entitlement was instilled in my mother from a young age by her father, who indulged her every desire.

Rather than nurturing a little girl named Lucia, David was raising a little tyrant. This inflated sense of self-importance may have shaped how others perceived her throughout her life.

While we all recognize the value of self-esteem, my mother's self-absorbed nature earned her many enemies.

The incident occurred when Etna was just a baby, long before Nat or I came into the picture. At that time, it was only my mother and Etna. My mother was holding Etna while standing next to her vehicle on the High Road in Nigeria. For some unknown reason, she had stopped her small white Volkswagen van and had stepped out with Etna in her arms when suddenly, a truck came out of nowhere and collided with them.My mother suffered severe injuries to her legs while Etna was thrown across the road.

Every time she undressed in front of us as we grew older, she would share the story of that day, and we couldn't help but notice the deep

scars on her thighs, lasting reminders of the incident. These prominent scars, darkened by time, serve as a testament to the severity of her accident.

Following the crash, my mother was hospitalized, and her daughter Etna went missing, having been ejected onto the road during the collision. Eventually, it was revealed that Good Samaritans had come to Etna's aid, while my mother was told she might never walk again. Fortunately, she encountered a doctor, possibly from the Netherlands, who was in Africa to conduct experimental medical practices. Her recovery is credited to one of these innovative procedures, as the doctor inserted a steel rod into her leg.

During her lengthy rehabilitation after significant surgery, my mother was determined to walk again. Time passed, and she spent many months recovering in a Nigerian hospital. When she finally regained her ability to walk, she set out to find her missing daughter Etna, whom she discovered being cared for by a compassionate family not far from the accident site.

This narrative is not my own; it belongs to my mother, who views the car accident as yet another attempt on her life, a continuation of the challenges posed by rivals and envious competitors.

At that time, she was managing her own business, having completed her college education and started a small moving company, complete with a van, a driver and a couple of inexpensive bodyguards to assist others in relocating their possessions.

Lucia, my grandfather David's biological daughter, was the mastermind behind many things. David had always encouraged my mother's boldness, which sometimes became excessive. Consequently, my mother was shaped by this influence. Any achievement, no matter how small, by Lucia was exaggerated by David to showcase her as a paragon of success. Similar to my father, Olabisi Ajala, my mother had a knack for boasting, which likely sparked jealousy among those around her. Many believe that her adversaries were behind the accident that occurred.

Eventually, she had the steel rod removed from her leg. Although the doctor recommended keeping it in for a year, it began to protrude from her hip a decade later, causing her immense pain. In the mid 1980’s, she decided to have it taken out at Saint Thomas Hospital in London. My sisters and I accompanied her for the surgery, which was successful. I think my mother still keeps the steel rod as a symbol of her resilience in overcoming the injuries inflicted by her foes.

The visit of my father to see my mother and us at the Collegio Delle Suore Farlottine during my childhood holds great significance. The traumatic experience of my sister Etna facing violence from our mother, coupled with my father's presence, brought back memories of Nigeria.

One afternoon, Etna and I were playing in my mother's backyard in Nigeria while she entertained a white man, likely from Switzerland, Germany, or the Netherlands, on the upper floor of our home. Suddenly, I heard my mother scream and rushed down the short staircase. I vividly recall the sunlight glinting off silver among the trees surrounding our house.

My mother was frantically shouting as she ran towards us, urging, 'Etna, take your sister Mora and get inside the house!' Just then, a completely naked white man emerged from the upper floor behind her. 'This white man has a gun!' my mother yelled towards the woods. The would-be attackers hiding in the forest, shouting in one of the many local languages, began to flee.

Later, my mother explained to Etna and me that it was yet another assassination attempt on our lives. Being the girlfriend or child of Olabisi Ajala was a dangerous position. Olabisi Ajala had numerous romantic interests who would eliminate rivals to win his affection. Assassins, some of whom were partially clothed Nigerian men wielding machetes, had surrounded our home. If my mother hadn't alerted them to the presence of a white man, we would have been killed that day. The sight of a white man, even one who was completely naked, was enough to frighten the attackers, as it was widely believed that all white men were armed. In those times, a defenseless white man was a rarity.

My final vivid recollection of Nigeria is what used to make me uneasy about being reminded of it. I truly believe that is the reason why I can't recall anything else from my homeland.

Regardless, the bravery and resolve of my parents to endure were remarkable and undeniable.

Chapter Two

Italy

“Do you know the hallmark of a second-rater?

It's resentment of another man's achievement.

Those touchy mediocrities who sit trembling lest someone's work prove greater than their own - they have no inkling of the loneliness that comes when you reach the top.

The loneliness for an equal - for a mind to respect and an achievement to admire.

They bare their teeth at you from out of their rat holes, thinking that you take pleasure in letting your brilliance dim them - while you'd give a year of my life to see a flicker of talent anywhere among them.

They envy achievement, and their dream of greatness is a world where all men have become their acknowledged inferiors.

They don't know that that dream is the infallible proof of mediocrity because that sort of world is what the man of achievement would not be able to bear.

Do they have no way of knowing what he feels when surrounded by inferiors - hatred? no, not

hatred, but boredom - the terrible, hopeless, draining, paralyzing boredom.

Of what account are praise and adulation from men whom you don't respect?

Have you ever felt the longing for someone you could admire?

For something, not to look down at, but up to?"

"I've felt it all my life," she said."

Ayn Rand: "Atlas Shrugged", Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

My eldest sister Etna was born in August 1972, while my youngest sister Nat arrived in December 1977.

Our mother has always played a significant role in shaping the dynamics between my sisters and me. Nat and I, both daughters of Olabisi Ajala, were never easy to handle. Nat felt a special bond with our mother, being the youngest and most pampered. I admired my mother's bravery but also resented her for her harshness and outright ruthlessness. Her insensitivity, likely a product of her tough upbringing in 1950s Nigeria, is something we all remember.

In contrast, my older sister Etna was more distant and reserved. From a young age, Etna, who was quite the deceiver, was never a role model for me, and as time went on, the saying 'familiarity breeds contempt' became increasingly relevant in our sisterly relationship.

I've been told that my mother and father recognized my potential from the moment I was born, which has led to my sisters

harboring resentment towards me, as if my existence was meant to overshadow them. I believe this mindset hinders their growth, as they remain stagnant while questioning why success seems to come easily to me.

Working as a pole dancer in the 1990s was far from easy, but those experiences honed my resilience. My unwavering strength lies in my fearlessness. In stark contrast, my sisters have gained little by playing it safe and conforming to societal expectations, as they struggle with their feelings of inadequacy as they compare themselves to me.

During my marriage to Tom Granville, I learned to drive at least two years before Etna and Nat, which only added to the burden of their resentment, for I was considered the black sheep of the family.

For years, I felt the need to downplay my abilities to avoid being seen as a rival by my sisters. Sibling rivalry is not uncommon; even historical figures like Henry VIII's

children—Mary Tudor, Elizabeth Tudor, and Edward Tudor—had their own complex relationships with one another.

In my experience with my sisters, our animosity towards one another was intensified by my mother's negative influence. She believed that if we were at odds, we wouldn't unite against her perceived authority. My sisters fell into this trap, as their responses were entirely predictable. Therefore, whenever I shared my thoughts with my sisters, I chose to keep my opinions to myself. My younger sister Nat can be strong and even courageous, yet she lacks independent thought. She tends to agree with whoever speaks to her with authority last. Having served as a police officer in London for several years, Nat is naturally inclined to conform. Since leaving the force, the only voice she truly listened to was that of her daughters' father. The father of Nat's daughters, Jim, an Englishman who has fathered children with several women, gives her the false sense of security that many women desire. Her perspective is understandable; she seeks the safety she believes only an Englishman on home soil can offer.

Within Europe, London is a tough city to navigate, second only to Paris, and particularly problematic for those who don’t conform. Conversely, the French government’s ability to

feign ignorance regarding crimes on their soil is a troubling reality.

It's no surprise that Etna, my mother's eldest child, never wanted siblings. From the moment I was born, she was tasked with being my caretaker, as well as a maid for me, Olabisi Ajala's daughter, and later for Nat, another of Olabisi Ajala's children.

After being the favored firstborn until my arrival, Etna must have felt quite disheartened. Her imagined struggles remind me of Queen Mary Tudor, the firstborn of Henry VIII and his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, who was made to serve her newborn sister, Elizabeth Tudor, the daughter of Henry VIII and his second wife, Anne Boleyn.

Etna was repeatedly told that she was in charge of my safety and well-being. My mother convinced her that, as the eldest sister, she had total control over her younger siblings' lives. A belief that Etna still holds today, which I firmly contest. In later years, this misguided belief led Etna to feel entitled to meddle in my affairs. Like my mother, Etna's intentions are not to assist but to dominate and control.

I firmly believe that only the Creator should have authority over me, not anyone else.

Consequently, when my mother and Etna could no longer manipulate me, they became

furious and attempted to undermine me, just like many others have throughout my life.

My mother, Lucia, intensified my sister's jealousy by frequently highlighting my intelligence over theirs, which only deepened Etna's longstanding envy and worsened Nat's sense of inferiority.

During her time as a police constable, Nat seems to have mastered the art of ignoring injustice. Once a charming child, Nat has developed the unbearable tendency to belittle anyone she deems inferior. Like many who give up easily, Nat tries to undermine others to hide her own failures. I refuse to associate with someone so foolish, which is why I have long distanced myself from my youngest sister, Nat. I have addressed her inappropriate arrogance and lack of respect for others, but my advice has fallen on deaf ears, as her misplaced pride and inflated sense of self-worth have made her dismissive of my counsel. Nat would do well to understand that the pursuit of knowledge begins with humility.

Etna and Nat never understood the essence of individuality, bravery, and personal accountability. As the eldest sister, Etna attempted to undermine me during my most vulnerable moments in Italy, when I was grappling with postnatal depression. Ironically, I had always defended her as a child whenever our mother sought to discipline her. I stood by

Etna when our mother expelled her from their London home over a trivial dispute about dental floss. At that time, Etna was pregnant and residing with our mother in a flat in Hackney. Lucia, our mother, was unkind to Etna while she was living with her, which led Etna to move in with me in my London apartment until they eventually reconciled. Due to my mother's domineering nature, even though the father of her unborn child was initially hesitant about marrying and starting a family with a woman of African descent, he eventually encouraged my sister Etna to go back to Italy, and she complied without a second thought. Consequently, Etna's son was born out of wedlock. Her Italian boyfriend viewed her pregnancy as an unwelcome complication, especially in a country where a mixed-race child would serve as undeniable evidence of his relationship with someone deemed inferior.

The Italians, known for their racism, ironically share a history of being invaded by the Moors, which contributes to their so-called olive-toned Mediterranean skin. In truth, Italians are among the many genuine descendants of the Moors of Africa, in Europe.

Bologna, Italy, 1984

When I was around nine years old, one of my teachers shared the grim realities of famine in Africa with our class. Many of my classmates nodded in agreement, echoing the narrative that Africa was overrun with starving children surrounded by flies. This was the portrayal of Africa that dominated the media in the 1980s. I felt a surge of anger at the sweeping Italian stereotypes about the African continent. Determined to find a more accurate representation, I scoured geography books in a local bookstore for modern images of Nigeria. To my surprise, I discovered photographs that clearly showcased the presence of high-rise buildings and impressive skyscrapers in Nigeria, Cairo, and other African capitals. Armed with this evidence, I took the book to school and challenged my teacher's assertions. In front of my classmates, the teacher insisted that Africa was nothing but dust, sand, and flies, with its people emaciated and skeletal. It was then that I presented the geography book and encyclopedias, which depicted Nigeria with its tall buildings and

paved roads. Our elementary school teacher appeared speechless and bewildered. She was torn between perpetuating the narrative of white superiority and acknowledging the truths presented in the geographical literature authored by her white peers. The Italian encyclopedia I was holding referred to Africa as a developing continent rather than a third-world region. I recall a classmate, Sonia, becoming quite upset. The nine-year-old expressed that her father had told her Africans were merely starving monkeys living in trees. I placed the encyclopedia on her small desk and pointed to the photographic images, as if Sonia were unable to read or comprehend the text. The images vividly showcased the vibrant metropolis of African cities, including Nigeria and Cairo. Both Sonia, my peer and the teacher were capable of reading and understanding; they simply chose to reject the information.

Italians, like many people suffering from an inflated sense of superiority, often dismiss any comments that support the liberation of the black community by mocking, undermining, disbelieving, and ultimately disregarding its undeniable truth and significance. “Maybe your father should read more books and consume less news,” I suggested to Sonia, striving to keep my frustration in check. “For news is merely propaganda, and propaganda is aimed at the uneducated,” I concluded in Italian.

Scuole Ercolani, Bologna, Italy, 1983.

Scuole Ercolani, Bologna, Italy, 1986.

The persistent racist attitudes among Italians remain a perplexing reality.

Many would argue that Italians possess more African ancestry than the English and Greeks combined, a claim that modern DNA testing supports. This idea is often linked to the historical conquest of the Moors by Italians.

The lack of education regarding the Moors' invasions and achievements in Italian schools reveals a significant gap in knowledge, suggesting that the complex history of Africa is frequently misunderstood and intentionally overlooked. Italians are uninterested in changing this narrative, consistently supporting a dismissive and erroneous perspective while lacking the motivation to embrace a more nuanced understanding of history. Consequently, this ignorance breeds, fosters, and perpetuates racism.

Making friends in Italy was a challenge, as even the few Italians who were open-minded about black individuals often hesitated to socialize with them. Many Italians feared ridicule and exclusion from their peers if seen

with black people. The only Italians I formed meaningful and lasting friendships with were those I encountered in London. Italians fleeing oppression from their fellow countrymen often find refuge in London. The lack of awareness among Italians leads many young italians to turn away from their traditional culture, opting instead for the more progressive and multicultural environment of London.

I met Corrado on Hornsey Road near the Sobell Leisure Centre, across from my council flat in London, in 2001, just two days before I met Tom Granville, who would later become my first husband. Corrado was walking towards Highbury Fields while I was heading towards Seven Sisters Road. I noticed his strong Italian accent when he greeted me, and we quickly became friends. Later on, Corrado introduced me to Marco, another member of our Italian group, while Giorgio became my roommate in 2011 amidst a tough custody battle for my son, Mulato. In 2017, Giorgio came to visit me in Japan.

Corrado and I, London, 2016.

With Italian friend Giorgio, Japan, 2017-18.

The existence of racism is an undeniable truth.

However, racism is a construct designed and perpetuated to serve specific purposes. The ultimate goal of widespread racism is to hinder the unity of people.

It took me three decades to recognize that my childhood idols—Bob Marley, Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Abraham Lincoln, Marcus Garvey, Muhammad Ali, JFK, and others—were among the many historical figures who fueled resentment and division whenever possible.

My time living and studying in Italy revealed stark realities, particularly regarding racism.

There is a palpable resentment towards the African community, with Italians honing their discriminatory practices, particularly against foreigners of African descent.

Many Africans in Italy face significant barriers to securing decent employment due to widespread discrimination and a general scarcity of job opportunities, as even Italians struggle to find work.

In a time before the internet, when encyclopedias were our main source of information, Italian racism went largely unaddressed. It wasn't until the internet began to expose blatant acts of racism that the Italian government made minimal efforts to mask discrimination against Africans. However, the reality remains clear: the absence of black individuals in the police, media, and general workforce highlights the ongoing racism faced by Africans and black people living in Italy.

I immersed myself in Italian-subtitled Japanese Samurai films and Italian-dubbed manga, which helped me remember that there was a world beyond the confines of Italian culture. My love for comic books, especially the crime series 'Diabolik,' was a significant part of my youth.

My experience in the Italian education system was disappointing, as I quickly became aware of its biased and limited curriculum. I had one exceptional teacher, Miriam, while the others seemed to wish for my failure, though perhaps I misinterpreted their intentions.

One of my most vivid childhood memories is riding a bus in Italy with my mother and sisters. We were in Bologna, and the experiences we had were not isolated, as similar tales are still being lived by Africans around the globe.

The bus passengers targeted my mother with discrimination. I can't recall what triggered the conflict, but the conclusion is etched in my memory. Essentially, my mother found herself in a heated argument with the passengers, prompting the bus driver to halt the vehicle. He insisted he wouldn't resume his route until my mother and her children left the bus. The familiar Italian taunt, 'Go back to your country,' echoed in the air. Both the driver and the passengers accused my mother of being an illegal immigrant, claiming she and her children should be sent back to Africa. My mother stood

her ground and refused to exit the bus. When the police arrived, they requested that she and her children disembark for a better assessment of the situation and to review her documents. Unbeknownst to the Italians, my mother had married an Italian man years earlier, granting her and her children unalienable rights as Italian citizens. A law dating back to the Roman Empire protected her from deportation, confirming her status as a full Italian citizen, along with her children. This truth emerged when the police officers questioned her on the street, surrounded by a crowd that had gathered to witness the humiliation of the 'negress' and her children. The passengers who had disembarked to witness this disgrace were left disheartened when the police officer revealed that my mother held the same rights as they did. The police had no option but to direct the bus driver to allow my mother and us kids to return to the bus. They also made it clear that any passengers who were bothered by my mother and her children being there were free to wait for the next bus. As we boarded the bus ahead of the others, my mother smiled at me, showing no fear during the entire situation. She kept us close and stood firm. While my mother has her flaws, a lack of bravery is certainly not one of them. Over the years, despite her unpredictable mood swings facing challenges, she would at times, whip up homemade pizza at a moment's notice, creating a delightful mess in the kitchen

just to please us, her daughters. Additionally, she was skeptical of Italians when it came to preparing food for black people. Personally, I think that racism, much like gender reassignment and the various ways society categorizes people, sole purpose is to create divisions among us. Only someone who harbors equal disdain for everyone, regardless of the physical characteristics or sexual preferences, can truly be considered non-racist.

Chapter Three

On My Terms

At night, the Phoenix tattoo would detach from her back to visit the lonely Goddess of Love, who was trapped in a tower.

An witch had imprisoned the Goddess, allowing only her wicked son, the Ginger Prince, to admire her beauty.

Although the witch knew of the Phoenix, she was unable to destroy it due to its ethereal nature.

In retaliation, she tattooed an enchanted Mountain Tiger on her son's back.

One fateful night, as the Phoenix rested on the Goddess's lap, a threatening growl echoed from the castle tower.

The Goddess recognized the sound; the witch would soon attempt to destroy the Phoenix once more.

She implored the Phoenix to flee, yet it locked its gaze with hers, transitioning through hues of green, yellow, orange, and culminating in a brilliant red, ultimately evolving into a dazzling sphere of light.

Suddenly, the Mountain Tiger lunged at them in an instant.

The Goddess desperately tried to protect the Phoenix's glowing form, but the Tiger's teeth pierced her soft, dark neck.

She died instantly, blood flowing from her wound like a crimson river.

The Phoenix, its blazing wings spread wide, soared into the heavens before morphing back into the tattoo on its injured master's back.

Meanwhile, the Mountain Tiger returned to the Ginger Prince, also reverting to a tattoo on his body.

Before long, the Prince was overwhelmed by the pain of the death of the Goddess of Love.

It became apparent to the witch that her son's life was coming to an end.

In her anguish, she began to chant, a vow of vengeance.

The Prince's final words revealed that he had loved the Goddess of Love, and the agony of his broken heart is what led to his demise.

There's a Chinese saying that goes, 'The learning path is three years on a rock.' This resonates with me as I seek enlightenment, not passively but actively. Throughout my upbringing, this was my reality. Various events within my family over the years have shaped me into who I am today.

I have always viewed my mother as the foundation of both my strengths and weaknesses. My mother would share captivating stories during my childhood, which left a lasting impact on me. Even now, I cherish listening to stories, making it one of my favorite activities. Among all the tales, one stood out to me—the story of the Goddess of Love, featuring a goddess adorned with a Phoenix tattoo on his back.

Growing up, I often found it challenging to tell where the magic of my imagination ended and the real world began.

As a child, I often found myself captivated by the story of the goddess adorned with the Phoenix tattoo. But what truly struck me was a sense of empathy for the wicked witch and her

son, the Ginger Prince. I remember sharing these feelings with my mother, who imparted a valuable lesson: that all humans should strive to nurture empathy, sympathy, and love for those who endure hardship, no matter their actions or character. After all, the wicked witch was a mother, and her son was someone's child, caught in the web of their circumstances. However, my mother also acknowledged a truth about human nature—some individuals only felt secure when they felt superior to others.

It became clear to me that there are essentially two types of people in this world: those who seek to uplift others and those who yearn to tear people down.

"What about the Phoenix tattoo, I would inquire, "What does he signify?" My mother would respond, "The tattoo symbolises our interconnectedness, not just with each other, but also with the animal kingdom. Understanding this connection means we grasp the essence of everything."

I pressed on, "So, the goddess possessed the knowledge and vision of the Phoenix, yet she did nothing to avert her own demise?"

My mother would retort, playfully challenging my perspective, "What could she have possibly done?"

I hesitated, "Perhaps she could have prevented… "

"Had he done so, the Ginger Prince would have lived, and we would have missed a crucial lesson," she explained. "The Goddess of Love understood that when we are controlled by our emotions, we betray our true selves."

I was puzzled, "What does that mean?"

"In time, you will come to understand, so don't fret about it now. For now, it's time for bed," she would say. Little did I know, this tale would remain etched in my memory, shaping my understanding as I grew.

As a child, my mission became to decipher the meaning behind the story of 'The Goddess of Love,' and I dedicated years to mastering the art of not letting my emotions hold the reins on my life.

I remember the day I caught my first boyfriend kissing my best friend behind the bike sheds at

my old school on Turle Road, just off Stroud Green Road. Initially, I was furious at their betrayal, but as I pondered the situation, my anger faded like a fleeting storm. I realized I had more important things to focus on than being upset with unfaithful people.

When we fall in love, we often act foolishly, much like in the movies where a girl keeps her ex-boyfriend's t-shirt after a breakup, all the while hoping he will return.

As a child, I had a simplistic view of love, believing it was found in the mundane moments of family life. However, with age and experience, I've learned that love is often just a fleeting feeling of hopeful anticipation before the inevitable challenges arise.

On good days, my mother would come home and engage us, her three daughters, in conversations about everything and nothing. On bad days, she would find reasons to lash out at us. In my memory, the good days were filled with love, and as I matured, I began to see love as a selfless act.

When my mother fell ill and faced overwhelming pain, the doctors revealed a surprising truth: the steel rod, which had remained lodged in her body for years, a lingering reminder of her accident, would need to be removed to finally relieve her suffering.

For a long time, she couldn't walk without suffering. The genuine compassion I felt for her pain embodied love in my youthful understanding.

Rejecting our instincts means rejecting humanity's greatest strength. Our instincts serve as our most reliable defense mechanism.

I can't recall my exact age during my first escape from home, but I was quite young, perhaps seven years old. I instinctively knew—I needed to escape the cycle of my mother’s short lived moments of kindness, which were always shadowed by her sudden outbursts of anger.

At seven years old, I once ran a hundred meters out of the house and onto the street, absolutely naked. When I finally returned, my mother was there, looking both amused and surprised by my boldness.

When Nat and I were small, my mother would leave us at home while she and Etna worked at the marketplace, where my mother ran a

market store. My mother, a smart entrepreneur working in the Italian public marketplace, a demanding setting, would leave us behind on weekends since our amusing antics were more distracting than helpful. While Nat and I were home alone, I would often immerse myself in books, while she entertained herself with the small creatures she kept in jars. Nat had a fascination with trapped insects and would observe them until they suffocated. I once envisioned that her inquisitive nature might lead her to a rewarding career in science. However, over time, I came to a disheartening realization. It became clear that her so-called curiosity was merely a mask for a deeper absence of empathy. Instead of seeking knowledge for the benefit of all, she lacked empathy and preferred to control and dominate, caging insects and deriving a twisted satisfaction from their suffering until their untimely demise.

Unlike me, Nat and our mother, who had a lot in common, had little interest in reading, viewing it as a pointless activity.

At eleven, I found myself at odds with my mother, which was common since she was emotionally unstable and sought to exert total control over her daughters. She believed in physical discipline, while I did not, prompting me to plan my escape. One day, while my mother was out with my older sister Etna, I packed my large suitcase. My younger sister

Nat, just nine, watched me with a mix of concern and disbelief, unsure if I would actually go through with my plan.

As I left, my suitcase was, as expected, packed with books. My thirst for knowledge was always my priority.

While my passion remains unchanged, I've come to realize that true understanding cannot be achieved through books alone. Books often present reinterpreted theories and rarely express the original notion. Still, I believe that books serve as a crucial foundation for acquiring knowledge.

Bologna, Italy, Summer 1987

My younger sister Nat pressed her lips to my forehead and urged me to take care of myself. I quickly wrapped my arms around her in a hug before setting off. I took the bus to the train station in Bologna, which was a couple of miles from our house. I had ample time since my mother wouldn't be back until later in the evening. I felt a twinge of anxiety that the station staff might see me as a minor and stop me from traveling alone. With determination, I approached the ticket counter and asked for a train ticket. To my surprise, my worries were unfounded; the Italians seemed indifferent to the plight of a lone black child.

I had done my homework on potential destinations and was drawn to the warm climate of southern Italy. The ticket clerk recommended I buy a ticket to Civitavecchia, where I could either catch a ferry to Sardinia or a train heading further south. I purchased the ticket to Civitavecchia, feeling a wave of relief

wash over me. I was finally on my way, blissfully unaware of the challenges ahead. With 500,000 lire from my mother's drawer tucked away in my pocket, I later learned she hadn't even noticed the missing money. Back then, my mother’s drawers were always overflowing with cash.

As I stepped onto the train, I found myself sharing a cabin with a nun. This encounter felt like a blessing from my guardian angel. Throughout the journey, she discreetly observed me, perhaps curious about a child traveling solo. With a warm smile, she offered me some food—bread and salami, a classic Italian Panino. Her kindness was evident, yet she refrained from asking personal questions, not even my name.

Upon our arrival in Civitavecchia, I, still a child in need of comfort, longed for the presence of someone I could trust. Having been raised by nuns from ages three to seven, I felt a connection to the nun who had been so kind to me as we traveled together. The nun was headed to Sardinia, while my plans were to venture further south, possibly towards Naples. Trusting my instincts, I chose to stay with her, compelled by both intuition and apprehension. Together, we boarded the ferry to Sardinia, surrounded by a bustling crowd—families, returning soldiers, and a rowdy group of young men who seemed older to me at eleven. I struck up a friendship with a nineteen-year-old

soldier returning from training, and despite the nun keeping her distance, I sensed her watchful presence, like a guardian angel, as I shared jokes in Italian with the nineteen-year-old soldier.

During the ferry ride, the same young soldier approached me with a proposition to smoke marijuana in the restrooms, which immediately raised my suspicions. I firmly declined, as I distinctly remembered learning in my Italian school that drugs and alcohol are unsuitable for children; however, I had forgotten that, since running away from home that morning, I had told everyone I met that I was 14 years old.

As I roamed the ferry, I found a spot to sit alone when a group of four or five young guys invited me to join their card game at a makeshift table. I was intrigued by the camaraderie among these young travelers.

The soldier, whose name escapes me, returned from the restroom looking different; his eyes were glazed, indicating he was likely under the influence of drugs. I felt a sense of disdain for his vulnerability. Nevertheless, he, like the watchful nun from afar, felt compelled to keep an eye on me and joined the card game. Within twenty minutes, he began to appear drowsy. I bluntly suggested he should sleep, and he complied. After he left the table, the remaining men began to coax me into

accompanying them to their destination. In my naivety, I shared that I was job hunting and had no plans, prompting the young men to exchange knowing glances that puzzled me.

We settled into our seats on the ferry, preparing to sleep. One of the men sat beside me and spent the night brushing his fingers against my lips. I woke several times, shifting seats to escape his touch, but he would follow me, waiting for me to doze off again before continuing his unwanted caress. I was uncertain if anyone else noticed, but I awoke the next morning feeling quite irritated. I had struggled to get a restful night due to this man's persistent and unwelcome advances.

When the ferry reached its destination, he requested that I join them as we had previously agreed during our card game. I firmly declined, explaining that I had changed my mind and would not be accompanying them after all. This response seemed to anger the group, especially the young man who had spent the night brushing against my lips. I reminded him of his inappropriate behavior, which I found not only bothersome and a significant distraction from my sleep, but also alarming. Although I was too young to fully understand why his actions made me uncomfortable, I recognized that he lacked respect for women. The man remained unfazed by my objections, acting as if his intrusive behavior was justified. He felt

completely entitled to touch me without my consent. As he pressed me to join them, claiming I had made a promise the night before, my instincts kicked in. I sensed a looming threat. While I couldn't pinpoint the exact danger, I was certain I did not want to continue my journey with these men. Again, I firmly refused to go with them. To my surprise, the man became furious at my refusal, raising his voice and insisting, 'You said you'd come with us last night, so come on,' while attempting to grab my arm. His friends, feeling the heat of the situation, urged him to let me be, but he persisted, trying to pull me along as if he could force me against my will. I stood my ground, drawing even more attention to our altercation, and soon a small crowd had formed around us, with his friends retreating from the scene.

The familiar nun, who I suspected had been watching the situation unfold for some time, chose to step in as the crowd grew larger. She noticed that I was resisting my would-be abductor. "Let this child go. She does not wish to accompany you," the nun declared loudly enough for all to hear. "If you persist, I will notify the authorities." At her words, the man reluctantly released my arm, casting one last menacing look at me before retreating to his companions. A loud cheer erupted from the ferry as everyone grasped the gravity of the moment.

I had narrowly escaped a serious threat, and I expressed my gratitude to the nun. However, she gently informed me, "We are nearing Sardinia, and I cannot take you with me, little girl." She added, "Be cautious and avoid talking to strangers," before walking away, leaving me behind. I thanked her once more as she departed.

With dry eyes, I hesitantly stepped off the ferry, feeling more secure on the boat than on the vast, beautiful yet intimidating port. The harbor was filled with countless stunning white boats and vibrant houses lining the shore. I carefully picked up my large suitcase as I made my way off the ferry.

After reaching the shore, I approached an elderly woman and inquired about nearby hotels. She pointed me towards the information kiosk located on the green area by the port of Cagliari, where I had just arrived, the capital of Sardinia. At the kiosk, I learned that all hotels were fully booked, and the few available options would cost me 500,000 lire per night—my entire budget. I felt a wave of disappointment wash over me as I realized I couldn't afford a room. I took a seat on a nearby bench in a small park by the port, reflecting on my situation and pondering my next steps. Just then, I noticed two young men watching me. One had blond hair, while the other had dark hair. They exchanged a few

words before approaching me, likely intrigued by my defiance as I met their gaze.

My instincts kicked in; after my previous encounter on the ferry, I was wary of men. The dark-haired one approached and sitting beside me and asked, 'Do you speak Italian?' without any form of greeting.

Remembering my vow to the nun to be wary of strangers, and just gazed back in silence.

"Do you need assistance finding your way?" the brown-haired man asked in Italian. "Are you lost?" he pressed. "Angelo, why don't you speak to her in English? She likely doesn't understand Italian," he added.

"Leave her be, Salvatore; she doesn't seem lost," replied the blond-haired Angelo.

"Just come over here and talk to her in English," Salvatore insisted.

"Do you speak English?" Angelo asked as he cautiously approached the bench.

"I speak both Italian and English, but I prefer not to converse with strangers," I responded.

"I'm Salvatore, nineteen years old, and this is Angelo, also nineteen. It's a pleasure to meet you. What's your name?"

At that moment, I figured these young men might not pose a threat, especially since one of them spoke English.

After exchanging names, they offered to assist me in finding a place to stay, which was my primary concern. Although I hesitated to follow them, I wasn't frightened—I was too innocent to feel full blown fear. However, I was definitely skeptical. I had no other options; I had fled from home, and the Italian police would be searching for me in Bologna. I wanted to avoid drawing attention, unlike what had happened on the ferry. The two boys began walking and gestured for me to follow. I stood up and trailed them at a distance, about ten meters behind, dragging my suitcase. The weight of the heavy books inside made me weary, so I paused occasionally to rest. The boys would look back and halt whenever I did, maintaining their distance, likely sensing my distrust reflected in my scowling expression.

I trailed behind them, continuing to maintain a safe distance of about ten meters. We meandered through the hills of Cagliari on a lovely summer day in August 1987. I was nearing my twelfth birthday in October, but at that moment, I was still eleven.

The young men sought accommodation for me at several hotels, but the response was consistently the same: without identification, there was no room available. As an

eleven-year-old runaway, I had no documents to present.

After being rejected by three hotels, the two young men, aptly named Salvatore and Angelo (which mean Angel and Salvation), took turns lugging my heavy suitcase packed with books, providing me with much-needed relief.

It soon became clear that finding a hotel was futile. One of the boys, which one I can't recall, suggested we seek refuge at a local convent. This idea filled me with hope, as I felt a sense of safety around the clergy. We continued our journey through the familiar medieval streets of Cagliari, reminiscent of those in Bologna, until we reached a nunnery. We were turned away for reasons I didn't understand. Disheartened, I was reassured by Angelo, who encouraged me not to lose hope and promised we would keep searching. We resumed our trek, dragging my suitcase with its tiny black wheels, struggling under the weight of my cherished books that I refused to abandon. Eventually, we paused to rest, and I overheard the two young men discussing the possibility of taking me to a male monastery associated with a monastic order. They mentioned one of the Samaritan monasteries, where the priests dedicate themselves to spreading the gospel in what were once called third-world countries.

I found it hard to believe that a male monastery would welcome me after being rejected by a

convent of nuns. The boys mentioned that Salvatore's parents had connections with the head of the monastic order. Regardless, we had no other options. We made our way to the monastery. The leader of the congregation was the kind-hearted Father Pietro, reminiscent of St. Peter, the patron saint of travelers. Was it mere coincidence? I think not. After a conversation with Angelo and Salvatore, the wise pastor quickly grasped the situation. Salvatore informed Father Pietro that I had nowhere else to turn and that we had already sought help from the nuns. Father Pietro regarded me with kindness, though I was initially wary of him. After all, I had begun to view men of all ages with suspicion. To my surprise, Father Pietro agreed to take me in. He provided me with a neat and orderly private room featuring a spacious bed and a writing desk, instructing me to remain there while he led Salvatore and Angelo in a brief prayer session. He assured me he would summon me when dinner was ready. I felt a wave of relief wash over me, and for the first time, I was genuinely happy.

Angelo and Salvatore departed shortly after, assuring me they would return the following day to show me around the town. Father Pietro, a truly saintly figure, knocked on my monastery room door, and I welcomed him inside. He took a seat at the edge of the bed, keeping his distance, and inquired about my

situation. I shared the truth with him, though I hesitated to reveal too much, fearing he might send me back to my mother. Soon after, Father Pietro guided me to the dining hall of the Samaritan monastery, a spacious area with a series of tables, arranged in a U-shape, lined up against the walls, reminiscent of medieval dining settings. The walls were mostly bare, save for a large, albeit faded, tapestry that, despite its wear, retained its beauty. As I approached the long table, the young monks exchanged whispers, their faces lit up with smiles and animated chatter. Some of the Samaritans even giggled like young girls, warmly welcoming me into their midst. They offered a prayer over the meal, and I joined in, expressing my gratitude to the Lord for Our Daily Bread. I felt a deep sense of thankfulness to the Almighty for safeguarding me and for this, my first warm meal since leaving my mother's home.

Father Pietro welcomed me in his prayers to the congregation, expressing gratitude to God for guiding this lost soul to the sanctuary of the monastery. I was so tired that I can't remember the meal we had, but it likely consisted of hearty soup and bread.

The next day, Father Pietro reassured me not to fret and handed me an additional 500,000 lire, explaining that it would support me as we figured out our next steps. Salvatore and Angelo came early and showed me around the

town. Cagliari was enchanting. Days passed, and I often explored the city alone. One day, I entered a restaurant and ordered 'spaghetti carbonara,' my childhood favorite. The waiter regarded me warmly, as if he were looking at his own daughter. That was my first solo dining experience in a lovely restaurant, a memory I will cherish forever.

I spent a total of twenty days away from my home, mother and sisters. Father Pietro would sometimes inquire about my family. Over time, I came to trust Father Pietro and shared my truth: I had fled home and did not wish to return to my mother. He explained that my absence would worry everyone and that I needed to either go back home or inform the authorities. I hesitated to reveal to Father Pietro that I was from Bologna, knowing that authorities would easily find out who I was if Father Pietro chose to report me. As time went on, I finally placed my complete trust in Father Pietro, who reached out to the authorities in Bologna and kindly arranged for me to reunite with my sisters.

Cagliari, Sardinia, Italy, 1990

"I have found your mother and sisters in Bologna," Father Pietro declared in Italian as I welcomed him into the room he had assigned me in the monastery.

A lot had transpired since I fled from home. Father Pietro informed me that my younger and older sisters had also run away shortly after my departure, as my absence had made my mother irate and my sister's lives unbearable. Nat and Eina were now residing in a convent at St. Luca, a renowned church perched on a hill in Bologna.

My sisters were no longer with our mother, and I realized I didn't have to return to her to be with my sisters in this new convent. A wave of relief washed over me, prompting my decision to go back to Bologna, as I missed my sisters dearly.

Angelo had returned to England, his homeland. The young Englishman Angelo had originally come to Italy to visit his pen pal Salvatore and immerse himself in the Italian language for the summer.

I bid farewell to Salvatore, grateful for his friendship. I boarded the flight back to Bologna from Cagliari, where the flight attendants were exceptionally kind to me, a lone eleven-year-old traveler. They took pity on me and offered me sweets. Upon landing at Bologna airport, I was taken straight to St. Luca, where I joyfully reunited with my sisters.

It felt as if we had been apart for years, rather than just twenty days. Having grown up together, we had seldom been separated before. Nat was so overwhelmed with happiness that she cried, and I joined her in tears. Etna, however, appeared somewhat disappointed, perhaps questioning how I had managed to survive alone in the world without her. As the first-born daughter of our mother Lucia, Etna was the child of her unremarkable

father. The knowledge that Nat and I were the cherished daughters of the esteemed Olabisi Ajala was a heavy burden for her. As a child, Nat had a fondness for the scent of gasoline, while I was drawn to the aroma of burning wood. These two scents symbolize our different fiery spirits—representing the inherited passion within us.

In contrast, Etna has always been spiritually stagnant.

At the time, I was unaware that my bond with Etna was deeply influenced by a strong sense of sibling rivalry, a sentiment that Nat would also come to experience as she grew older, stemming from her feelings of inadequacy and a lack of empathy that ultimately defined her as an unpleasant person.

I acknowledged the disappointment in Etna's eyes and the seemingly genuine affection from Nat when I returned safely.

Nat recounted the events that unfolded after I left home on that fateful morning. When she reached my mother’s shop in the marketplace, she displayed remarkable bravery. I will always remember her courage. Nat stood firm, refusing to disclose my location to our mother or anyone else. My mother mistreated her, and others from their stalls joined in to scold Nat, demanding, 'Where is Mora?' as if she had hidden me away like a magician's rabbit.

Despite being only nine, Nat held her ground, honoring her promise of secrecy to me.

As time passed, Nat was called to the Head Teacher’s office during her elementary school days, where adults pressed her for information about me. Yet, her loyalty never wavered; she would not betray my trust. This unwavering dedication strengthened our bond, a bond that would later be undermined by our mother’s manipulative interference in the years to come.

I resided at the children's convent near St. Luca until I turned thirteen. Meanwhile, Nat and Etna chose to return to our mother and resumed living at home. As for me, I was moved to a finishing school for young ladies in Lodi, a convent named 'Casa Della Donna', located about fifty kilometers from Bologna. This meant another separation from my sisters.

It was at 'Casa Della Donna' that I made my first attempt to smoke cigarettes, but I failed

spectacularly as the smoke made me feel lightheaded.

Surrounded by nuns, I experienced a profound sense of closeness to God that came with convent life. At almost fourteen years old I was on the verge of dedicating my life to Christ as I contemplated taking my vows and joining the order.

I shared my life with other young women who had faced their own struggles. Some of my companions were also there due to family abuse, while others battled drug addiction, particularly heroin, which was prevalent in Italy.

My reason for being there was my desire to escape my overbearing and controlling mother.

A few years after I returned to Bologna from Cagliari, while living with the nuns at 'Casa Della Donna', my mother, no longer having me at home, informed my father of my location.

She had told Olabisi Ajala about my disappearance a few years earlier, prompting him to write an article about it in the well-known Nigerian newspaper, Concord.

Unaware of the full details of my situation, Olabisi Ajala reported the events as recounted to him by my mother.

SUNDAY
concord

VOL. 10 ★★ NO. 414 MAY 21, 1989 SHAWAL 16, 1409 A.H. ONE NAIRA

ABUJA IN THE WEEK PAST

All set for ADB, ADF conference

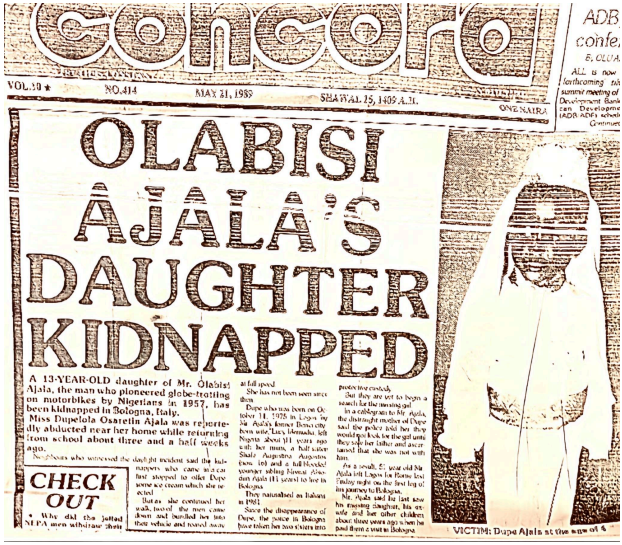
OLABISI AJALA'S DAUGHTER KIDNAPPED

HERE COMES OBA TEJUOSO

CORONATION: Akaraiawa Tejuoso, being crowned by Chief Okuyade, the Iharaiwa of Orile Oko

CHECK OUT

Sunday Concord, Nigeria, 1989.



Concord

VOL. 10 ★ NO. 414 MAY 21, 1989 SHAWAL 15, 1409 A.H. ONE NAIRA

ADB conference

OLABISI AJALA'S DAUGHTER KIDNAPPED

A 13-YEAR-OLD daughter of Mr. Olabisi Ajala, the man who pioneered globe-trotting on motorbikes by Nigerians in 1957, has been kidnapped in Bologna, Italy.

Miss Dupeiola Osarerin Ajala was reportedly abducted near her home while returning from school about three and a half weeks ago.

CHECK OUT

VICTIM: Dupe Ajala at the age of 6

Concord, Nigeria, 1989.

US BOUND: Bowe

Deputy editor leaves for USA

The Sunday Concord's Deputy Editor, Mr. Okechukwu Bowe left for Washington DC last Friday to take part in a six-month fellowship programme by the Alfred Friendly Foundation.

Bowe is one of the eleven journalists from around the world taking part in the programme. While in the US, he will visit major American media organisations and institutions including the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon. He will also visit the offices of the Centre for Foreign Journalists in Reston, Virginia.

Bowe will spend the greater part of his stay in USA, working with a highly respected USA newspaper, *The Baltimore Sun*, in Maryland.

All the Alfred Friendly Fellows are also expected to take part in workshops taking place in various parts of US and in Ontario, Canada.

The fellows will spend the last week of the programme in New York, evaluating their experiences, attending seminars, and participating in cultural activities.

Mr. Bowe is expected back in December.

Touts reign supreme at US embassy

By
OTAKO OTUBAT

TOUTS have found a means of earning healthy daily income at the United States embassy in Lagos by fleecing desperate Nigerians seeking visa.

They queue up from about 11 p.m. to the embassy to obtain tickets from visa officials first thing in the morning.

Their place on the queue is then sold to the highest bidder when the visa section opens for business later in the day. Prices range from N50 to N150.

The racket has been given additional boost by new hurdles which the embassy has erected for visa applicants.

All documents presented in the quest for visa is now painstakingly examined as a routine measure and this has significantly increased the time spent to deal with each application for visa.

Consequently, the number of applicants attended to daily has considerably decreased and this, in turn, has made complaints far place on the daily queue outside the embassy even before then over.

It is a shame that all Nigerians are getting black eye treatment which is not aimed at legal applicants", Mr. David Lambert, an official at the embassy told the Sunday Concord.

On the presence of touts at the embassy premises, Mr. Lambert said there was nothing his office could do to halt the trend.

"This practice is not illegal. We do not have any authority over those outside the premises", he concluded.

He explained that new, tougher measures were adopted in screening Nigerian visa applicants because criminal-minded Nigerians have grabbed a huge chunk of the drug trade in the United States.

He maintained that the Yar'Adua's left obliged to take extra care in choosing whom to issue visa because of this factor.

He said in the past year, the heads distributed in the US through Nigerian peddlers to unsuspecting Americans had 25 per cent of the total heroin market.

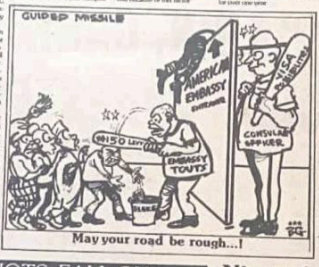
The heroin business, he went on, is lucrative with lots of money made available to potential carriers to get falsified documents.

Meanwhile the British High Commission in Lagos has announced that visa fees will be reduced by approximately 8 per cent with effect from tomorrow.

The new rates are Multiple Entry Visa (MEV) Double Entry Visa, N360, and Single Entry Visa, N240.

The cut was attributed to recent appreciation of the Naira against the pound sterling.

The High Commission spokesman that all UK visa fees, calculated in sterling would also have remained at the same level for over one year.



65 year old ma murde

By ADEYEMI FAT

The deceased was ... by Concord ... accident ... with fata ... Soloni.

He was said to have ... the farm in Isanlu ... free for some months ... surprise.

Police sources disclosed Sunday Concord that ... when questioned by Mr. ... confessed and handed ... State Directorate of ... investigation and arrested ... DPO, in Abeokuta.

Ajala's kidnapped daughter found

THE teenage daughter of ... socialite, Chabisi Ajala, Miss Dupekin Oyaniyi Ajala who was reportedly kidnapped last month in Bologna, Italy has now been found.

Ajala, 51 arrived Lagos on Thursday and immediately repaired to headquarters of Lagos Island Local Government to obtain vital documents that would persuade Italian authorities to grant him custody of 13-year old Dupekin.

The Sunday Concord learnt that she was traced early last month to a hide-out in Trieste, a border town between Yugoslavia and Italy by a combined team of Interpol and a search party after more than three months.

The drama over the whereabouts of Dupekin began to unfold a few weeks ago when she was snatched outside her mother's home in Ipaja by men who had hid into a waiting car and whisked her away.

Preliminary investigations ... baby have established that ... kidnap was an attempt to ... money from ... transaction, believed to ... Dupekin's mother, late ... media and some ... identified earlier.

"The development is the ... did after ... Concord's ... not a matter of minutes ... city. The ... emergency ... little girl can be found in a ... no questions asked and no ... given", Nigeria. So ... Glad that she came out safe ... sound, without any ... Everybody was wonderful, ... specially, the Italian police ... Parties." He Ajala said yesterday.

Dupekin was born on ... tober 11, 1973, in Lagos ... Ajala's former wife, Lola ... exotic who hails from ... City, Bendel State. ... Nigeria 10 years ago ... benedictine mother and ... lads, Tina and Mutiu Ajala.

FOUND: Dupekin at 13

SAP RIOTS FALL-OUT:

'I'll go to court if...' – Solarin

By RESTER OLAIFA

UNREPENTANT social critic, Dr. Tai Solarin has threatened court action over the allegations which fuelled the riots that recently rocked some states in the country.

He told *Sunday Concord* in an interview at his Ikenne home that he might be forced to turn to courts "on behalf of 100 million Nigerians" if President Ibrahim Babangida failed to heed Tai's humble advice to clear himself of allegations circulated by rioters during the crisis.

Dr. Solarin maintained that the refusal of the allegations by publishers of Ebony magazine was not enough.

He told the *Sunday Concord* that when British Premier, Mrs Margret Thatcher's asked whether Nigerians would like her to name some of the Nigerians who had fat accounts abroad, Hitherpected Nigeria's leaders to quickly respond: "Yes , madam, go ahead".

Dr. Tai Solarin said the non-acceptance of the British prime minister's challenge could suggest that not many Nigerians could be said to be above board.

On the charges by critics that he was fast becoming irrelevant in his self appointed role as the nation's conscience, because of alleged senility and inconsistency, Dr. Solarin declared: "Let all Nigerians know that I've not retired as a social critic and will never retire as one until death calls".

In the manner of a latter-day American author, Armand Hammer, who in the prologue to one of his books: "Witness to History, said that he had not retired and never hoped it he die, Dr. Solarin vowed to live and die for Nkarta.

Returning to the charges of malpractices made against the President, Dr. Solarin however pledged that he would not wait for a minute to congratulate and apologise to the President and the people of Nigeria a million times over if the president was able to defend himself to the satisfaction of all Nigerians that the allegation contained in the widely circulated leaflets were false.

Nigeria's coastal belt under threat

By FOLUSO ADEBAYO

NIGERIA's entire coastal belt now faces the threat of being submerged by the Atlantic Ocean by the run of the century if the present abuse of the environment is not checked.

Federal Environmental Protection Agency (FEPA) director, Dr. Lateef Akin Aina disclosed that towns like Lagos, Warri, Port Harcourt, Calabar and others in Ogun and Ondo states faced the problem of severe flooding due to changes in global climate patterns.

He explained that the environmental menace of bush burning and forest fires was responsible for the production of "greenhouse" gases such as carbon dioxide resulting in what was generally referred to as "earth warming" responsible for global temperature increases of about two to three degrees celsius.

"This trend, if allowed to continue unabated, would lead to upsurge in sea levels and consequent severe flooding in different parts of the country especially the coastal towns," he said.

According to him, atmospheric carbon dioxide concentration has increased by 10 per cent in the past two decades from 316 to 346 parts per million.

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Ajala's kidnapped daughter found

THE teenage daughter of socialite, Olabisi Ajala, Miss Dupeleja Oyarenu Ajala who was reportedly kidnapped last month in Bologna, Italy has now been found.

Ajala, 51 arrived Lagos on Thursday and immediately repaired to headquarters of Lagos Island Local Government to obtain vital documents that would persuade Italian authorities to grant him custody of 13 year old Dupeleja.

The Sunday Concord learnt that she was traced early last week to a hide out in Trieste, a border town between Yugoslavia and Italy by a combined team of Interpol and a search party after more than three weeks.

The drama over the whereabouts of Dupeleja began to unfold a few weeks ago when she was snatched outside her mother's home by two men who bundled her into a waiting car and whisked her away.

"Last Saturday, a man came from Lagos and reminded my father of the court matter over-

Preliminary investigations have established that the kidnap was an attempt to settle scores among some Nigerians in a business behaved between Dupeleja's mother, Lucy and another woman, yet identified business.

"The entanglement in the did affair stinks. Certainly not a matter of socialite activity. The re-emergence of little girl was based on a lie, no questions asked and no answers given. Anyway, thank God that she came out safe and sound, without any molestation. Everybody was wonderful, especially the Italian police authorities," Mr. Ajala said yesterday.

Dupeleja was born on October 11, 1975 in Lagos by Ajala's former wife, Lucy Omuku who hails from Ekiti City. Herald State. She is Nigeria 12 years ago with a businessman mother and two children, Tina and Mamu Ajala.

FOUND: Dupeleja at 4

...ia's coastal ...nder threat

...HAYO

...coastal bath... of being Atlantic ...he century ...f the envir... ...nmental ...ELPAI di... ...Awa this ...e Lagos, ...Calabar ...and Ondo ...rm of ice ...hanges in ...the envir... ...uth burn... ...n respon... ...ction of ...such as ...g in what ...d to an ...nuble for

global temperature increases of about two to three degrees celsius.

"This trend, if allowed to continue unabated, would lead to upsurge in sea levels and consequent severe flooding in different parts of the country especially the coastal towns," he said.

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Ajala's kidnapped daughter found

THE teenage daughter of socialite, Olabisi Ajala, Miss Dupeikola Osarotin Ajala who was reportedly kidnapped last month in Bologna, Italy has now been found.

Ajala, 51, arrived Lagos on Thursday and immediately rushed to headquarters of Lagos Island Local Government to obtain vital documents that would persuade Italian authorities to grant him custody of 12 year old Dupeikola.

The Sunday Concord learnt that she was traced early last week to a hide out in Trieste, a border town between Yugoslavia and Italy by a combined team of Interpol and a search party after more than three weeks.

The drama over the whereabouts of Dupeikola began to unfold a few weeks ago when she was snatched outside her mother's home by two men who bundled her into a waiting car and ...

Preliminary ... Italy have established that kidnap was an attempt to ... seems arising from a ... transaction between ... Dupeikola's mother, Lucy ... media and some ... identified partners.

"The background to the ... did allow stories. Certainly ... not a matter of mistaken ... tity. The re-emergence of ... little girl was based on a ... no questions asked and no ... been given. Anyway, ... God that she came out safe ... found, without any ... Everybody was wonderful, ... pecially the Italian police ... thorities." Mr. Ajala said ... day.

Dupeikola was born on ... tober 11, 1975 in Lagos by ... Ajala's former wife, Lucy ... media who hails from ... City, Bendel State. She ... Nigeria 12 years ago with ... Mexican mother and two ... kids, Tina and Wunmi ...

Bologna, Italy, 1990

I celebrated my fourteenth birthday at ‘Casa Della Donna’ in Lodi, where I had begun to seriously contemplate taking my vows and joining the religious order. When my mother learned of my intentions, she opposed them.

An ancient Italian medieval law stated that a girl with a calling, who had not yet been promised to a husband, could not be prevented from taking her vows. It was only a matter of time before I would become a novice nun by sixteen. However, my mother lured me away from Casa Della Donna with the promise of travel. At fourteen, I craved knowledge and new experiences, believing that God would wait for me. Traveling to London felt like a significant opportunity for growth. My mother tempted me like the serpent tempted Eve, and like Eve in the Garden of Eden, I fell into the desire to explore, learn, and understand more.

My mother knew better than to break her promise; had she tried to keep me in Italy, nothing would have stopped me from returning

to the nuns, and I would have run away again if necessary.

I packed two suitcases brimming with my cherished books in Latin and Greek—my prized possessions and first love, featuring Homer's 'Odyssey' along with works by Plato, Archimedes, and Aristotle. As a small child, I had received these books as gifts from Italian nuns who recognized my potential. Nuns generally do not show discrimination and tend to judge individuals without regard to race. They are often well-educated and have traveled extensively, which provides them with a richer perspective on human history compared to most people. This was perhaps the primary reason I had aspired to join the church: the opportunity to travel and study free from the restrictions of racism, a dream for a young black girl living in Italy.

Within days, we went to the train station in Bologna and boarded a series of trains and ferries that would lead us to London. Upon reaching the train station, I found myself unable to manage both suitcases, and my mother declined to help. She disapproved of my commitment to the church and its principles. My mother instructed Etna, who had come with us, to take my books away, insisting I wouldn't need them in London. I was faced with a difficult choice: either board the train without my books or not board at all. I pleaded with Etna to promise she would safeguard my

books, but my deceitful sister failed to keep her word. I never saw my beloved books again. As I boarded the train, leaving them behind, it shattered my young heart. To me, knowledge was everything, and in my innocent mind, I felt I had lost my vital source of information. The pain of losing my cherished books was a subtle yet profound hurt.

I often look back at this moment as my first real encounter with future disillusionment, marking it as a significant rite of passage.

Chapter Four

London

We touched down in London on January 7, 1990, a date etched in my memory forever, as it marked the day I lost my beloved books, my most treasured possessions.

My mother struggled to accept that I had chosen to follow God's path over her own authority. From her perspective, my choice to depart from the family home—prompted by her unyielding and unjust physical discipline—felt like a betrayal, and she was resolute in her efforts to keep me from seeking peace in the Italian monasteries.

Once in London, England my mother placed me in the care of Mrs. Tobin, her 'Avon lady,' a term used in the 90s for women who sold affordable perfumes to friends on commission.

My mother paid Mrs. Tobin thirty pounds a month, a significant amount back then, for my upkeep. Mrs. Tobin resided just off Blackstock Road on Riversdale Road. I spent four months living with Mrs. Tobin while attending George Orwell Secondary School near Finsbury Park.

During my time at the North London based school, I gained no real education; my classmates rarely attended classes, and when they did, it was merely to mock the teachers.

The only lessons I learned were how to curse in English, skip school, and fight. At fourteen, I adapted to this new world like a desert creature thrust into a jungle, often finding myself in daily brawls at school, primarily because I was a foreign girl struggling with the language and had little patience for foolishness, even as a child.

It was a stark contrast to the relative safety I had known at the Collegio and the monastic life in Italy.

London, England, 1990

Life in London seemed to hinge on one's reputation, which had to be established early on.

I was quick to adapt.

During my time at George Orwell school, I found myself in daily brawls. The memory of my first fight stands out vividly. There was a girl named Jackey, who was my age—fourteen—but had the build of a young boy. After school, she dared me to a fight. I can't recall what sparked the argument, but I refused to back down.

Outside the school, amidst our peers, we began to clash. The other kids urged us on, creating a chaotic scene filled with loud cheers, shoving, and pushing, as if we were fighters in a ring. A sudden shove by a spectator sent me crashing into Jackey, marking the start of the first round. To my surprise, Jackey unleashed a flurry of punches

with remarkable speed and accuracy. I later learned that her father was a skilled boxer.

The first round came to an abrupt end when the Head Teacher spotted the commotion and stepped outside.

Our classmates bolted towards the nearest park, escaping the watchful eyes of our teachers, and I was swept along with them. Suddenly, everyone halted and gathered in a nearby parking lot. Jackey and I were ready to continue our fight, but I knew I had to strike first this time. Jackey boasted about her victory, seeking validation from our audience, and that's when I recognized my chance. With my tiny fist clenched, I pulled my right arm back and aimed for her face. I launched my very first punch, my small fist propelled by the momentum of my upper body and slight weight.

The punch struck with remarkable accuracy, landing squarely on Jackey's left eye, causing her to stop in her tracks. For a brief moment, everything around us fell silent as the children processed the unexpected turn of events in the fight. It was a clean hit, inflicting intense pain on Jackey, who clutched her eye as if in fear of losing it. She stood frozen, unable to respond. Minutes passed, and she remained in that position, still holding her eye. Our classmates, disheartened by the outcome that saw the new girl triumph over one of their own, quickly lost

interest in the concluded match. I was officially declared the winner with just a single punch. I came to understand that it doesn't matter how poorly you've performed up to a certain point; what truly counts is the final outcome. It was irrelevant that Jackey had decisively beaten me in the first round; the final round was what mattered. I emerged victorious because I had landed the last blow. It was a lesson learned—painful, yet invaluable.

After returning from the battleground of school life in London in 1990, I would muster my remaining energy, grab a kebab, retreat to my room in Mrs Tobin’s house, and dive into books borrowed from local libraries. Mrs. Tobin would call me to watch television with her, which I did out of obligation. As soon as her favorite show, 'Chancer,' which I struggled to comprehend due to my limited English, concluded, I would rush back to my room to continue my reading.

The seventy-two-year-old Mrs. Tobin, whom my neglectful mother had left me with, eventually decided she no longer wanted to

care for me, as I was not the companion she desired.

Mrs. Tobin, the Avon lady,eventually sent me to the local neighborhood office on Blackstock Road, where I was assigned to a social worker named Lorna. Lorna suggested that I be placed in foster care followed by a series of children's homes. Thus, I officially entered the care system.

In 1991, I transitioned from one children's home to another, and shortly after, my younger sister Nat decided to leave our mother and sister Etna behind in Italy to come and be with me in London.

Upon her arrival, Nat was placed in a children's home as well. During our time there, I stopped attending George Orwell School, opting to skip classes altogether. I saw no reason to wake up early and pretend to go to school, believing my time could be better spent elsewhere.

The daily conflicts in the children's home were enough without adding school fights to the mix.

I had moved past those petty school brawls and found myself engaged in street fights with older girls and boys, as my reputation for fighting grew.

After my first school fight, I became somewhat infamous as a fourteen-year-old in London. My battles extended beyond school, as the streets became my second home, often feeling safer than the children's home where we were all vying for dominance like trapped animals.

The adult staff at the facility were frequently more harmful than actual criminals, leading many of us to become resilient survivors in an environment dominated by unscrupulous employees. The environment was harsh, with some vulnerable children falling victim to predators amongst the employees hired to watch over us.

The streets of London in the 1990s posed significant dangers for children, plagued by violence, abuse, and drugs.

HMP, Holloway, London, 1993.

HMP, Holloway, London, 1993.

Chapter Five

The International Streets

England Is A Bitch

When I had just come to the town of London

I used to work in the underground
but working in the underground
you don't get to know your way around.

England is a bitch, there's no escaping it

England is a bitch, there's no running away
from it.

... When they give you your first wage packet
first, they rob it with a big tax bracket,

… you have to struggle to make ends meet
and when you go to bed, you just can't sleep.
…

England is a bitch, there's no escaping it

England is a bitch, you better face up to it.

They have a little factory up in Brackley
in this factory, all they do is pack crockery

for the last fifteen years, they have got my labour now after fifteen years, I've fallen out of favour.

England is a bitch, there's no escaping it

England is a bitch, what are we going to do about it?

Linton Kwesi-Johnson: “Inglan is a Bitch”, Bass Culture, 1980. ‘Inglan Is a Bitch’ (English translation)

London, England, 1990

I often ponder why London attracts so many people compared to other cities. Many are drawn here by the allure of a vibrant urban life. However, the truth about living in London reveals a reality where many settle for a lifestyle that may not meet their expectations. Each time I find myself in the bustling London West End, I am struck by the sheer volume of people. Oxford Street is packed, and the upscale cocktail bars in Soho overflow with professionals seeking solace in a drink after a long day at work.

I feel compelled to caution those considering a move to London about the harsh truths of life here—a city that serves as a melting pot for unfulfilled aspirations and newcomers, rife with unscrupulous landlords and unfriendly faces.

Londoners have gained a reputation for their aloofness, which is often misinterpreted as a haughty disregard for others. It's common to encounter scowls merely for making eye contact. While Londoners may not be as

notoriously unfriendly as Parisians, they often seem too weary to extend a smile to strangers. Surrounded by so many people, it’s easy to feel a sense of solitude.

Many believe that those who are inclined to move to London are driven by ambition and career goals. However, my observations suggest otherwise, especially in today's context. I've categorized the individuals most likely to migrate to London into two distinct groups: those with little to their name, perhaps just a criminal record from their homeland, and those who are desperate for a British education, ultimately seeking to escape London afterward. Many perceive London merely as a transient settlement.

Don't be misled by the earlier double negatives; the affluent enjoy a lavish lifestyle in London, but let's be honest, the wealthy can thrive comfortably anywhere they choose.

Navigating out of London via public transport resembles a journey to Hogwarts - Harry Potter's famed school of magic. It often entails extensive walking, buses, tubes, trains, and figuratively speaking, even a parachute landing. Londoners are perpetually caught in a frantic hurry. During the morning rush hour on the underground, commuters find themselves enveloped in a layer of sweat. No matter the season, a daily commute can transform anyone's attire into a smelly walking trash can.

The underground itself is not the issue; it reportedly played a crucial role in saving lives during World War II, but using it these days can cost you life and limbs. Whenever someone sneezes on the tube or any form of public transport, no one bothers to say 'bless you.' Instead, we all turn our heads and I reach for my antibacterial gel.

Many have commented on the high cost of living in London, and it's true—living here can be quite pricey. In the early 2000s it was not uncommon for a round of drinks for three to set you back the best part of forty pounds. Life in London is distinctly different from other areas of England. It's a fact that the same round of drinks would have cost half as much in places like East Yorkshire.You may wonder at using drink prices to compare London to other regions or even countries, but the cost of a pint in various towns have become a common and reliable way to gauge living expenses nationwide.

Moreover, the demand for housing has driven rent and property prices in London to outrageous levels. To make matters worse, many landlords seem indifferent to tenants' living conditions, often creating their own rules.

While you might see yourself as one of a kind, London has a knack for reminding you that you are just another face in the crowd of millions. The very individuals you envision as the

heartbeat of this vibrant city are often the same ones who chip away at your self-esteem. Why does this happen? The answer is straightforward: the pressures of life in the capital make it hard to unwind. In London, if you don’t keep up with the frantic pace of those rushing by, you quickly become labeled as a 'latecomer.' Here, most people dedicate their time to jobs that barely pay enough to scrape by, leaving little room for any extra spending. We, the everyday folks, are perpetually short on cash. What we have instead are debts.

Even those who are considered 'well-off' often depend on loans and credit cards. Why is that? Because we all have a tendency to overspend and live beyond our means. This is a common reality. The lure of credit cards and rampant consumerism has effectively turned us into willing captives of our financial situations. No matter our income, the costs of rent, drinking, and impulsive vacations keep us in a state of constant financial struggle.

The truth is, one can only truly savor the experience of London if they are incredibly wealthy.

London, England, 1992

At the age of sixteen, I first encountered Jason and his family, which led to two significant lessons in my life.

Jason's family hailed from Jamaica, and they introduced me to the intricacies of the Jamaican colloquial language called ‘patois’.

However, I also found myself drawn into the world of drugs, a risky venture that afforded me considerable insights. One crucial lesson was the importance of trust—or rather, the lack thereof. While Jason's family didn't instill this in me, the harsh realities of London did. This path inevitably led me to associate with criminals, culminating in my arrest.

It was a common tactic for police to coerce minors into false confessions, often aided by solicitors who were complicit in this deception. The collusion between law enforcement, the legal system, and the courts was evident. I was subsequently sent to Her Majesty’s Pleasure Holloway on Parkhurst Road, where I

spent eight months on remand, from the winter of 1992 to the summer of 1993. During my time in HMP, I faced assaults from other inmates, which imparted yet another lesson: fighting multiple opponents at once requires a different set of skills. During my time at HMP, I found solace in the lyrics of Bob Marley, which resonated deeply with me. It took years for me to realize that his songs carried a profound, yet often divisive message.

I firmly believe that being overly cautious is a trait of the mediocre. Nonconformity however, has a certain equity. I consider myself fortunate to have navigated the challenges of confinement and learned from its lessons.

At seventeen years old, my experience at HMP was far from easy, and while it may seem mundane, the perception of such events varies greatly between the elite and the common people. History reveals that even the aristocracy can face harsh judgment from their peers.

Diana Granville, who came from a distinguished background, founded 'Anthology', a celebrated bookstore in north London before the internet era. In 2003, she was set to become my mother-in-law. However, in the mid-1960s, she was incarcerated at HMP Holloway for attempting to smuggle a kilogram of hashish from Amsterdam. Interestingly, during her time there, she shared a cell with Myra Hindley, the notorious child murderer, whom Diana described as a surprisingly quiet roommate.

Living in HMP taught me that freedom is a fleeting privilege, dictated by those who have set themselves as our superiors.

A government built on an aristocratic foundation views us as either belonging to or being the property of these authoritarian regimes, hence the term 'subject.' This word, derived from 'object,' suggests an even further dehumanizing perspective. Terms like 'subhuman' carry their own derogatory implications and are similarly applied.

When one has been identified as a subject, their bold actions do not secure their freedom. Innocence and honesty are disregarded when it comes to the option of limiting a subject's liberty. Instead, it has been my experience that truth and integrity are weaponized against the unsuspecting public by the judicial system, local authorities, and law enforcement.

London, England, September 1993

In September 1993, I landed my first job as a Go-Go dancer in London. After a lengthy job search, at eighteen years old, I finally felt like I had struck gold.

I spread out the ‘Loot’ newspaper, renowned for its job listings, on the floor and spotted an ad that caught my eye. I circled it in red ink: 'Go-Go dancers wanted,' it boldly proclaimed, complete with a contact number below. The aroma of bacon wafted from the kitchen of the children's home where I had returned after my release from HMP, a typical step for kids in care awaiting their council flats. I dialed the number from the ad, which promised Go-Go dancer positions with no prior experience necessary.

On the brink of turning eighteen, I spoke with a man named Marvin who confirmed that experience wasn't a barrier and invited me for an interview in Brighton the following day.

Thrilled at the thought of finally securing a job, I purchased a train ticket to Brighton. I felt no nerves, completely unaware of what being a Go-Go dancer entailed.

Upon arriving in Brighton, I faced some challenges finding the venue Marvin had described, relying on my A-Z Street map of London, a far cry from today's Google Maps. Upon my arrival at the club around 3:00 PM, I found the door locked, as clubs typically don't open until after 8:00 PM.

In those days before mobile phones were common, I made my way to the nearest phone booth to call Marvin again. He picked up right away, and I informed him I was outside for the audition. Marvin instructed me to come to the door.

When the street door opened a stern little man with glasses let me in. The dimly lit room revealed only the bar, while the tables and seating were shrouded in darkness, though I could tell it was quite spacious. The bespectacled little man, who turned out to be Marvin, then led me to his office on the second floor, where I sat in a small room furnished with a desk, a phone, and a tiny single bed. He briefly explained that I would be performing at various pubs around London, and then asked me to head downstairs to the dance floor for my audition. As we descended, I realized I had missed the stage upon my arrival due to the

shadows. Once downstairs, Marvin turned on the stage lights and called forth a young man who seemed to appear out of nowhere, instructing him to dance on stage without any music. The young man moved like a seasoned clubgoer, his arms flailing in a style reminiscent of the techno music scene, typical of the early 90s and late 80s rave culture. After his performance, he vanished as quickly as he had come. Marvin then turned to me and asked, 'What will your stage name be?' Without hesitation, I replied, 'Call me Lola.' Marvin switched on the music and observed me dance for about a minute and a half. "You can remove your clothes now," he said unexpectedly. Though hesitant, I was resolute about landing a job that day. As the music played on, I kept dancing, glancing nervously around and digging deep within for strength and confidence. I finally removed my blouse, looking at Marvin, who encouraged me to keep going. Dancing without a top felt absurd, and I had been focused on the floor the entire time.

To my shock, when I finally looked up, I saw a room filled with young men—around thirty of them—all dressed in vibrant, tight outfits. Panic surged through me, my mind racing while my body continued to move. Just as suddenly as it began, the music stopped, and the men disappeared as if they had never been there. Marvin assisted me off the stage, reassuring

me, "You did well. You can start on Monday night at Queen Ann in Vauxhall."

It was Saturday, giving me all of Sunday to get ready. "You'll need some alluring outfits for the performance," Marvin added, handing me the address for Monday evening. “Get off at Vauxhall Underground Station and make your way to the Pub by 8:00 PM; the Queen Anne pub is just a short stroll away.”

I returned home feeling fulfilled, having secured the job. I briefly mused that Marvin bore a striking resemblance to the renowned singer and musician Elton John.

Upon arriving back at the children's home in Islington on Highbury New Park Rd, I headed straight to my sister’s room, hoping to borrow some of her clothes. Nat, a passionate clubber, had a fantastic collection of stylish outfits. I needed something special for my performance at Queen Anne on Monday evening. However, Nat’s room was locked, a sure sign she was out. I would have to wait for her return.

My sister Nat had blossomed into a tall, athletic beauty with a warm dark golden complexion, having joined me from Italy two or three years earlier. She had been determined to come to London, and my mother eventually relented to her wishes. After all, Nat is also a daughter of Olabisi Ajala, one of his many children. Unlike my eldest sister Etna, Nat and I share both parents.

When Nat arrived in London, I had to address her annoying tendency to lie. She had clearly inherited this habit from our mother and sister Etna, often fabricating trivial stories about mundane tasks like making her bed or cooking meals. I took the time to explain to her, just as I later did with my son, the importance of honesty. Trust is fragile and once lost, it cannot be restored. If people lack faith in you, they will naturally distance themselves. Without support, we cannot thrive, as no one can navigate life in isolation.

Nat returned to the children's home, from the clubbing scene, in the early evening, locking her bedroom door before drifting off to sleep. It was now Sunday evening, and I was still without an outfit for the dance event scheduled for Monday night. I climbed out of my window onto the third-floor balcony that connected to my sister's room. Carefully, I made my way along the window ledge and over to her balcony, bracing myself for her to wake and question my actions. I was ready for any

inquiries, but like when we were kids, Nat was sound asleep, deep in slumber. Back then, getting her up for school was a daily struggle; she would only rise when our mother threatened her with punishment. I often thought it foolish of Nat to choose sleep over life, and my opinion hasn't changed.

Once inside her room, I began searching through her clothes, yet Nat remained sound asleep, not even stirring despite the noise I made in my attempts to rouse her. I could have really used her guidance at that moment. I opted for a coordinated red ensemble consisting of a matching top and shorts.

On Monday evening, I confidently entered the Queen Ann pub in Vauxhall.

Upon arrival, I was immediately engulfed by the thick haze of cigarette smoke and the strong odor of stale ale. The atmosphere was chaotic, and I felt a wave of anxiety wash over me. The bar was populated by older men clad in anoraks—the telltale attire of unsavory

characters. As I made my way to the bar, the landlady, a rather unpleasant woman, instructed me to head to the restrooms to change and prepare for my performance. It was nearly 8:00 PM, and I had just ten minutes to get ready.

Inside the cramped bathroom, I encountered two other young women, both in their mid-twenties. They regarded me with pity and, looking at my wide eyed expression, inquired if it was my first day working at the pub. I confirmed it was. They asked about my audition for Marvin in Brighton, and as I recounted my experience, they erupted in laughter at my nervousness, recalling how all those young men had been watching me. They explained, still chuckling, that the men at Marvin's venue were all homosexuals and that I had auditioned in a gay bar, which is why Marvin's Go-Go dancer agency was called "Rainbow Agency."

At just seventeen and hailing from Italy, I was completely unaware of what 'homosexuals' meant, having never encountered one before.

My eighteenth birthday was still three weeks away. The girls were kind and supportive, taking the stage before me, allowing me to acclimate to the environment while I watched them perform. When it was finally my turn, they cheered me on as I stepped onto the stage. Overwhelmed with nerves, I ended up stripping

down within the first ten seconds of the music, leaving me to dance naked for the remaining four minutes of the song. It was incredibly embarrassing, but somehow, I managed to endure it.

London, England, November 1993

In November 1993, I was assigned a council flat on the 12th floor of Talbot House, located in the Harvist Estates along Hornsey Road.

The flat was a cage with a view. I did my best to decorate it, eventually painting the walls palm green. It became a sanctuary for girls who shared similar backgrounds, many of whom had previously lived in children's homes. Some had faced the harsh reality of homelessness and found solace in my apartment, where they could enjoy warmth, a cup of tea, and occasionally indulge in cannabis use. Those were challenging times, and while some may view those years as wasted, I believe I gained valuable lessons in survival.

My flat was situated near Hornsey Road, once a highly sought-after area in Islington, but property values had plummeted due to the influx of immigrants, who were often seen as a

burden on resources despite their crucial role in the economy.

Growing up in North London, I witnessed the steady stream of newcomers to the capital.

London stands out uniquely along with bustling cities like New York and Paris and it’s often regarded as the most desirable city to live and work in.

I recall discussing the harsh realities of life in London with my friend Steven, who called me a cynic. I responded, 'A cynic is merely what an idealist calls a realist.’

Interestingly, idealists tend to be financially secure, allowing them to maintain a positive outlook, while the rest of us are left grappling with our skepticism.'

When asked about my feelings on living in London, I often respond, 'I've grown accustomed to it.' This is likely the most honest answer one can give. If someone offers a different perspective, it might be worth probing further; you could uncover that they are secretly wealthy, and enjoying a lavish lifestyle.

London is a major global hub, so it's perhaps unfair to criticize it too harshly. Sure, it's pricey, but maybe our expectations are too high. In the UK, you often hear complaints about the economy, yet the quality of life here is still

better than in many other places. In fact, some say that living in London is not so bad. The British legal system tends to be relatively more lenient compared to countries like the US, where the death penalty remains prevalent.

The UK offers individuals a bit more freedom; the police aren't heavily armed and aren't trained to be overly aggressive, and offenders might face lighter sentences.

I've also discovered that London is a haven for the LGBTQ+ community, unlike in places where expressing such identities could lead to severe consequences.

In Britain, the legal age for sexual consent is sixteen, while the minimum age for drinking alcohol is eighteen, which seems more like a mere formality.

For those feeling down about the gloomy UK climate, a trip to Denmark or Sweden might put things into perspective.

It's worth noting that while British cuisine may not be as globally celebrated, it boasts a rich history, with some traditional dishes tracing back to the eleventh century.

However, this discussion isn't solely about British culture; it's about sharing my perspective on life in London. The city wields significant political, economic, and cultural

power compared to other regions in the UK. The influx of young people and foreigners seeking employment here highlights the concentration of opportunities in this one metropolis. While it's great that jobs are available, the reality is that London has become synonymous with decent salaries.

My mother, who had developed a fondness for the United Kingdom—until her visit to Japan—often comperse England to Italy's completely different approach.

Naturally, there are plenty of Londoners eager to point out that those who favor a more international lifestyle are free to relocate abroad. Many of my English friends contend that London's rich diversity and the British acceptance of various cultures are rooted in its colonial past. This is a very magnanimous perspective considering that history suggests that the British looted and pillaged in order to colonise.

Ultimately, many of us have come to the realization that expecting any significant change to the British way of life will leave you ‘pissing in the wind’ as the saying goes.

When my mother first arrived in London, she was captivated!

The city has a magical allure for newcomers. However, after enduring years of dreary

weather and subpar food compared to Italy, one begins to question the purpose of living in the UK. A sense of resignation creeps in as you start to peel back the glamorous facade and recognize London for what it truly is. It becomes clear that the city isn't quite what it appears to be, and many of us may feel trapped here. Numerous families, despite having worked in London for years, lack the financial means to move elsewhere if they desire.

Yet, there is something undeniably appealing about life in any major city, whether it be Paris, London, or New York.

From an external perspective, London might appear stylish and lively, yet the stark truth is revealed through the lives of the homeless, who face a daily struggle for basic needs that many of us overlook, in a city that often neglects its own residents. Upon entering the west end in London for the first time, the presence of the homeless is striking. However, after a few months, they start to fade into the background. They often merge with their surroundings. It's a heartbreaking reality, but what actions do we take? We hand them copies of the “Big Issue” magazine and then return to our indifference.

It is a well known fact that Government procedures worldwide, require them to initially

reject the problems, then justify them, and ultimately brush them aside.

‘... Rejected by society Treated with impunity Protected by my dignity, I search for reality…’

Bob Marley and the Wailers: “Punky Reggae Party”, lyrics.

Making genuine friendships in London can be a lengthy process, as many individuals prefer to keep to themselves. The fear of rejection or betrayal often leads to a lack of social interaction, and the city's overpopulation can contribute to feelings of isolation. If you're shy, prepare to be alone.

Living in the capital often means returning to a dimly lit flat, which might be shared with a part-time sex worker, a PhD student, or a drug dealer—sometimes all in one person.

For those with financial means, London can be a wonderful place. However, many wealthy individuals have little interaction with those earning minimum wage. Few among us could afford to pay seven hundred pounds a month for a room in zone two, in the early 2000s. Many residents opt for the suburbs, and if you're fortunate enough to live near a train line, commuting to work is relatively straightforward. While public transport is relatively good, it can be pricey, especially if you're located six miles and beyond from the city center.

Parts of London have transformed dramatically; areas like Hackney have undergone gentrification, which is surprising for those who have lived in the city for over thirty years. Not long ago, Hackney was notorious for its high crime rate. A friend of mine, Chris, mentioned that renting a room in Hackney at the end of the 1990s costs up to eight hundred pounds a month.

Finsbury Park, once considered unsafe at night, saw a rise in room rentals going for nine hundred pounds a month, excluding bills, in the early 2000s.

Many of my friends often find themselves pondering the idea of relocating abroad. However, a quick glance at our financial situation usually leads to a deep sense of gloom, prompting us to seek solace in wine or other substances to cope with the

disappointment. Time and again, we are confronted with the harsh truth. Employment opportunities for the working class and immigrants in London are poorly compensated, and securing a job elsewhere is nearly impossible.

It's fair to say that the capital offers choices that the rest of the nation lacks. In London, at least, one can indulge in a haze of substance-fueled despair and raw depression. This might be the primary reason individuals from various backgrounds ultimately decide to make this city their home. One of the few perks of residing in London is the social acceptance of drinking. Londoners are known to down three or four gin and tonics well before noon on any day of the week without a second thought. Aside from the risk of becoming a full-blown alcoholic,drinking is considered a sociable British custom.

When out in the city, the most common question on people's lips tends to be: 'Where shall we meet for a drink?'

London, England, Spring 1994

As I mentioned at the beginning of this journal, the young man Arturo, or the 'mammone', was introduced to the brutality of life in the city of London in the early 1990s.

Ultimately, Arturo sold his car to afford a flight back to his parents, and I am nearly certain he is still living with them. Following that dreadful experience in Finsbury Park, it seems highly unlikely that Arturo, the Italian 'mammone', would not readily venture to London again.

London, England, Summer 1994

When I began my journey with Marvin and his agency, 'Rainbow', I quickly realized that starting my own venue might be a better path.

At just nineteen, I secured a club in Finsbury Park, which was then called Jacey’s. Located on Seven Sisters Road near the underground station and Blackstock Rd, I brought my sister Nat on board as the receptionist to handle door payments. I also employed Jason of Jamaican heritage, and my first serious boyfriend, as the doorman. Standing at an impressive six foot seven, Jason's towering presence made him an effective bouncer. Jason was eventually murdered in 1997 in broad daylight around Highbury & Islington..

To manage entry, I had comminssioned membership cards, requiring patrons to show them and pay a fee upon arrival. The club quickly gained popularity due to its proximity to Finsbury Park Underground Station.

Marvin’s agency would provide the Go-Go girls.Once the girls had arrived we would arrange the seating and welcome customers, leading to a successful flow of income.

However, a significant issue loomed on the horizon: the Jamaican landlords in charge of the club, had no sense of professionalism.

At that time, Finsbury Park was a vibrant mix of communities, including Jamaicans, Indians, East Africans, Greeks, and Turks.

In just a few weeks, the number of staff behind the bar at Jacey's responsible for serving drinks to my patrons had increased fourfold. Initially, there were two bartenders, but now there were eight young Jamaican men present for a singular reason. The reason for the landlords having eight individuals behind the bar quickly became clear. They were not there to assist with drink service, as they made no effort to pretend otherwise. The immature and unprofessional landlords had allowed their friends to take turns attending the show, merely to gawk at the hardworking women and paying customers. This behavior was frustrating due to its lack of professionalism. Had the Jamaicans opted to watch the show in silence like the other paying guests, the atmosphere could have been tolerable. Instead, the immature Jamaicans I was renting Jacey's from decided to hide their discomfort at the Go-Go girls by ridiculing the audience,

which made it difficult for anyone to appreciate the performance. Rather than focusing on serving drinks or watching the spectacle, the Jamaicans behind the bar would make inappropriate comments whenever patrons approached to order a drink. To make matters worse, these uninvited guests would laugh loudly throughout the girls' performances, their laughter drowning out the music. This added humiliation for the women, who were already exposing themselves for a living, was particularly painful for me, as I was one of those working girls. The disruptive actions of the Jamaicans created an uncomfortable atmosphere for the customers, who were merely there to enjoy the performance instead of engaging in inappropriate behavior by pursuing women in the area.

Thus, I concluded that the Jamaican club was not suitable for my clientele. Within a couple of months, I began searching for a new location. I never found a new venue in London. A decade later, I reopened my establishment in Hull after marrying Tom Granville in 2003.

London, England, Late Summer 1994

My initial sexual encounter with a gay man was with my friend Kathy from England. I first met Kathy at the children's home on Sheringham Road during the summer of 1990. Throughout my early years in London and after, Kathy and I were always together. She was a steadfast friend when I moved into my council flat on Hornsey Road, near the Sobel Leisure Center.

Kathy and I, 1991.

Kathy and I, 2011.

For twenty-five years, from 1992 to 2017, I resided in a council flat on Hornsey Road.

One day, Kathy met two attractive young men living nearby on Isledon Road, close to the Sobell Leisure Centre and my flat. One of them was Michael, a tall mixed-race guy with dreadlocks, standing around six feet, with Irish and Jamaican heritage. The other was Sean, entirely of Irish descent, also handsome with dark hair and striking blue eyes, just shy of six feet.

Kathy and I began plotting how we could take turns being intimate with these young men, who had their own council flat, nearby, on Isledon Road.

After Kathy had a brief encounter with Sean, she introduced him to me. Neither of us considered that the two might be in a relationship with each other, nor would it have mattered if we had known. So, we soon started scheming to get closer to Michael, the dreadlocked young man.

A week later, while Kathy was bathing in my apartment, there was a knock at the door. It was Michael, who insisted on coming in to chat with us. Kathy and I were surprised but eager to welcome him. At that time, we were both around twenty-two, with Kathy being a few months older.

Even though Kathy was still in the tub, she invited Michael to join her, clearly signaling her interest. Moments later, I could hear their voices from the bathroom, which was unusual since Kathy typically didn't engage in conversation. I refrained from eavesdropping, confident that Kathy could handle herself. However, after about ten minutes, I heard her voice rise in volume.

Kathy's voice thundered, "Leave me alone!"

I stepped into the bathroom, curious. "What's going on?" I inquired.

"He keeps pestering me about Sean," Kathy replied, her gaze sharp.

Kathy, a stunning blonde with striking blue eyes, was clearly frustrated. The bathwater was turning cold, and Michael had no plans to join her as she had hoped. It was understandable that Kathy was irritated with Michael's relentless questioning about Sean.

Michael pressed on, "Which one of you girls slept with Sean?" Kathy and I exchanged amused glances as the truth began to sink in.

We had unwittingly stumbled into the intricate dynamics of the two men's relationship.

Annoyed by our lack of answers, Michael stormed out, slamming the door as Kathy and I struggled to contain our laughter.

"What was that about?" I asked Kathy from the bathroom doorway.

"Michael isn't into girls," she replied bluntly. “I sat here, completely naked in the tub, the water crystal clear without any soap bubbles, and my body fully exposed, yet Michael seemed oblivious to it all," Kathy noted.

It was clear that something was brewing between the two young men, something of a homosexual nature. Once Michael left, Kathy and I erupted into laughter.

"No wonder Sean’s dick was so huge. It must have gotten swollen from sodomising Michael," Kathy mused.

Kathy and I shared a long, hearty laugh together. We were both young women in our early twenties, blissfully unaware of the complexities surrounding anyone's sexuality.

We were in the midst of discovering our own sexual identities, feeling as though we had all the time in the world to explore.

In the words of Oscar Wilde, 'Youth is a beautiful thing, though it's wasted on the young.'

The last time I met Kathy was in London after I completed my university studies. She had been struggling with her health, a result of her hedonistic lifestyle, financial struggles, and the challenges of living in London.

Later that year, I ventured to Paris and Lil de France, where I ascended the Eiffel Tower and marveled at the site of the former fortress known as the 'Bastille Saint-Antoine.' Naturally, I also took the opportunity to explore the Louvre Museum.

In Paris, Arc de Triomphe, 1994.

In Paris, Louvre Museum, 1994.

London, England, Autumn 1994

From what I've gathered about America, Lancaster Square is akin to London's Times Square; it's alive with activity and offers a plethora of sights to behold.

As I made my way to the West End, London's vibrant scene loomed ahead.

Stepping out of Leicester Square Underground Station, I was immediately greeted by stalls selling theatre tickets. The charm of Leicester Square lies in its role as an excellent starting point for exploring on foot.

Nearby attractions like Piccadilly, Covent Garden, Trafalgar Square, Regents Street, and Soho are all just a short stroll away. This area is a bustling hub for tourists, especially in the evenings when the atmosphere is electric.

Londoners tend to be particularly welcoming in the West End, which is always teeming with

visitors. For many foreigners, Leicester Square represents the pinnacle of their London experience, and their excitement is palpable, reminiscent of children in a candy store. The square is typically filled with a variety of restaurants, coffee shops, and cinemas. Tourists often find themselves weaving through crowds as they hurry to join the lines for theatre tickets at the kiosks. Despite the chaos that can ensue in Leicester Square, it's impressive how well-maintained the area remains amidst the influx of tourists.

At night, the square transforms into a stunning sight.

I had visited Leicester Square the previous year with my friend Chris during the first week of December, when the small park was turned into a charming winter wonderland adorned with beautiful Christmas lights.

Everything in Leicester Square is tightly packed, including theatres, dining options, and ticket booths, but with the square free of traffic, it's an ideal spot to relax and observe the lively world pass by.

The restaurants surrounding the Square generally offer average quality, although the Kebabs are unrivaled. There is a variety of dining and drinking establishments, with some being more affordable than others.

London's West End continues to be one of the most bustling tourist attractions worldwide.

As I made my way to Trafalgar Square, I passed the National Portrait Gallery and paused at the 29-bus stop just beyond it.

I glanced back at the tourists climbing onto the lions for photos with their friends and family, recalling my own experience doing the same with pals from the children's home a few years earlier. In those days, we would stroll everywhere—through the arches to Buckingham Palace, past the Horse Guard Parade, along the Thames, by the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, and down the river towards St. Paul's Cathedral, crossing the Millennium Bridge with views of the New Tate Modern, finally reaching the Tower of London and Tower Bridge.

I considered wandering over to the fountains and perhaps hanging out by the lions like we used to, but ultimately decided against it; the throngs of people were too overwhelming and exuberant. It seemed wiser to remain at the bus stop. If I grew tired of observing the passersby, I thought of hopping on the 29 bus back to Islington, but hesitated. After some time, I started to scan the area, subconsciously searching for familiar faces. It's true that everyone eventually finds their way to Trafalgar Square, much like at the Notting Hill Carnival.

The screech of the double-decker bus brakes echoed in my mind like a bell tolling in an empty temple. I had been sitting at the bus stop for over an hour, trying to blend in while deciding whether to board the bus. Though I felt a bit bored, the antics of the pedestrians provided me with an ongoing humorous and nostalgic spectacle.

The fancy sports car was what initially drew my attention, particularly how it sparkled under the sunlight. It came to a sudden stop, parked illegally on the double red lines, and through the open window, I caught a glimpse of a stunning woman in the passenger seat. As she stepped out, her beauty was apparent even before I could see her face fully. Her long, shapely legs hinted at the allure that was to follow. She was tall and curvaceous, turning heads as she walked by. Men paused and turned to look at her, captivated by her presence. As she walked past me at the bus stop, her long, flowing blonde hair danced in the breeze. When she noticed me staring, I smiled, and she responded by fluttering her heavily made-up eyelashes, revealing her striking baby-blue eyes. There was no denying her beauty, but what truly set her apart was the way she wore her luxurious attire, as if she were one with her clothes. She radiated an effortless elegance reminiscent of a socialite at a dinner party.

Suddenly, an irresistible urge to follow her took hold of me, anyway I had nothing better to do. I trailed the enigmatic woman past Leicester Square, but as I pursued her, I stumbled over the uneven pavement and fell hard onto my knees. Quickly, I stood up, scanning the area to see if anyone had witnessed my mishap, relieved to find that no one seemed to have noticed. Just in time, I caught a glimpse of her turning right past Leicester Square Underground Station, heading towards Covent Garden, until she vanished from my sight momentarily. I scanned my surroundings, anxiously trying to figure out where the enigmatic woman had vanished. Finally, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed her outfit slipping through the grand double doors of Stringfellows.

As a Londoner, I was well aware of Stringfellows. My colleagues at the Rainbow agency, who worked alongside me for Marvin, often shared stories of their failed auditions for the owner of Stringfellows.

The sun was shining brightly, causing beads of sweat to form on my forehead. I suddenly felt the urge to sit down and gather my thoughts. I settled in a coffee shop nearby. While sipping on a cappuccino, I pulled out my Nokia phone.

“Excuse me, do you serve alcohol here?” I inquired of a passing waitress.

“'No, we don’t. But there’s a pub just across the street.”

“Thanks,' I replied, getting to my feet. In a rush to use my phone, I inevitably pressed the wrong numbers. Taking a deep breath, I drained my cappuccino, which turned out to be quite disappointing.

I scanned the street and noticed several stylish wine bars scattered around Covent Garden. Finally, I spotted a trendy pub across the street, and since it was late afternoon, the after-work crowd hadn’t yet arrived. I decided to head there next.

Abandoning my attempt to text my friend Kathy, and tucked my phone away as I exited the café. After crossing the street, I entered the wine bar and searched for the staff—only to find it empty except for a woman and child, who was engrossed in drawing with crayons. Suddenly, the woman looked up, and upon seeing me, she stood up and smiled almost at once.

“What can I get you to drink?”

“Gin and tonic, please.”

“One gin and tonic coming right up”.

“Make it a double, please.”

Without missing a beat, and now behind the bar, the barmaid pulled down a bottle of Gordon gin and started pouring it into a clear glass.

“Double gin and tonic it is then.” she confirmed.

The first thing that comes to mind when hearing the word ‘Stringfellows’ is Peter, the club owner. Born in Sheffield in 1940, Stringfellows had named the club after himself.

I had to admit that it had been a wise decision by today's standards, with today’s celebrity trend of turning one’s name into a name brand.

True to form, the term “Stringfellows” became synonymous with strip clubs, and the man himself was said to reign supreme as king in London’s underground strip club industry throughout the 19190s. The girls at Rainbow would gossip that Peter Stringfelows, having made his name and fortune in the strip club industry, now lived in London and Mallorca.

The Rainbow girls who had had the opportunity to audition at Stringfellows described the club as internationally famous. Only the most seductive girls were said to frequent Stringfellows' alluring ambience of stylish luxury.

The word out about adult entertainment clubs is straightforward. Avoid the 'clubs' in Soho. We've all heard the stories of people going to Soho searching for a bit of fun and having to pay hundreds of pounds for a bottle of cheap, fizzy mouthwash and entertainment of dubious quality.

In London, particularly in Soho, many of us are aware that the clubs there, often operated by unsavory characters, can be a scam. In these dubious establishments patrons, especially those new to the scene, can find themselves paying exorbitant prices for drinks.

While Soho boasts a vibrant array of pubs and wine bars worth exploring, one should remain cautious of the seemingly carefree vibe. The women working in some of the more reputable clubs are often an intriguing mix, including PhD candidates, actors, and other professionals.

I recall a night when my friends Steve, Chris, and Fred went out for drinks. Things quickly became hazy for them, with Chris's last memory being of dancing in a Soho strip club around midnight. Their drinks may have been heavily laced with vodka, or perhaps something more sinister. The following morning, they were stunned to find that their bank accounts had suffered a major blow—each losing over five thousand pounds, a hefty amount back then, which was entirely unlike their usual spending habits. To this day, the three of them are still trying to unravel the events of that night, including how they made it home. Steve remembers stepping outside with Fred, who sensed something was off and opted to take a taxi back to their hotel, effectively ending their night. Despite this prudent choice, both their accounts, like Chris's, were drained. It later became clear that they had fallen victim to a scam.

If you find women trying to lure you into a dubious establishment, it's wise to resist the temptation. A legitimate venue wouldn't need to resort to using girls to entice men, so it's

safe to assume that those that do are likely to rob you blind.

Back to the present time. I took a leap of faith and inquired about a job at Stringfellows. My attire was far from formal, consisting of jeans and a worn-out Nike T-shirt. The receptionist glanced at me with a shy smile that seemed to say she understood my nervousness. Although I felt a bit out of place, my curiosity and resolve kept me from backing down. After all, I was a nineteen-year-old girl.

The sign at the reception caught my eye: 'Join Our Team. Current openings: Angels Dancers. Auditions are happening now at Angels for Angel's dancers... remember to bring high heels, a G-string, and a dress that’s easy to remove.' I had always pictured gentleman’s clubs as grimy establishments, but stepping into Stringfellows was an eye-opener. The ambiance was created by black lights and soft, dim lighting. Once my eyes adjusted, I noticed a girl performing on stage, surrounded by a bar and a few men sipping drinks. Other men lounged at circular tables, ordering food and drinks, while girls gilded gracefully around, seemingly floating as they approached clients. They likely offered lap dances before vanishing behind heavy, luxurious black curtains.

Captivated, I watched as the two performers on stage removed their bikini tops during the

first song and stripped down completely by the second.

To my surprise, most of the men were dressed casually, with only a handful in business attire. To my left, I spotted a girl leaning against a businessman in thin slacks, his face reflecting pure bliss. I envisioned that he was relishing the feeling of touch through his lightweight slacks much more than he would have in heavy jeans.

London, England, 1997

In 1996, I spent eight months working as a sales executive at an advertising firm on Oxford Street, continuing until 1997.

That summer, I completed a four-week training course to become a home carer, and from September 1997 to March 1998, I worked in that role for seven months.

Meanwhile, my evenings were lively as I performed as a Go-Go dancer.

I vividly recall the summer night when Princess Diana passed away, a moment many of us reflect on, recalling where we were when we heard the news.

On that fateful night, I had just finished dancing at a pub in South London, and I was dating a young, blond, English man named Steve, who owned a 1975 Kawasaki motorbike—my birth year. After work, Steve would often give me rides home.

As we rode back to my flat on Hornsey Road in North London, my Nokia mobile phone rang, a rarity at the time. I needed to answer the call as it was Marvin from the Rainbow agency, so I tapped Steve's shoulder to pull over. I held my phone tightly, not wanting to drop it. Marvin was calling with a last-minute job offer for that very night. I glanced at my watch; it was already 12:10 AM, and I was exhausted, eager to get home. However, the offer was enticing—just two songs, about ten minutes of dancing, for ninety pounds. It was too good to pass up, so I instructed Steve to turn back toward the city.

We faced considerable challenges locating the venue. I wandered up and down the street, and, looking back, I now struggle to recall its exact location in London.

According to the directions given to me by Marvin, I should have found a venue by a church, but all I could see was ‘a church’.

I called Marvin and informed him that there seemed to be no venue around suitable for my particular brand of entertainment.

I was used to venues ranging from sports clubs to grand mansions.

Marvin assured me that someone would be outside waving to me, and I should keep an eye out for them. However, I scanned the area

and saw no one. Then, Steve caught my attention and pointed to a priest in clerical attire standing a few feet away. A young man, perhaps around twenty, in a black robe and white collar, was energetically waving at me from the church's entrance. I was taken aback and confirmed with Marvin that the location indeed appeared to be a church. Unfazed, Marvin encouraged me to approach what was clearly a priest. So, I made my way over to the young priest. I asked him if he was looking for a Go-go dancer, and he nodded enthusiastically, clearly excited. He quickly led me through the church doors.

To my shock, I found that the usual wooden chairs had been rearranged into a circle in front of the altar. In the center of the circle was an open space, and seated in each chair were young priests, all in their early twenties, dressed in black robes and white collars. There was no mistaking their roles.

Confused, I once again inquired about where I was supposed to perform and where the audience was.

The young priest simply smiled. “We are your audience,” the young priests declared.

I stood staring at him for a moment, struck by disbelief.

The situation felt utterly surreal, even blasphemous, yet I swear it was happening.

I went through my usual dance routine, adding an extra song and lingering in the church for a solid fifteen minutes. When I wrapped up, the same enthusiastic young priest paid me, his face flustered with excitement. I slipped out the door, eager to make my way home.

As I stepped outside, I spotted Steve chatting with another man who was loading his motorbike onto a truck.

“What happened?” I asked Steve hurriedly.

He explained that the motorbike wouldn’t start, and he had to call for a vehicle rescue service.

Our ride home would be alongside the bike on the truck.

Inside the truck, music played softly from the radio, adding a strange comfort to the situation. Suddenly, the tunes were interrupted by a breaking news announcement: Princess Diana had been in a car crash in Paris and was rushed to the hospital. My head raced, and before I knew it, I was calling my mother’s number. The clock was nearing 2:00 AM, and I couldn't shake the weight of the news. I knew my mother would be asleep, but given her admiration for the royal family—especially

Princess Diana—I had to let her know what was happening.

When she picked up the phone, her voice was thick with sleep. “Hello?”

Despite the late hour, my mother was always quick to answer the phone because her caller ID would show her who the caller was on the other end.

I urged her to turn on the TV, as there were strange reports about an accident involving Princess Diana. Just as I was talking, the news anchor confirmed the heartbreaking news: Princess Diana had been pronounced dead.

“Did you hear that mum?” I managed to say, trying to keep my own excitement in check. My mother, suddenly wide awake, was caught between disbelief and confusion.

“Mum, just turn on your TV!”

“Okay, I’ll call you back,” she said, hanging up hastily. I imagined her rushing to her living room to catch the unfolding tragedy. By the time she called me back, I had made it home.

My mother’s voice was choked with tears, the news of the sudden death of Princess Diana hitting her like a lightning bolt.

Meanwhile, I had my own tumultuous thoughts battling for attention. I was still reeling from an unbelievable experience of doing a Go-Go dance in a church, right in front of some young priests, no less. Here I was, raised by nuns, grappling with the absurdity of it all.

Princess Diana's tragic fate opened a window into the harsh truth that we, as subjects, hold no real ownership— not of our lives, our children, or even our sense of freedom. Our rights are simply granted to us for a limited time by the ruling monarch and enforced by the local officials who carry out their orders.

Authoritarian regimes have a predictable strategy: they dismiss issues, defend the indefensible, and ultimately, brush them under the rug. It’s a formula that keeps the status quo intact.

The expression, "If that's their way… " became a phrase I would grow to recognize well. It serves as a worn-out justification used by those in authority when they are confronted

about their tolerance or even encouragement of reprehensible actions.

Concealed beneath a shroud of secrecy lies a harsh reality of oppression that surpasses human comprehension. This perplexing apathy casts a dark shadow over society, as the absurd rationale, 'If that's their way…' serves as a troubling excuse for the most egregious behaviors.

‘A bubble, a bubble...
We aren’t looking for any trouble... ...
Hiding from reality
In your world of hypocrisy....’

Bob Marley and the Wailers:
“Punky Reggae Party”.

My brief modeling career began just before the world mourned the loss of Princess Diana, and I had the exciting opportunity to be featured in Loaded magazine in both the 1996 and 1997 issues. Following that, I traveled around Europe as a Go-Go dancer and sometimes as a model. Before long, I was pole dancing in different cities across Europe.

What started as a way to pay my bills eventually turned into my primary source of income while I worked towards my undergraduate degree.

Frankfurt, Germany, January 1997

It all began in Frankfurt, Germany, where I discovered the intriguing world of sensuality.

I had been performing as a Go-Go dancer in the ‘Sport’s Bar’, one of Marvin’s lively pubs in London. One evening, as I stepped off the stage, a couple of women approached me with an exciting proposition: they wanted me to come work in Germany. They assured me the job would be much like what I was doing, just set against a different backdrop.

Adventure called to me, and I couldn’t resist the chance to travel, so I eagerly accepted their offer. They took care of my plane ticket and arranged accommodation—it almost seemed too perfect to be real.

However, my arrival in Germany revealed a different story. The accommodation wasn’t exactly what I had envisioned. I shared the space with Monica, an Italian girl from Naples,

who was as outspoken and cautious about life. At eighteen, she had a vibrant personality and I was glad of her companionship on this new adventure.

I found my place as a pole dancer in Lido's club in Frankfurt. It was both thrilling and daunting, as I had never danced on a pole before. At the age of twenty-two, with dreams of exploring Europe, I didn't realize that this would link me to the adult entertainment club scene for two decades.

You might wonder about the distinction between a Go-Go dancer, a pole dancer, and an exotic dancer—they all share a similar essence.

Now, let's delve into my experiences. Up until that point, I had only been intimate with two men.

As I worked at Lido and lay in my modest room, I could glance over to see Monica peacefully asleep in the shared space we inhabited with another girl.

I rolled onto my back, gazing at the ceiling. The rain drummed softly against the old window, reminiscent of a dancer's rhythmic tapping, urging me to pull the pillow over my head. I resisted the sweet temptation to drift back to sleep. When my feet finally met the floor, a dull throb in my head reminded me of

last night's escapades, shrouded in a haze of alcohol.

Both Monica and I had been whisked from the airport straight to the club, conveniently located in the heart of the city. Lido was run by a Madam, akin to a floor manager. In this world, you have an array of stages, poles for graceful spins, and exclusive rooms where entertainers engage with clientele willing to splurge on champagne. Having never danced on a pole or encountered a VIP room before, it was all new territory for me.

In London, the Go-Go stage was bare. It wasn't until I befriended a seasoned performer in Frankfurt that I learned the tantalizing secrets hidden within those glamorous VIP rooms. Each revelation deepened my understanding of this dazzling, yet complex environment.

"Guys order expensive champagne and get the chance to spend 'quality' time with a dancer of their choice," the girl said, her expression a mix of amusement and disbelief at my ignorance.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked her to elaborate on what she meant by 'quality time.'

"Well, some guys might be a bit hands-on while admiring you from behind closed doors.

The VIP room is a private spot for that kind of thing. And don't forget, we girls earn a cut from the champagne sales," she explained in more detail.

I never got the chance to perform in the VIP room; I just didn't have the experience, and no customers seemed interested in spending money on an inexperienced girl.

I didn't mind, as was still figuring out how to work the pole—or perhaps I should say, trying not to fall off of it!

I spent my time in the club watching the other dancers, absorbing their moves to practice later when it was finally my time on stage. Those observations paid off, and in the years that followed, I became quite skilled at using the pole.

From the moment we stepped off the airplane, the club wasted no time putting us to work. Our luggage was stowed in the changing rooms of the Lido Club, and it wasn't until the club closed at 4:00 AM that we could finally walk to our accommodation, conveniently located right next door.

I had signed on to dance at the club for four weeks, even while holding a day job in London as a Sales Executive on Oxford Street. Back then, I was working for a telesales company called Intervisual Advertising, which eventually

ceased operations around 1999. Ben, the team leader, had granted me leave to pursue my side hustle in Go-Go dancing in Germany.

Ben was a genuinely nice guy who understood that making a living solely from telesales commissions was tough. So, during my sabbatical in Frankfurt, I tried to make as much cash as I could, although I was still pretty green in the dancing scene.

The first night was rather forgettable except I drank too much, but nothing else happened. On my second night, I met this young man named Patrick in the club. He was handsome enough, but he didn't seem interested in the show or in the persistent girls trying to coax him into the VIP area. He appeared somewhat lost, out of context. I asked him where he was from since he didn't speak German. His eyes were an unforgettable green, like sparkling emeralds catching the soft light of the club. Patrick told me he was twenty-one, with a head of strawberry blond hair and a clear complexion. I remember thinking to myself how striking he was.

"I'm from America—Texas, to be exact," Patrick said, gazing at me with unmistakable interest. Despite those captivating green eyes, I wasn't particularly drawn to him or anyone else for that matter. My lack of interest was probably due to some rather forgettable sexual experiences I'd had back in London.

I allowed Patrick to persuade me to join him at his hotel after the club closed, despite it being against the rules to socialize with customers outside the venue. I fabricated an excuse to leave early and found myself enjoying our conversation.

I was particularly captivated by the striking green of Patrick's eyes. Upon reaching his hotel and gulping a few drinks of cider, I felt an irresistible pull towards those mesmerizing eyes, the most vibrant shade of green I had ever encountered. As we settled on the bed, Patrick noticed my hesitation and asked, “How do you feel about sex?” His directness caught me off guard, revealing my inexperience. “It's fine, I guess,” I answered nonchalantly. “Is there something you'd like to explore?” His question left me momentarily speechless, as I had never considered my own desires before. “I'm going to take a nap. Wake me when you think of something, and we can try it together,” he said, drifting off to sleep almost immediately.

Seizing the moment, I reflected on my preferences while he slept. Growing up in Italy, I had access to adult-themed comics from a young age, which introduced me to various aspects of sex, though I had yet to understand their potential for pleasure.

At around 2:00 AM, I roused Patrick and shared my thoughts on what I wanted to try.

The experience turned out to be delightful, and as we parted ways in the morning, I noticed tears in Patrick's beautiful green eyes.

Later that day, at around 4 PM, Patrick arrived at the entrance of the shared lodgings where I lived with the other dancers and called my name up to the second-floor window where our rooms were. I peered out and, lacking a pen or proper paper, used my lipstick to scrawl my London phone number on a piece of toilet paper. I let the tissue fall, a relic from a time before smartphones. Bathed in sunlight, I could see Patrick's striking green eyes glimmering like emeralds set in diamonds, even from my vantage point. His eyes were unforgettable, their hue truly one of a kind. Patrick picked up the tissue, glanced at it, looked back at me with a smile, waved, and then disappeared. It was clear he attempted to make sense of the lipstick numbers on the tissue, which likely became smudged beyond recognition by the time he returned to Texas. I never heard from him again, but I didn't mind; the memory of our brief encounter remains one of my most cherished moments.

On another evening at the Lido club, Monica and I chatted with two young German men who were rather unwilling to part with their money.

Karen, who had just arrived from Newcastle that day, joined us. With her great sense of humor and adventurous spirit, I instantly took a liking to the nineteen-year-old "Geordie". The term 'Geordie' originated in the 18th century during King George III's reign, referring to the king's devoted followers, especially in North East England, amid the American Revolutionary War. Over time, the term 'Geordie' became linked to the Newcastle region's unique dialect and cultural identity.

The club management had instructed us to encourage young men to buy drinks and perhaps indulge in the VIP room, but these two German men seemed uninterested, likely having attended similar events before and unwilling to spend more money than necessary.

The two German lads named Hans and Philip, both nineteen, had an obvious attraction to

exotic women. In the club, they spotted a pair of stunning Brazilian girls, but the girls steered clear of them, sensing that the boys wouldn't spend any money. The Brazilian girls had no intention of socializing with Hans and Philip outside the club, as their earnings were tied to their time in germany. However, Karen and I had no such reservations. Hans and Philip were youthful and attractive; Hans was short, stocky, and dark-haired with a playful grin, while Philip was tall, blond, broad-shouldered, and earnest-looking. I was immediately drawn to Philip, whose Aryan features seemed fit for a model in a World War II propaganda poster.

“Let’s hang out after your shift,” Hans suggested with a knowing smile. I first checked with Monica if she wanted to join us, but she declined, ever cautious.

Karen, on the other hand, the adventurous girl from Newcastle, was eager to join, reminding me of my fearless friend Kathy. Karen and I were determined to make the most of our time in Frankfurt.

Our shift ended early, and the two German boys awaited us outside in a brand-new Mercedes Benz. As we settled into the car, the seats were pleasantly warm from the expensive vehicle's heating system. We drove for quite a while, and I gazed out at the passing scenery. I let Karen choose between Hans and Philip, and fortunately, she preferred

Hans, leaving me with Philip, which I was perfectly content with. The drive to Hans's family home took about two hours, but we felt no fear. We didn’t know whether Hans and Philip were dangerous, but we were ready to take the risk. It was reckless, perilous, and naive, yet thrilling.

We arrived at Hans's family estate, which was nothing short of opulent—truly stunning in its lavishness. The mansion was enormous; my council flat in London could easily fit inside it at least twenty times. The entrance opened into a grand living room, which connected to four additional living spaces, making a total of five on the ground floor. A magnificent marble staircase led to the upper levels, where one of the bathrooms featured a massive sunken Jacuzzi tub. The entire place was indescribably beautiful, exceeding our wildest imaginations. Karen and I exchanged smiles, feeling as though we had struck gold.

For a moment, we forgot the reality of the situation that had led us to this 'one-night stand.' Youthful and carefree, I found Philip quite appealing with his baby blue eyes.

The Jacuzzi provided us with endless amusement. The next morning, while enjoying coffee in one of the many living rooms, Philip took us on a tour of the expansive garden, which spanned over ten kilometers of wooded land. The mansion was owned by Hans's

parents, while the sleek Mercedes belonged to Philip. Both Hans and Philip came from affluent families. We climbed back into the luxurious Mercedes Benz, with its heated seats, and the Germans drove us back to the heart of Frankfurt in silence.

Upon our return to the girls' dormitory, we found Monica waiting for us, clearly upset. Karen, who was staying in the room next door, also faced Monica's wrath as she scolded us for being out all night with strangers, claiming it had put our lives at risk.

“You could have been in serious danger” Monica exclaimed.

“A man needs to be bold, a woman should be pretty and willing, and a priest ought to pray.” I replied cryptically, “We all need to be who we are”.

Monica spent the day sulking, unable to uncover the truth of what had happened to us during our escapade, while Karen and I enjoyed a well-deserved rest. Later that evening, acknowledging the validity of Monica's frustration, Karen and I expressed our gratitude for her concern while keeping the details of our adventure to ourselves.

Karen and I fondly remembered our time spent in the mansion with the two young German boys as we returned to London.

Once back in London, I resumed my role as a sales executive at Intervisual Advertising.

Tobago, West Indies, January 1998

In 1996, I embarked on my first journey to the West Indies, returning again in 1998.

My adventures took me to Trinidad and Tobago, St. Lucia, Grenada, and Dominica.

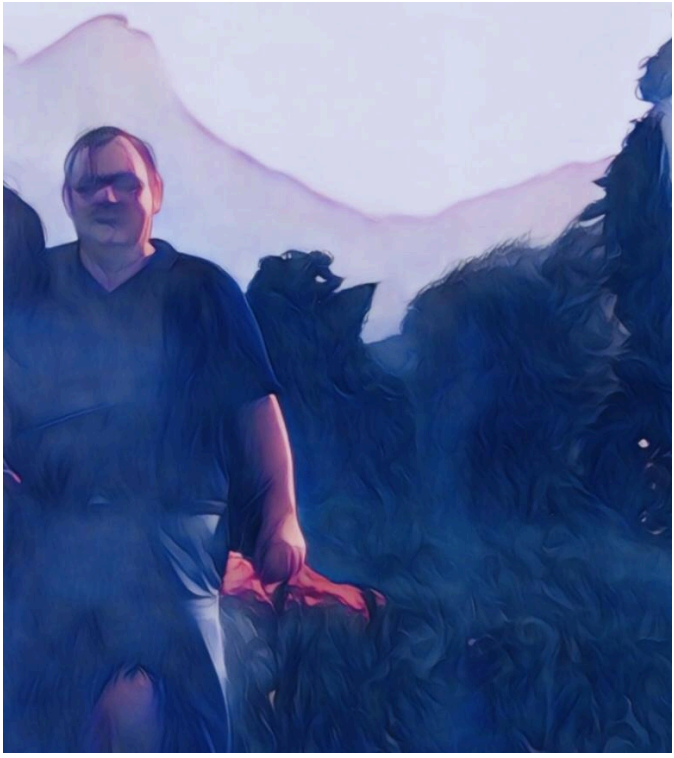
The islands of Trinidad and Tobago captivated me from the moment I stepped off the plane. It was January, and while the weather was typically hot and humid, it was also raining.

I couldn't help but exclaim, “It's so hot! And it's January!”

My travel companion, Ron, who also worked in the adult entertainment industry as a venue organiser, joined me on this trip.

We landed in Tobago around 10:00 AM after a long series of flights. As we took a taxi to our hotel, a pebble from the rocky road shattered the taxi's windscreen. Remarkably, Ron

remained calm, even when the driver insisted he cover the repair costs. Ron argued that the driver's car was in poor condition, which led to the damage. Fortunately, the situation was resolved quickly when Ron realized the repair would cost less than ten British pounds, the equivalent of 15 American dollars. He cheerfully handed over the cash, leaving the taxi driver satisfied and relieved.



Ron and I, 1998.

Back in those days, three star hotels in the Caribbean were incredibly affordable, costing less than ten US dollars a night.

One afternoon, Ron, armed with a local map, proposed an adventure, so we went ahead and rented a vehicle. When it arrived, we were greeted by an old unidentifiable car model that raised some concerns. Much like the taxi that had taken us from the airport to the hotel, this rental was also in disrepair. Despite our worries, we hopped in and set off to explore Tobago.

We visited one of the numerous beaches where we indulged in a spicy shark sandwich, possibly the best sandwich I've ever tasted. However, Ron was unimpressed as the spicy taste was too much for his English palate. After eating Ron suggested we scale the rock formation that overlooked the sea. At the summit, we encountered a ten-foot wall, adjacent to the Coco Reef Resort's pool area. The rock formation towered thirty meters above the water, and the ten foot wall added to the already dizzying height. As i looke up i remember thinking that the imposing ten-foot

brick wall surrounding the hotel was quite daunting. I worried and hoped Ron was joking. Before I could voice my concerns, Ron began to climb with surprising speed, and fearing he would leave me behind, I followed suit. I reminded myself not to look down, so I didn't.

As I ascended, I called out to Ron, expressing my fear of heights and my inability to swim. From above, Ron chuckled down at me in encouragement. "Knowing how to swim won't help if you fall. The rocks will finish you off in an instant," he joked, clearly amused by my anxious expression.

Upon reaching the summit of the rocky outcrop, Ron hoisted me up to the edge of the wall.

Despite my reluctance to glance down, with Ron's assistance, I quickly scaled the ten-foot brick wall. At that time, I was quite light.

Once at the top I sat astride the wall's edge like a rider on a horse, I finally felt secure enough to take in the scenery. On the other side of the wall past my dangling left leg, lay the hotel pool, where guests were joyfully splashing about in the luxurious waters. On the opposite side beyond my right leg stretched the rocks followed by the sea and the distant horizon.

Perched atop the wall, no one seemed to notice me as I sat there, but I decided not to linger too long. I jumped down, landing gracefully on both feet on the hotel grounds. I blended in seamlessly with the locals, perhaps I was even mistaken for a member of the hotel staff. Dressed in my swimsuit beneath a T-shirt and shorts, I removed my T-shirt and tossed part of it over the wall, using it as a makeshift rope for Ron. He managed to climb up, but for the heavier Ron, the descent was a bit intimidating. I stepped aside to let him land, but his landing was less graceful than mine, resulting in a painful fall on his right ankle, likely twisting it. Despite his cries of pain, we went unnoticed, which was baffling considering we were practically sneaking into the Coco Reef Resort. I walked nervously while Ron limped across the poolside area, unfazed. As we made our way to the restaurant overlooking the pool, I couldn't help but feel anxious.

Exhibiting a sense of entitlement, typical amongst white peoples, Ron casually settled at one of the tables and signaled for a waiter to approach us. A polite West Indian waiter arrived and inquired about our room number. Ron boldly stated that we had no room and were simply there for a meal. Eager to accommodate us, the waiter presented the menu. He took our order and soon returned with the most delicious food I had ever tasted in a restaurant. Meanwhile, Ron sat back,

relishing the view, completely unfazed by the audacity of his behavior. As we left the Coco Reef Resort, Ron realized he couldn't put weight on his injured ankle, so we hopped into a plush taxi waiting at the entrance of the five-star resort to reach the spot where we had parked our rental car by the beach.

It was nearing 3:00 PM, but Ron was not done exploring the island. He insisted we take the rental car into the dense forest marked on the map as a vast uninhabited area filled with vegetation. I glanced at Ron, realizing it was futile to try to change his mind. He excitedly mentioned that this adventure would give us stories to share when we returned to London. Ron also claimed to have heard that there was a hidden restaurant nestled in the trunk of a massive tree deep in the forest. Knowing my love for good food and unique ambiance, he was well aware of how to entice me. We drove for what seemed like hours, first along the highway, then as we followed the road map and turned into a side road we suddenly became enveloped by a thick canopy of trees.

The foliage grew denser as we progressed, and I could hear the soothing sound of water, reminiscent of a waterfall. As we navigated through the trees, the car finally emerged at the edge of a cliff.

Ahead, I spotted a wooden drawbridge spanning the gap between two ridges. "This

seems like a dead end. We should turn back," I suggested to Ron. Without hesitation, Ron shifted the car into gear and drove onto the shaky, dilapidated bridge. Measuring about three meters in width and fifty meters in length, the bridge creaked ominously as the vehicle made contact with its wooden surface. I instinctively glanced out the window, only to be met with a terrifying drop leading to a river below. As Ron continued across the bridge, fear gripped me tightly. I could only sit in silence, praying we would make it to the other side safely. Surely, there would have been warning signs if the bridge was unsafe. I tried to reassure myself with this thought, though it offered little solace. Suddenly, I noticed the bridge beginning to sway—first gently, then more noticeably—until one of the wooden planks broke loose and plunged into the lake below. I felt as if I had stepped into a poorly scripted Indiana Jones film. Just when I thought things couldn't get worse, the car stalled, and Ron struggled to restart it. We were stranded on a rickety wooden bridge, suspended high above the river. Ron insisted I get out and push the car. I turned to him, incredulous, but he remained unfazed, urging me to help. Reluctantly, I climbed out, placed my feet on the bridge's wooden planks, and cautiously made my way to the back of the car, determined not to look down. "Push, push!" Ron shouted encouragingly. I pushed against the rear of the car, but unsurprisingly, nothing

happened. Weighing less than fifty kilograms at the time, my efforts were completely futile. Ron revved the engine, the tires spun, but the vehicle remained stuck.

"Keep going! We can do this!" Ron yelled, not allowing me a moment to feel anxious. It felt like an eternity, though it was probably under a minute, when the vehicle lurched and surged ahead. Everything happened so quickly that I lost my footing, having been half-pushing and half-leaning against the back of the car. I tumbled onto the wooden bridge, landing on my hands. I quickly got up and crossed the bridge where the car had just been moments before. Once I reached the other side, I climbed back into the vehicle safely. Ron had skillfully navigated the car over the bridge and onto solid ground. He was thrilled by the adventure, while I was mostly terrified. We pressed on, driving through the forest for an hour until the car stalled again.

The car battery had died on us. We found ourselves in peril once more, with night rapidly approaching. Stranded in the dark woods with a car that wouldn’t start, Ron remained calm, which was a comfort to me. After a brief wait, we noticed headlights in the distance—another car's lights piercing the darkness. Spotting us with the hood raised and the engine exposed, the occupants stopped to help. My prayers were answered. A native couple, likely a husband and wife, emerged from their vehicle

and inquired if we needed assistance. They appeared to be middle-class locals, as not everyone in western Tobago drove a relatively new car. After recharging our vehicle's battery, the couple advised us to be cautious, lock our car doors, and avoid stopping for strangers. We expressed our gratitude, and they returned to their own vehicle and departed. Feeling relieved, Ron and I began our trek out of the forest. We never did locate the restaurant hidden in the woods, as by then we were eager to return to the safety of our hotel.

The roads were enveloped in darkness, illuminated only by the fleeting silhouettes of locals making their way to fields and plantations, stepping aside as our headlights passed. Our drive back was mostly quiet, punctuated only by Ron's occasional jokes about Voodoo and zombies pursuing us. I had never encountered such profound darkness and a road without street lights. I felt a wave of relief when we finally reached the highway, knowing we were headed back to the hotel, and Ron drove cautiously to avoid any further issues with the car.

At a set of traffic lights, Ron had to stop, and suddenly, a man climbed onto the back seat of our rental. We had forgotten to lock the car doors.

The stranger was a well-dressed local from Tobago, smiling at us. Alarmed, Ron and I exchanged glances before turning to face the unexpected passenger. “Get out!” we shouted in unison. The startled man looked frightened and quickly exited the vehicle as we sped away.

In Tobago, it's common for vehicles to pick up random passengers who act as makeshift taxi drivers, and the man likely thought we were offering him a ride.

I for one had mistaken the man for a zombie out to get me.

Upon my return to London, I was greeted by the usual mix of unsavory characters; namely vagrants, addicts, and criminals.

Even well-known areas like Earls Court and the Embankment were overrun with lawbreakers and drug users.

Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, London resembled a sprawling drug haven, with individuals confined to council flats, each confined within their own small, self-styled 'open prison' of a 40-square-foot condominium unit.

The City of London offered a deceptive illusion of freedom. By day, I held a steady job, while by night, I performed.

Ironically, securing a council flat for children exiting the care system felt akin to winning the lottery. For those who had been let down by the childcare system, maintaining a council flat provided by local authorities represented the pinnacle of achievement. Having a place to stay meant we were not homeless; in London, lacking a home equated to being invisible.

The worst fate was to feel lost in the city. Many who found themselves in such dire situations resorted to committing minor offenses, seeking temporary shelter in police station jails and government prisons, where they could escape the harsh responsibilities of the streets and life ‘on the outside’. For numerous individuals, having a roof over their heads without the burden of bills or responsibilities became a twisted yet comforting form of security.

My time in London was unenviable, which likely explains my constant travels. Being on the move allowed me to escape my council flat, and during that period, I explored more of the world than at any other time in my life.

I journeyed extensively, including a visit to St Davids, said to be the smallest city in the world, located in Wales, and perhaps even the world.

I have attended the Notting Hill carnival multiple times with my sister Nat and once with Etna.

Most often, I would attend the carnival alongside my best friend, John.

I first met John at a party in London, where our mutual friend Ron introduced us at a pub in Hammersmith back in 1993.

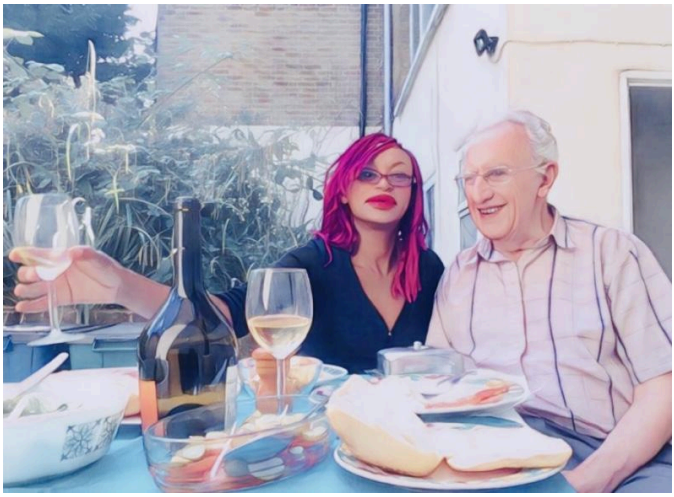
From that moment on, John and I became practically inseparable for nearly three decades. He captured the wedding photos of my first marriage to Tom Granville in 2003, and was also there to document the birth of my son, Mulato, at Withington Hospital in Archway in 2007.

John even came to our rescue during a challenging time in Casa Lavinia , Como, Italy.

To me and my son, John was nothing short of a superhero.

Sadly, in the early 2020s, as he reached his early 80s, he had to move to a care home in

Scotland, where his son placed him to live out his remaining years.



My best friend John and I, East Croydon, 2018.

During those times, I had my beloved Rottweiler and later my Rhodesian Ridgeback by my side. My affection for my dogs was unparalleled.

I held a deep love for all my loyal companions, especially my first dog Dillon (the Rottweiler), my second dog Dillon (the Rhodesian Ridgeback), my third bitch Boudica (another Rhodesian Ridgeback), and my fourth bitch, Cara (the Welsh Collie), along with her adorable puppies.

They were the truest loves of my life. Losing them shattered my heart, knowing they were gone forever.

I still find myself missing my dogs every single day.

Dillon the 1st, London, 1999.

Dillon the 1st and I, London, 1998.

Dillon the 2nd, London, 2006.

Dillon the 2nd and Mulato, in 2007.

The loss of my dogs has left a deep void in my heart. The memories of them linger painfully, and I find it hard to let go.

Nearly thirty years have passed, yet it feels as if it was just yesterday that they were by my side.

I can recall each of my dogs with such clarity. I know it sounds selfish, but part of me wishes I could erase those memories. The sorrow of their absence is nearly too much to bear as my love for them will never fade.

I hold onto the hope that we will reunite with my best friend John and my dogs in the afterlife and beyond.

Chapter Six

Marriage

London, summer 2001

I first met Tom Granville in my council flat in London, and we tied the knot on August 7, 2003. A mutual friend introduced us, and he became my first husband. We settled down on Granville Street in Kingston upon Hull, Yorkshire, England.

Our holidays were often spent in the West Country, enjoying the seaside in Tintagel, a quaint town in Cornwall where Tom grew up.

His family home was located in Trebarwith Strand, just a mile away from Tintagel.

With first husband Tom, Cornwell, England, 2003,.

My dog Dante and I , in Tintagel, Cornwell, England, 2003.

Trebarwith Strand is a quaint spot along the Cornish coastline. In the summer, the village of Tintagel is bustling with tourists, while in winter, it resembles a deserted town.

Diana, Tom's mother and the namesake of the ill-fated ship, shared that they relocated to Cornwall hoping the solitude and seclusion would provide a peaceful escape from the chaos of London. However, they soon discovered that their Cornish neighbors were just as loud and flamboyant as those in any city.

At that time, Tintagel had only a few pubs. Although Tintagel was a couple of miles from the Strand, the sounds of inebriated locals could be heard long before they appeared. Weekends were particularly raucous, with screeching cars, shouting, fighting, and domestic disputes occurring right outside our bedroom window.

The noise from the revelers was bothersome, but the frequent altercations were even more concerning.

Once, our neighbor Garry, in a fit of rage possibly fueled by drugs, completely wrecked his home. I recall someone calling the police to intervene. It was later revealed that his wife, also under the influence of alcohol, had wandered off into the darkness and tragically drowned in the nearby sea. A week later, her

lifeless body was discovered washed ashore at Trebarwith Strand.

Tintagel, while picturesque, had its own shortcomings, notably a lack of amenities. During our time there, we found no banks, just one petrol station, no supermarket, and only two shops. Tom mentioned that locating a functioning cash machine would be quite the challenge.

These shortcomings shouldn't overshadow the charm of Tintagel, which remains a stunning place to behold. Properties near Trebarwith Strand are highly sought after, and whenever one becomes available in Tintagel or the surrounding area, it is quickly purchased.

In another incident in Cornwall, a child was accidentally left behind by his mother in one of Tintagel's two grocery stores, which I believe has since evolved into a supermarket chain. The tale goes that while shopping, the mother completely forgot about her child. Fortunately, being a small village, Tintagel is quite safe, and the child was returned to her without harm.

London, spring 2002

My first husband, Tom Granville's 23rd birthday on May 14, 2002, was an unforgettable occasion.

I had arranged for a limousine to make the celebration special. The party included Corrado, Nat, her then-boyfriend Neil, Tom, and myself. The limousine picked everyone up from their homes and took us from one pub to another. Tom recalls that the night was going perfectly, and he was thoroughly enjoying his birthday. However, things took a turn when we picked up Neil, who had injured himself in a scaffolding accident and was in a cast. After collecting him, we headed towards Hornsey Rise to get Corrado. We seized the opportunity to indulge in some heavy drinking, with everyone getting quite tipsy as we shared cheap Champagne straight from the bottle.

Around 11:00 PM, we made a stop at Tom's apartment in Hackney for a bathroom break. While Nat and Tom went upstairs, Corrado, Neil, and I remained in the limousine. In their

drunken state, Nat and Tom used the bathroom and then collapsed onto the sofa in Tom's living room, completely forgetting about the rest of us waiting in the limousine.

The chaos erupted only after Corrado alerted Neil that Nat was upstairs alone with Tom. I was a bit tipsy, which is why we had a limousine and a driver to take us around. My memories of that night are a bit foggy. I recall Neil becoming frantic, convinced that something inappropriate was happening between my sister Nat and my husband in Tom’s apartment. In reality, that couldn't have been further from the truth. Nevertheless, Neil became aggressive and, as my husband noted, spoiled the celebratory atmosphere. I, on the other hand, was having a fantastic time, as was Corrado. Tom had also been enjoying himself until Neil's outburst. His behavior clearly worsened due to his heavy drinking and his almost obsessive desire to be the focal point of attention.

Hull, summer 2004

In December 2004, one fateful night, Tom, heavily intoxicated, lost control while in his car. In the passenger's seat I suffered significant injuries to my upper lip, leaving a scar that remains visible today. The damage on the right side of my lip was so severe that I needed multiple stitches.

About a year after the car incident, Tom's mother, Diana, had a serious fall down the stairs at her home in the Strand by Tintagel, Cornwall. She sustained a critical head injury that required emergency surgery, which involved removing part of her skull.

Thankfully, Diana recovered in the hospital. I had a fondness for Diana, as we both shared a love for literature, and we got along relatively well. Diana Granville, my former mother-in-law, had also experienced time at Her Majesty's Pleasure, which was another connection we shared.

While Diana was in intensive care, it became clear that she had temporarily lost her memory. At first, she couldn't recognize her son, Tom, my husband, and often found herself lost in memories of the past.

I fondly recall Tom teaching me how to drive and guiding me through the fundamentals of computer use. Even after our divorce, Tom Granville, a passionate gamer, and I have kept in contact intermittently.

Chapter Seven

Lust

Hull, January 2005

Frequently, minorities, including immigrants, are viewed as coming to the UK empty-handed, a stereotype that might fit some Eastern European newcomers but does not hold true for Africans and Indians, who still grapple with the impacts of colonialism and the exploitation of their countries resources. On the other hand, the LGBTQ+ community is frequently perceived as marginalized and seeking acceptance, which makes them favored by a government that promotes a collective mindset among its obedient populace.

It later transpired that the strong-willed Diana Granville, who had astonishingly bounced back from her head injury, sadly succumbed years later to a pulmonary embolism.

My split from Tom Granville led me to meet Rasputin, the man who would become the father of my child.

At that time, Rasputin was also living in Hull, Yorkshire. He was a Russian with an Estonian nationality. I first encountered Rasputin in a converted house in Hull, not far from Anlaby Rd, where he resided in a small flat on the third floor while I occupied the ground floor flat, which I used for my business of organizing entertainment venues.

I had gathered a clientele who would pay to watch performances by girls.

One day, while the girls were waiting for a pizza delivery, I heard some commotion outside. Thinking it was the delivery, I opened the door, only to see Rasputin rushing down the stairs with a peculiar young man who stood out to me for his lack of teeth despite being no older than nineteen. I complimented Rasputin on his looks, but I can't recall his response as he had limited English. Not long after, Rasputin tapped on my window. I pulled back the darkened curtain, and upon seeing him, I walked over to the door and opened it. I inquired if he and his companions would be interested in paying to watch the performances.He looked at me and introduced himself.

“I am Rasputin. What about you?” Rasputin inquired with a thick Russian accent.

He had quickly figured out that I was in charge.

"How old are you?" I retorted.

"I’m twenty," Rasputin answered.

Despite his youth, Rasputin would turn out to be a savvy opportunist.

Having recently turned twenty-eight, I sensed that this young man was keen to find someone who could help him navigate this strange territory, possibly even instruct him in English.

Initially, my encounters with Rasputin were lacking, but I managed to help him understand my basic needs. It was only later that I realized I wasn't well-prepared to meet his preferences because Rasputin was a closeted homosexual.

Within a week, I met his roommates on the upper floor, all Eastern Europeans of Russian descent. Among them was Andrejs, sharing the name of Rasputin’s late father, along with his sister Antonia and her partner Valeriy.

The apartment was alive with a crowd of unidentified men, typically housing four to eight of them in a compact space that featured a kitchen, a bathroom, and a living area that served as a bedroom whenever needed.

Rasputin, Andrejs, Antonia, and Valeriy also shared this single room, and during that time, they enjoyed listening to Russian music.

I continue to listen to music by Russian artist Verka Serduchka even to this day.

Oblivious to Rasputin's homosexuality, I found myself expecting. We subsequently moved to a more spacious home on Anlaby Road in Hull. He invited his cousin, a woman whose name escapes me, to occupy the spare room. I accepted this arrangement as my pregnancy progressed.

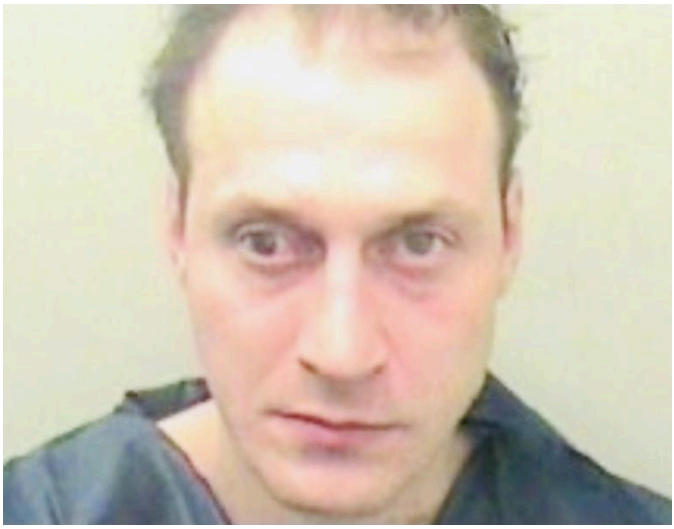
During my pregnancy, he was often absent, which would have been fine with me had I known about his true inclinations. Unbeknownst to me, Rasputin, who would frequently disappear, would seek out secretive homosexual encounters. I eventually noticed he only sought the company of men and questioned him about his preferences several times. “I am not gay,” he would insist, lying to me.

I wanted to believe him, as many gay men in England are open about their identity. I failed to consider that he was not from England.

Rasputin understood that I would have left him if I had discovered the truth about his sexuality, so he chose to deceive me to maintain my support in a foreign land.

Andrejs and I prior to the murder of his girlfriend Olita
Yorkshire, England, 2005.

Andrejs and I prior to the murder of his girlfriend Olita
Yorkshire, England, 2005.



Andrejs Police (mugshot) murder documented photograph, in 2006.

Hull, Winter 2006

In the early hours of the morning, the housemates from Eastern Europe came across the motionless body of a girl. I had been in the house prior to the Russians finding her remains.

As I savored my tea on the ground floor of their shared apartment, I had no idea that her lifeless form was curled up in the bedroom above. This was around 9 AM, and I departed shortly after.

Antonia and her partner Valeriy showed up at my apartment during lunch, settling onto my couch. They sat in silence for an hour, and when I offered them tea, they declined. For nearly three hours, they remained on the sofa, lost in thought. Eventually, Rasputin managed to learn from Antonia, through their conversation in Russian, that her brother Andrejs had murdered Olita, his girlfriend.

I had a fondness for the unfortunate Olita. She was a shy, fragile, young Russian girl.

When Tom and I were searching for a housekeeper for our residence on Granville Street, I had considered hiring Olita. I decided against it, as Olita often spent time in the emergency room recovering from the abuse inflicted by Antonia's brother, Andrejs. I had accompanied Olita to the emergency room several times, where she would express her love for Andrejs and her determination to return to him. In hindsight, it seems she may have been living in fear for her life. Consequently, during my separation from Tom in 2005, Antonia took on the role of our housekeeper at Granville Street.

Every time I spoke with Olita, I felt a strong urge to protect her. This small Eastern European girl was in dire need of support, yet she was betrayed by those she believed were her friends. Having just arrived in the UK, Olita felt she had no choice but to accept Andrejs as her partner. A former military man, Andrejs quickly exerted total control over the vulnerable Olita.

On the day Andrejs fatally attacked Olita, it was Antonia and her boyfriend who stumbled upon the body. In their state of shock, they chose to come to my apartment in Hull, where Rasputin often spent his time.

Hours passed and eventually Valeriy and Antonia invited me to their nearby bedsit to see Olita's lifeless body, a request I firmly declined.

At that time, I was heavily pregnant with Mulato and wanted to avoid the trauma inducing horror of witnessing the dead body of a murdered woman.

“It's standard procedure for those who find a body to notify the authorities. You should have called an ambulance right away,” I said when Antonia, the sister of the suspected murderer, urged me to contact the police and claim that it was I who had found the body.

“She’s dead. An ambulance won't help”.
“Better call to the morgue,' Rasputin interjected flippantly, in his thick Russian accent.

'Where is Andrejs?' I inquired, dreading the answer.

I felt a sense of relief that Andrejs hadn’t accompanied Antonia and Valeriy to my home.

Antonia’s anxiety grew as she realized she had left her five young children, the youngest being a two-year-old, alone at home, and that Andrejs might be heading there. With that thought, she hurriedly left to return home.

Rasputin hesitantly contacted the authorities. Andrejs had indeed been hiding at his sister Antonia’s residence. It took Antonia several hours to convince Andrejs to turn himself in to the police after the murder.

Antonia, understandably wanting to keep her brother away from her children, reminded him that prisons in England were more akin to hotels than those in Eastern Europe.

Andrejs received a nine-year sentence for the heartbreaking murder of young Olita.

Meanwhile, Rasputin remained unfazed, insisting that the girl was to blame from the start.

“Olita is foolish. Why does she stay with Andrejs?” His lack of compassion was baffling to me.

During that period, I was consumed by thoughts of starting a family. My marriage to Tom had not resulted in any offspring. The urgency of my biological clock weighed heavily on me, fueling a deep yearning to conceive, care for, and raise a child. I felt a pressing sense of time slipping away if I hoped to embrace motherhood before reaching the age of thirty.

I began to understand that I did not particularly like Rasputin, but I still felt the urge for a man's role in bringing a child into the world. After becoming pregnant, I tried to adhere to the conventional route of ensuring my child had a father.

I had spent months teaching Rasputin English. Had I known about Rasputin's questionable desires and behaviors, I would have excluded him from my plans immediately. Giving him the benefit of the doubt was a mistake I vowed never to make again.

"We should get married,'" Rasputin suggested opportunistically shortly after our son was born.

I had made up my mind not to trust Rasputin, having seen him for the cunning opportunist he truly was.

It's frustrating to realize I was deceived by someone so foolish. Kindness is often misinterpreted as weakness, especially when dealing with those who exploit it.

My generosity towards Rasputin almost brought about my downfall, but it was my deep yearning for children, driven by my mother's relentless wish for a grandchild, that almost led to my undoing.

I didn't want a child merely to care for me in my old age, nor did I need a son to complete my life. I simply yearned to experience motherhood to avoid future regrets. Without a child, I feared I would miss out on that profound experience. However, a child's loyalty is never guaranteed, and finding a devoted child is rare.

I see no value in dwelling on regrets, as sorrow is fleeting.

We all receive what we desire. I wished for a child, and like penning my memoirs, I felt it was my responsibility to honor my father, Ajala, by preserving his legacy.

I tried to make sure my son learned about his grandfather, Olabisi Ajala.

Rasputin, on the other hand, can only impart the lessons of a fool—namely, deceit, manipulation, and pettiness. Rasputin, who relied on his youthful charm, often underestimates his adversaries, leaving himself vulnerable to the long term consequences of his actions.

Hull, January 2005

The exact moment Rasputin began exchanging sexual favors for food from older men remains a mystery. He often bragged about how he would wait for his clients to doze off before pilfering their valuables.

What I can confirm, having witnessed it myself, is as follows.

Being eight years his senior, I was always quite generous towards Rasputin, which made it easy for him to open up to me in those early days. It took me several months to help Rasputin improve his spoken English to a level where we could hold a conversation.

Once I found out I was pregnant, I felt compelled to ask him about his surprising ignorance regarding female anatomy.

One day, I inquired, “Had you been with other women before we met?' Rasputin replied nonchalantly, “Since my childhood in Tallinn,

Estonia, I slept in the same bed as my mother until I turned seventeen.”

Noticing my shocked reaction, even more alarmingly he quickly added, “But I mostly learned about sex in the woods with my boyfriends.”

I remained silent, waiting for him to elaborate. “You know? We would insert our penises into each other's anuses,” Rasputin stated.

Understanding the importance of not sharing my thoughts, I opted to ask questions that would prompt him to elaborate further.

"Were there any girls in the woods with you and your male friends?" I inquired, "Sometimes, but usually the girls don’t come to the woods for sex. It’s just mostly us men," Rasputin replied, his voice low and his eyes glinting with mischief. "It’s like a ritual. That’s why Russian men dominate their women. Men share a carnal bond."

"You must be kidding," I said, attempting a nervous laugh.

"Why would I joke? It’s natural. We’re all human, right? So why not?" he countered, genuinely taken aback by what he perceived as a silly question.

"In England gay people no longer have to hide in the woods. People are openly gay," I suggested.

"I'm not gay. In my country, this isn't called gay; it's male bonding," he asserted.

"So, the men who gather in the woods are all married?" I probed.

"Yes, they're married to women and fathers to their children. Russian men aren't gay like the English. English men are soft like women," Rasputin chuckled, picturing English men in his mind.

Having lived in London, I was accustomed to open homosexuality; I knew that homosexuals were vocal and proud of their identities.

In my naivety, I thought that no self-respecting homosexual would marry and have children just to seek relationships with other men in the woods. Not since the days of Oscar Wilde, or so I believed. Yet, a part of me remembered a time when Finsbury Park had a hidden path through the trees, frequented at night by active homosexuals.

I was taken aback to hear such disclosures from a mere twenty-one-year-old.

Having visited Brighton several times, which is just a short trip from London, to admire the

famous pier, I recall noticing that the area was bustling with young gay men, some as young as fourteen, often referred to as rent boys.

"What happens when women are invited to the forest?" I further pressed Rasputin.

"Once, a woman came, but she was shocked by what she witnessed. She began to criticise us, so we had to make an example of her. We prefer to keep women out of our forest. They are foolish and of no use to us."

"What became of the girl?"

"We told everyone that she was a slut, so that all the women would fear speaking out.

I chose to overlook Rasputin’s confession about his incestuous relationship with his mother.

A key lesson that London teaches is to focus on your own business until the actions of others start to affect you directly.

It wasn't my issue, so I chose to remain silent.

Brighton, UK, 1994.

Royal Albert Hall, at the Opera of Romeo and Julliet, 2005.

In 2005, I took Rasputin to the Royal Albert Hall to see the ballet 'Romeo and Juliet,' hoping to broaden his intellectual horizons.

A humorous Russian anecdote highlights the varying cultural attitudes towards women attempting to help men and the outcomes that follow.

In this tale, an African woman discovers a sick man and seeks assistance; an American woman encounters a homeless man and contacts the authorities; meanwhile, a Russian woman comes across a drunken man and orders a taxi to take her home, with plans to help him change.

This narrative reflects the tendency of women to reach out to those deemed irredeemable, only to find out too late that they may be beyond saving.

At first, I had minimal knowledge about Rasputin, but it was during my pregnancy that he, secure in the belief that I was trapped bearing his child, started to unveil his true character and background.

Due to the historical context of the Soviet Union's control over the Baltic nations, many Estonians harbor feelings of resentment towards Russians. This sentiment often leads Russians to connect more with fellow Russians in the Baltic region. Consequently, a tight-knit Russian community has emerged in the Baltics, facing economic hardships that limit their choices to cologne rather than vodka.

During the summer of 2006, I sponsored a journey for us to meet his family and friends in Estonia.

Rasputin enthusiastically introduced me to his close companions, Tuma and Ruslan, revealing the bond and affection he had formed with the two young men he had seduced with sexual favors.

I came to realize that in the cultural context of Russia and the former Soviet Union, food and vodka served as primary currencies, often traded for intimacy in exchange for meals. This insight shed light on why, during my visit to Estonia, I noticed Rasputin and his companion Ruslan frequently explored regions renowned for their homosexual activities.

Rasputin’s first sexual encounter with older men was apparently orchestrated by his alcoholic biological father.

Rasputin's father, Andrejs, chose a life of alcoholism over his family, leaving Rasputin and his mother to fend for themselves.

Andrejs, Rasputin's father, passed his time in a grimy hovel crowded with other alcoholics, where the air was thick with the stench of cheap cologne, a poor replacement for vodka, permeating the neglected dwelling that served as a refuge for those struggling with addiction.

Known as the ‘perfume people’ these unredeemable alcoholics would drink cheap cologne as a substitute for vodka, and Andrejs, Rasputin’s father, was among them, living in a small space filled with transient homeless drunks who frequently crashed on the floor.

In this bleak environment, young Rasputin would often pay visits to his father. By the time he turned twelve, he had become a frequent visitor to this den of iniquity, where the lack of vodka resulted in cologne being consumed as a substitute.

This inexpensive fragrance became their go-to when they ran out of alcohol. To help his father and the other residents, Rasputin turned to sex work, influenced by his father's example. His mother, Natasha, was aware of this situation and accepted it as their only means to afford meat, which was a rare luxury for them. Over time, Natasha had lost her looks and could no longer draw attention or support the family,

forcing Rasputin to step into that role. The combination of the high price of meat and his father's desire for cologne pushed Rasputin into this lifestyle, and he eventually found himself taking pleasure in providing sexual services to men, making it an integral part of his life.

I came to understand that Rasputin's tumultuous past unveiled a more intricate perspective on his character than I first thought, shedding light on his moral shortcomings, especially in relation to child exploitation, neglect, and the extreme actions he resorted to in order to aid his parents' struggle with alcoholism.

Perfume People, Eastern Europe, 2026.

Perfume People, Eastern Europe, 2026.

“Amorality doesn't distinguish between right and wrong, good, or bad. God and the Devil are one.

Nothing is true; everything is permitted... is a hysteric, a drunkard, a criminal, a poet, a holy man.

He is a murderer and judge, thug and gentleman, an egomaniac, and saint... “the unpredictable man of the future”, who sees “every law has a convention,” and regards “every upright man as a philistine” and overrated “every freedom an eccentricity”.

He can easily become a criminal as an ascetic and believes in nothing “except the insane uncertainty of every belief.” ... Believing that out of this chaos something new and creative might come.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 119.

Russian women are acutely aware of their mens' tendencies towards alcohol and homosexuality, and many encourage their sons to secretly engage in acts of prostitution to provide for the family.

While in Estonia, I received an invitation to a barbecue in the forest, and I was surprised to discover that only Russian women were there. I took the opportunity to ask them about their thoughts on the men in their lives.

One woman remarked, “It’s good when a son brings food for his mother and drink for his father. If he sleeps with a man, it helps the family. This is normal for poor Russians.”

The women presented a compelling case that there was no justification for only women to endure sexual exploitation. Yet, when the topic of male homosexuality arose, they fell silent, likely out of fear of potential backlash from the men.

There is significant proof that Russian men engage in violent acts against women, including their mothers and daughters, with

this behavior frequently perceived as a form of male privilege or entitlement. In that instant, I wished I had understood these cultural norms prior to my involvement with Rasputin, as it was evident that we were not a good fit.

When I started my relationship with Rasputin, he gradually shared details of his past, including his troubling sexual experiences with his mother during his childhood. His revelation shocked me at first, but since I was already expecting a child, I decided to brush it aside. At the time we met, Rasputin was a strikingly handsome twenty-one-year-old, while I was twenty-eight. My primary objective was to become a parent, and while residing in the UK, Rasputin appeared to be as suitable a choice as any other man.

I never imagined that his questionable morals, reflecting the same moral confusion he had faced, would later complicate my journey in raising our son.

Rasputin boldly asserted that if a young man is comfortable sharing a bed with his mother, he is capable of engaging in sexual relations with anyone. He argued that this moral ambiguity has been prevalent among Russians since the era of the former Soviet Union.

While child exploitation is a global issue, I felt distanced from Rasputin's childhood, not realizing how his upbringing could impact me. I

would later regret not taking his background more seriously.

“Russian schools are worse than American prisons,” Rasputin once said to me, describing how older students would prey on the younger ones, even going so far as to sexually assault them in the school restrooms.

As a young man, Rasputin attempted to integrate into society through sports. His choice of Greek wrestling revealed much about his sexuality. As he engaged in wrestling, his attraction to male nudity intensified, and the sight and touch of male bodies became a catalyst for his desires.

As time went by, Rasputin blossomed into a striking young man, and he felt a newfound sense of power when two of his classmates and former tormentors began vying for his favor, offering him little gifts as tokens of their admiration.

This was to be a stark contrast to his experiences in England.

Despite Rasputin's attraction to older, more robust men, he couldn't help but fantasize about every man he met. It became clear to him that he could no longer pretend to be straight, as his behavior increasingly exposed his genuine sexual orientation. While some people are adept at concealing their truths,

Rasputin's sultry glances at other men and his provocative stride gave away his real desires.

Ironically, as his peers in Estonia delved deeper into his sexuality, Rasputin realized that they were also contemplating the subject. This revelation led him to believe that many of his classmates secretly wrestled with their own homosexual inclinations, which appeared to preoccupy their minds. He understood that while many men were willing to explore sexual encounters, they were apprehensive about being labeled as homosexual.

Rasputin believed that Russian schools mainly served to indoctrinate children, claiming that education in the old Soviet Union primarily prepared boys for lives as rent-boys and girls for prostitution. Thus, it was hardly shocking that when he reached London and observed the liberties granted to homosexuals, Rasputin was resolute in his desire to remain in this captivating realm of diversity.

Rasputin was initially appalled by the British perspective on homosexuality. He was taken aback by the freedoms that homosexuals have in England, where they can walk hand in hand without any fear. This discovery was both eye-opening and startling for him. “If it's allowed, then where's the excitement? The thrill comes from doing what is forbidden. It's more meaningful when it's not permitted. In my country, confessing to enjoying relations with

men diminishes your masculinity, leading to mockery and branding you as a social outcast,' Rasputin would fervently argue.

Rasputin believed himself quite astute for deciding to leave university in Estonia and for using the student loan money from an Estonian bank to fund his trip to the United Kingdom.

Upon arriving in England, he found employment at a raw meat factory, in Hull. During his time in Hull, he encountered a chance to delve into his attraction to men, something he could never have explored openly in Eastern Europe, where such topics were cloaked in secrecy. His school years in Estonia had been a continuous nightmare, filled with random acts of sexual violence that transformed many into manipulative and opportunistic individuals due to the need for concealment. In that environment, it was typical for people like Rasputin to hide their homosexuality; acknowledging an attraction to men was a perilous confession in the former Soviet Union. Upon arriving in England, Rasputin opted to keep up this pretense, likely because he relished the excitement of secrecy and, having met me—his golden opportunity—he feared losing me, his only supporter and friend in the UK.

It occurres to me that numerous heterosexual individuals firmly believe that same-sex marriage poses a risk to the natural progression of evolution. However, I questioned whether men and women would cease to reproduce simply because some men find emotional and physical connection with other men satisfying. Additionally, I believe that God is unconcerned with the consensual actions of adults.

A frequent discussion among my LGBTQ+ friends revolves around the idea that all of Jesus's apostles were men, which leads to the speculation that Jesus himself may have been gay. This provocative perspective is sometimes embraced by members of the LGBTQ+ community as a means to affirm their identities in the eyes of religious leaders. Following that reasoning, I would argue that had Jesus appointed twelve female apostles, he might have been branded a 'pimp' or a trafficker of women.

Conversely, the ancient Greeks held a dominant belief that women's main role was reproduction, while young boys were viewed

as objects of sexual desire, a perspective largely propagated by older men whose sexual prowess with women had waned.

Even though he was in England and surrounded by like-minded individuals, Rasputin took pleasure in pretending to blend in with heterosexuals, spinning stories about his sexual identity until, years later, I caught him in a clear and compromising situation with another man.

In England, Rasputin encountered ridicule when he revealed his unusual childhood. He battled feelings of inferiority due to a possibly incestuous relationship with his mother and the sexual abuse he endured at school in Estonia. His attraction to men led to his alienation, as many distanced themselves from him following intimacy.

Rasputin's personality disorder mirrored that of the Greek goddess Discordia, who, after being rejected by the other deities, grew vengeful

and used a golden apple to sow discord among the goddesses she envied.

In England, individuals often maintain a certain distance, resulting in a noticeable absence of enduring friendships in same-sex relationships. This contrasts with the former Soviet Union, where discreet homosexual encounters tended to cultivate profound connections among participants, a cult-like bond that seems lacking in England.

In Estonia, Rasputin discovered how to take advantage of men's desires for illicit love. Their mutual reluctance to disclose their sexual identities served as both an intoxicating allure and a means of control for him. Fully aware of his manipulative tendencies, Rasputin excelled in this art. He reveled in the power derived from misleading others and the acceptance of his lies. For him, the ability to weave lies was a true testament to his strength. Those who embraced their identities openly were, in his view, merely foolishly content with a life only half-lived. To Rasputin, authentic existence was rooted in deception and avoidance.

I fully support everyone's freedom to pursue their own relationships, and I believe in respecting differing beliefs. However, I also reserve the right to distance myself from individuals whose manipulative nature I recognize.

Rasputin appeared completely unaware that incest is generally condemned beyond the borders of the former Soviet Union, which left me in shock. He believed that anything, whether human or animal, could be sexualized without regard for age or family connections, just as he had experienced in his life. I was firmly opposed to this notion.

Completely lacking in morals, Rasputin criticized my unwillingness to embrace his background and perspective.

“As long as you use condoms to protect yourself and others from HIV, you can enjoy your life in London as a homosexual,' I told him, effectively ending our connection after the birth of our son, Mulato, in 2007.

"Why should I use a condom? I prefer going ‘bareback’ (without), Rasputin replied, annoyingly.

"Rasputin, that's dangerous," I countered.

"The thrill lies in the danger. Without it, what's the point?" he insisted.

I decided to withdraw and avoid him. My choice to reject his advances made Rasputin realize my disapproval of his questionable morals and my firm stance against raising my son with his unethical values. In time, he ceased to share his thoughts with me. At that

point, Rasputin was twenty-four, while I was thirty-two.

In late 2010, Rasputin was subjected to his first inquiry in London regarding accusations of sexual abuse involving our son, Mulato. Our three-year-old made numerous public remarks about his father's improper conduct, which compelled me to take action. As expected, I was demonized for being the whistle-blower, and the investigation quickly turned into a mockery, resulting in a cover-up. Nevertheless, I have video evidence of a young Mulato talking about his father's wrongdoings, including playful reenactments of the inappropriate incidents. I plan to preserve this footage for Mulato to watch when he grows older.

In the end, my concerns were not taken seriously, leading to the dismissal of Mulato's claims. Issues of child abuse are frequently overlooked unless they are blatant.

When the second investigation into Rasputin's supposed child abuse concerning our son Mulato occurred in 2015, Mulato had already faced four years of intermittent questioning by adults about the accusations against his father.

During the inquiry, Mulato was briefly placed under the care of my sister Nat, who was then a member of the London Metropolitan Police. During his stay with my sister Nat, Mulato had a one-on-one interview with a social worker whose main aim appeared to be convincing him that his mother was wrong for reporting his father. Concerned about this peculiar interaction, my sister reached out to me. Young Mulato, still just a child, preferred to play rather than deal with adults who seemed doubtful and manipulative, praising him for making up stories about his father's true nature while scolding him for being honest about his mother. Furthermore, my sister mentioned that after this unmonitored meeting, Mulato was left alone for a whole day with his father, the alleged abuser, who was supposedly under investigation. This seemed like a deliberate attempt to influence Mulato into going back to his father, completely undermining the purpose of the investigation.

It was never an investigation at all; it was a coverup.

After days of trying to defend his mother without success, seven-year-old Mulato finally acquiesced to the demands of the local authorities and his father. My sister Nat's reaction to this troubling situation was not only cowardly but also deeply alarming. It became evident that she had succumbed to the corruption within the system, choosing to side with what she viewed as the prevailing authority, despite having previously cautioned me about their manipulative strategies. During a police investigation, Mulato was initially interviewed by a social worker without any supervision and later found himself alone with his father, the prime suspect. At that moment, Nat, who is Mulato’s aunt, felt compelled to update me on these concerning developments, revealing the questionable nature of the inquiry.

Eventually, it became clear that Nat, as a police officer, had chosen to shift her allegiance, adopting a resigned attitude towards injustice and even justifying it while being part of the system.

In the end, the police had to defer to the findings of the social worker from the local authority, which meant that the investigation was largely influenced by their choices. The chances of the police supporting a seven-year-old over the local authorities were practically non-existent.

Nevertheless, both the police investigators and the witnesses to Mulato's revelation believed in him and offered significant empathy and support. Unlike my sister Nat, the officers from the London Metropolitan who looked into Rasputin's inappropriate behavior towards Mulato believed him though he was only a child and demonstrated admirable moral integrity. I will always be grateful for their commitment.

My sister Nat knew that both my son and I were being exploited. Disregarding her own better judgment and guilt for a multitude of sins, Nat conveniently overlooked Rasputin's misconduct towards Mulato. Instead, she chose the easier route of siding with my son's father, thus perpetuating the supposed abuse and reinforcing the views of the local authorities, which only intensified the confusion in Mulato's young mind.

Throughout the custody dispute that started in 2009 and stretched into 2012-2013, I was able to prove that Rasputin abandoned us when Mulato was merely three months old to reunite with his partners Tuma and Ruslan in Estonia. Despite this evidence, local authorities showed little concern. It appears that children are often removed from their mothers for far less serious offenses than abandonment, yet Rasputin, as a member of the LGBTQ community, seemed to be shielded from scrutiny by officials who prioritized LGBTQ rights over the welfare of a child.

One might contend that there is no clear right or wrong in life; it merely reflects our varied viewpoints, and we are not obligated to share the same perspective. Disagreement is a natural aspect of existence; however, in this case, it is undeniable that there was preferential treatment influenced by governmental agendas.

“Bog vidit pravdu.”

Russian Phrase translation: “God sees the truth.”

What truly matters to me is the truth, as it uncovers the fundamental reality of various viewpoints and aids in resolving conflicts fairly. I regret ignoring obvious warning signs and naively getting involved with Rasputin. The only reason I stayed with him for so long was due to societal and family pressures to seek fulfillment through parenthood, along with the prevailing belief that a child deserves both parents in their life, no matter how despicable they may be. However, I also appreciate the experience, as it has shaped my journey and brought me to this point in my life.

The custody battle over Mulato was driven by a political agenda and served a specific purpose. This was not just a simple right versus wrong scenario; it was a conflict based on differing moral values.

Rasputin intended to raise Mulato based on his own morally ambiguous beliefs, while I aspire for him to be brought up with the strength of truth. The court-appointed guardian for the children would later express the local authority's viewpoint. The British government claimed that Rasputin had the right to raise his son according to his amoral principles, with the court-appointed guardian using the phrase, 'if that is their way.'

This is the reason the British government keeps child care proceedings shrouded in secrecy. To maintain the Status Quo, it appears that when subjected to external examination, government protocol requires an initial denial of the matter, followed by a defense, and ultimately a dismissal. If local authorities, following government policies, genuinely believe they are acting in the best interest of the public, then their actions should

be transparent and open to scrutiny. At the heart of the matter are two opposing views on how children should be raised. The implication is that the system supports the idea that children known for their imaginative play should be allowed to grow up identifying as superheroes or sexual beings from an early age.

Parents generally recognize that children need guidance, as their life experiences are still unfolding, and thus should not be silenced by the threat of losing their child. It is crucial for parents and caregivers to shield children from harm, but what has become painfully clear is that regardless of their capabilities and proven parental skills, parents ultimately possess no rights over their children, as a child is considered the property of the state.

Children need protection and guidance, yet society has ingrained the false belief that they can independently make their own choices. Advocating for children's rights has become a deceptive means to introduce laws that exploit them. The systematic labeling of gender identity often precedes the formal recognition and acceptance of sexual exploitation.

It is becoming increasingly evident that there is a hidden agenda promoting the exploitation of children, masked as respecting their wishes, which is being pushed towards becoming a standard practice. Parents who express

concerns risk being labeled as obstructing their child's growth. However, the harsh reality is that adults frequently interpret a child's actions or words to fulfill their own distorted desires.

My sister Nat has been a source of disappointment. Although she reached out to warn me about the situation I was facing, she ultimately failed to stand against the physical and emotional abuse directed at my son and later joined the campaign against his mother. Despite her background as a fitness instructor and her physical strength, Nat has never been one to challenge authority, especially after becoming part of the London Metropolitan police. The speed at which she yielded to her nephew's father's commands was both astonishing and disheartening. While I understand her wish to protect her career, I find it surprising that Nat remained in the police force for so long, given her apparent lack of interest in following her investigative instincts. Indeed, I now realize that her rise through the ranks likely depended on her consistent compliance.

The last time I sought answers was in 2015, when I believed that a lie detector could unveil Rasputin's deceit and the manipulation of my son, Mulato. Now, however, I've realized that lie detector tests are more of a pseudoscience—often unreliable and inconsistent, akin to a placebo for those in turmoil. The only way the truth about Rasputin's alleged atrocities could emerge is if Mulato could break free from his indoctrination, which seems improbable in his cult-like surroundings. I've come to accept that Mulato might be fated to remain under this influence, as escaping requires an extraordinary strength of will and the ability to let go of the guilt and shame associated with succumbing to weakness and aligning with his abuser.

Rasputin's recent efforts to disguise himself are quite revealing. Similar to many child predators, he has started dying his hair in various colors and lighter shades, highlighting the lengths to which a NONCE will go to hide their true identity. Additionally, he has grown a handlebar mustache that has been out of fashion since the 18th century, a common tactic among offenders today. Rasputin's

attempts at disguise reflect the typical behavior of a NONCE or pedophile. The term 'NONCE' is derogatory prison slang for a rapist or child molester, meaning 'not on normal courtyard exercise.' I suspect that the balding Rasputin may grow a beard, continue to dye or shave his thinning hair, or even choose to wear a wig.

Nonetheless, I firmly stand by the allegations against Rasputin concerning his grooming of Mulato, which I find entirely credible.

It is evident that my protective actions and whistleblowing have resulted in condemnation for both myself and my son, Mulato.

I find solace in the years I spent rescuing my son, even if he ultimately decided to side with his father. Despite the traumatic experiences, life has unfolded in a way that has ultimately benefited me, allowing me to embrace a new chapter in my early forties and enjoy this fresh start while still being young enough to begin anew.

Mulato was later placed in the care of Rasputin, and in 2015 the local authorities stripped me of my physical visitation rights without any court ruling.

Since that time, my only means of connecting with my son has been through Skype, a limitation enforced by the authorities without legal justification, making it unlawful.

As Mulato matured under Rasputin's influence, it became evident that he would likely emulate his father's behavior. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the truth will eventually come to light, even as Rasputin clings to the hope of maintaining his deception indefinitely.

With age and experience, I have recognized that we inhabit a world in constant flux, yet my commitment to opposing child exploitation remains unwavering as I continue to advocate for what is right.

When Mulato reached the age of seven, I contemplated the fairness of him being compelled to live with his father, and the answer hit me like a bolt of lightning. The idea

of a rebellious teenage son blaming me for keeping him away from his father troubled me, prompting me to adopt a more objective perspective on the future. I refuse to be so self-absorbed that I cannot foresee a scenario where my son might turn against me, criticizing me for denying him the dubious pleasures of his father's company.

Mulato cannot ignore the well-documented reality that his mother has fought relentlessly to protect him. I believe that allowing Mulato to make his own decisions, while steadfastly supporting him, is the most equitable approach I can provide him, at least to a certain extent.

It is also crucial for young individuals to face life's injustices early on, as the harsh truths of existence can be a shocking awakening for unprepared adults. If Mulato grows strong and wise enough, he will come to understand that he is not accountable for his father's misdeeds.

Presently, Rasputin, who continues to grapple with feelings of rejection, is tormented by the fear of abandonment, stemming from his father's early abandonment, my departure, and the looming possibility of being forsaken by Mulato.

“Raskroy svoy sekret drugu i on sdast tebya taynoy politsii”

Russian phrase translation: “Reveal your secret to a friend, and he will report you to the secret police”.

I have expressed my reasons for desiring a child. My first husband, Tom, and I envisioned building a family together. Following our separation, I encountered Rasputin, who would later become the father of my child. In 2005, Rasputin consented to father a child with me before moving on, and I was open to the idea, despite my uncertainties regarding his sexuality. I erroneously surmised that a gay man might not be particularly interested in an infant and that Rasputin would not remain involved.

I reasoned that after all, many extraordinary people are gay, often among the most innovative.

A man's private life with consenting adults is his own affair. It was only later that I came to

understand that Rasputin's homosexuality was merely a cover for his more nefarious 'needs'.

Rasputin's intentions were as clear and predictable as his character. By impregnating me and claiming Mulato, he aimed to keep a foothold in my life while also seeking revenge for my departure and outright rejection of his lifestyle. He harbored resentment for being discarded by someone his culture deemed inferior—a woman, and a black woman at that. This mindset fueled his animosity towards me. Knowing that I had exposed him as a habitual liar, he recognized that my trust in him was forever shattered. As a rent boy in London, Rasputin faced daily rejection, which profoundly affected him and exacerbated his psychopathic tendencies rooted in a deep sense of unworthiness. He thought he could take revenge by manipulating Mulato, but he failed to realize that I possessed remarkable mental strength, especially when it came to safeguarding a child and my own peace of mind. I fought valiantly for Mulato's welfare during his early years, keeping meticulous records of everything.

I brought Mulato into the world only to discover that witchcraft is not the solution; it often complicates matters further.

“Magic is something we do to ourselves,” however it is “more convenient to assume the objective existence of an Angel who gives us new knowledge than to allege that our invocation has awakened a supernatural power in ourselves.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 309.

My forebears, who imparted their hidden knowledge of conception to both sides of my family, cautioned my parents about the perils of using witchcraft unless they were prepared to bear its significant repercussions. For example, it is widely recognized that those in power have turned to necromancy to facilitate childbirth, often producing offspring for pragmatic reasons. Yet, those who pursue easy solutions will inevitably confront severe repercussions.

I had told Rasputin that after the baby arrived, we could revert to being mere friends. He consented, but his true aim was to entangle me further in our relationship.

Once Mulato was born, I began to soften my stance, succumbing to the common notion that every child deserves a father. Additionally, I battled postnatal depression for several months. Rasputin, devoid of ethics and a habitual liar, was poised to exploit my vulnerable condition.

It was later alleged that my relationship with Rasputin was abusive and that Mulato was raised in a violent environment, which was untrue. The real problem was Rasputin's complete absence of empathy. He had no integrity and, understandably, no self-respect. His choice to abandon Mulato at three months old to chase homosexual liaisons in the woods of Estonia made it clear to me that he was unfit to be in my life or my son's.

I worked hard to free myself from Rasputin, whom I had come to view as a leech.

Upon his return from Estonia, homeless and trading sexual favors, Rasputin would demand to see Mulato and then refuse to leave.

When I turned down the idea of rekindling our relationship, Rasputin retaliated by calling the police and falsely accusing me of assault. The authorities showed little concern for the fact that he had entered my home without permission, siding instead with him.

Rasputin quickly discovered that the British police were much more gullible and compliant than those in the former Soviet Union and proceeded to take advantage of this realization.

“Nobody owns life, but anyone who can pick up a frying pan owns death.”

Quote by William S. Burroughs

In Russia, it is entirely permissible to physically harm your mother, spouse, and children. Rasputin made two attempts on my life, similar to what his comrade Andrejs Tarasenko did to Olita.

The first attempt was when he tried to strangle me in front of my mother, who intervened just in time.

The second attempt involved him trying to throw me off the balcony of his fifth-floor apartment in Widnes House on Palmers Place in London, all to impress one of his male lovers who was there at the time.

During Rasputin's twenty-fifth birthday celebration, one of his recent male lovers was in attendance. He held back from tossing me off the balcony solely due to the many witnesses present and the risk of losing his newly granted council flat in London, which he received along with custody of our son from a corrupt government eager to placate the LGBT community, a group Rasputin was exploiting as a cover.

Chapter Eight

Former Soviet Union - The Conjuring

Hull, Winter 2006

During my trip to Estonia in 2006 with Rasputin, I encountered a striking young man named Alexander, who was around nineteen and towered at seven feet tall. He had to bend down for us to take a picture together. Hailing from Siberia, Alexander possessed large hands and could scale a massive ten meter tall Soviet sculpture faster than I've seen many people ascend a staircase. I recall him sharing a story about how he was working on his homework at the computer, with a bottle of vodka sitting on the counter, tempting him. In a moment of spontaneity, he took a shot, only to grimace at the taste since he had no chaser to follow it. In Russian culture, vodka is typically accompanied by food, beer, or snacks. Just five minutes later, he opted for a second shot, reasoning that the first is always unpleasant, while the second tends to go down smoother. By the time his girlfriend, a stunning blonde who seemed perfectly suited for him, arrived in a taxi, she took one look at the wobbly Alexander as he approached her and promptly got back into the cab, leaving. Alexander

speculated that she must have realized he would be no good to her in his drunken state.

When Rasputin began to act out at the age of thirteen, his mother Natasha took him to meet an elderly local guru. At that time, Rasputin's romantic interests included Tuma and Ruslan. Under the guidance of this guru, they were introduced to the philosophies of Alester Crowley. The guru specialized in teaching children about the emptiness of moral constraints, encouraging them to embrace love freely and explore each other's bodies without reservation, using their physicality to achieve their desires in life. While Tuma, Rasputin's larger boyfriend, was not receptive to these ideas, Rasputin and Ruslan, were captivated by the guru's teachings, which quickly turned into physical and hedonistic experiences. This group attracted children of both genders, sent by their Russian parents to learn this doctrine.

Tuma and Ruslan shared in Russian and broken English, which I could barely grasp through my limited Russian, how they would gather in the woods at night, where only boys were permitted. This narrative felt oddly familiar, reminiscent of Rasputin's own bragging.

“The climax of the evening came when the master told the audience that there is no God, so they can do what they please and enjoy life.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 166

Tuma and Ruslan provided an in-depth narrative, highlighting their close relationship and the attentive care they extended to each other. A significant part of their ritual involved tasting each other's excrement. Their steadfast loyalty to Rasputin seemed to stem largely from their reliance on his sexual favors. I recall witnessing Tuma and Ruslan vying for Rasputin's attention on more than one occasion.

During my time in Estonia while visiting Rasputin's family, I struggled to grasp the underlying dynamics, perhaps because of my instinctive resistance. It was an entirely unfamiliar environment for me. I have always

built friendships with openly gay individuals who have been honest about their sexual orientation, and I have matched that openness.

Nevertheless, I experienced unease due to the dishonesty exhibited by Rasputin's family.

“Doveryay, no proveryay.”

Russian phrase translation: “Trust but verify.”

I still experienced unease due to the dishonesty exhibited by Rasputin and his family. Deceivers of all kinds create major obstacles and real challenges in building true friendships. In my view, a relationship cannot flourish in the presence of deceit.

Looking back, if Rasputin had been honest about himself I would have quickly distanced myself. Instead I foolishly trusted someone who was not deserving of it.

“When accused of being a sodomite, Crowley neither affirmed nor denied the accusation. This, of course, meant that it was true – which it was. We can berate the legal system of the time for making a harmless sexual preference an illegal act, but Crowley had gone out of his way to give himself a bad reputation, and now he reaped what he had sown.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 168.

During my summer trip to Estonia, I had the opportunity to meet Rasputin's parents for the first time.

Little did I know, Rasputin was eager to reconnect with his childhood friends, with whom he had shared his initial sexual experiences.

My grasp of Rasputin's relationships was limited, but I firmly believe that consenting adults should have the freedom to make their own choices, while I hold strong objections against certain actions, especially those involving animals, non-consenting adults, and children.

From the very beginning, Rasputin's parents struck me as an unconventional couple. His mother, in her fifties, had married a younger man named Konstantin, who was around forty.

I sensed an unsettling secret beneath the surface that I preferred to overlook. My only concern regarding Rasputin's mother was her awareness of her son's troubling traits, yet she chose not to inform me. It was only later that I realized she was his main enabler.

Shortly after the birth of Mulato, Rasputin’s mother Natasha, and Konstantin came to London. Upon arriving at my flat near the Sobell Leisure Centre, they appeared eager to head straight for my bedroom, insisting on bringing Mulato along. Moments later, I witnessed Natasha instructing Konstantin to touch Mulato in a manner I found completely inappropriate. Coupled with Rasputin's questionable tendencies, I deemed their behavior unacceptable and expressed my concerns.

“It's fine, don't worry. The baby will enjoy it,” Rasputin reassured me.

“I think not, and it ends here,” I declared, picking up Mulato and holding him against my aching chest. I certainly didn't want Rasputin's stepfather, Konstantin, to be stroking anyone's baby on the bottom. I suggested that it would be more suitable to gently pat a baby's back

instead, leaving their bottom untouched. In response, Rasputin and his parents exchanged knowing glances before turning to me as if I were foolish and trying to deprive Mulato of some inherent right to experience adult-oriented emotions.

Tallinn, Estonia, 2006

Rasputin's father, Andresj, was notorious for his drinking habits, which isn't particularly surprising. However, he belonged to a distinct group in the former Soviet Union known for their unusual choice of beverage: inexpensive cologne or perfume. Yes, we're talking about aftershave-like cologne, sold in 100ml bottles at every liquor store for a price that matches its low-quality fragrance.

A large number of these individuals, often called 'the perfume people', can be seen scavenging through trash for recyclable items. They take these finds to recycling centers in exchange for a small amount of cash. This behavior is not only widespread but also infamous. What is particularly striking is how they spend their earnings. Right next to the recycling centers are liquor stores that stock the cheap cologne.

One day, while enjoying a beer outside, I was approached by an elderly woman who looked quite disheveled, pointing at my nearly empty

can. At first, I thought she was trying to take my drink, but then I noticed she was holding a clear plastic bag filled with discarded cans. I quickly finished my beer and handed her the empty can. She smiled with a toothless grin and went back to her search for more cans. After this encounter, I watched as 'the perfume people' collected their cans or bottles, exchanged them for cash, and then made their way to the nearest liquor store to buy whatever alcohol they could afford—often just bottles of cheap cologne. Once they consumed this low-cost alcohol, they would become completely intoxicated, losing all sense of control.

Baltic Sea, Estonia, 2006.

“The modern ideals of the atomic age of the 1950s were jettisoned in favour of the ancient belief in magic, myth and the mystical. This cultural activism threatened the adult establishment, and for a time, the political and magical currents in the 1960s joined forces. By 1967 Crowley was hanging out – posthumously, of course – with some of the most famous people in the world and was more popular than he had ever been.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 325.

As I strolled through the bustling heart of Tallinn one early afternoon, I noticed the individuals, often referred to as the 'perfume people,' slumped on benches. Some appeared disheveled and homeless, while others donned suits reminiscent of office workers.

Surprisingly, many of these 'perfume people' looked quite polished and well-groomed. The stark contrast of this scene left me puzzled.

It occurred to me that, metaphorically speaking, if survivors of a plane crash were to emerge from a downed commercial flight,

while some might contemplate the dire choice of cannibalism, many Russian passengers would probably focus on scavenging the luggage of fellow passengers for perfumes instead, with the sole purpose of getting drunk on it.

My perception of Rasputin's mother was clouded by her dishonesty about her son's oddities, which I initially thought were just cultural differences. Natasha, Rasputin's mother, had long relied on the financial support stemming from her son's dubious lifestyle, perhaps justifying his choices to herself.

I often wonder if Rasputin struggles with narcissistic personality disorder as Natasha was a complete enabler for her son. I felt that she should have informed me about her son's dysfunctionality, but realistically, as an enabler, she felt no obligation to do so. As a result, my friendship with Natasha, who was also irredeemably deceitful, was destined to fail.

I could never trust my son in the care of Rasputin, his mother and her partner, Konstantin. To Natasha, I was just another resource for her son, someone he could manipulate to further his interests in England. She understood that Rasputin's stay in England relied on my support.

Once Rasputin’s looks began to fade, he would no longer thrive in the rent boy scene.

Men who enjoy the company of young men often discard rental boys when they lose their allure. Natasha had no choice but to keep me uninformed and maintain my ignorance.

Personally, if I suspected my child could be a potential murderer or abuser, I would not stand by him. I would recognize my shortcomings as a mother and acknowledge his instability. I would feel a responsibility to the community.

Natasha, on the other hand, showed no signs of female solidarity or desire to protect another woman who had unwittingly stumbled on her son's flawed and despicable nature.

The 2019 case involving the three Russian sisters who killed their abusive father, Mikhail Khachaturyan, serves as undeniable evidence that not all Russians accept incestuous relationships.

Rasputin grew up in a troubling environment rife with child exploitation, a cycle he seemed determined to perpetuate.

Afterseparetingfrom his mother, his father became involved with a peculiar group known for their habit of consuming perfume.

Rasputin vividly remembered, “The ceiling was coated in excrement. The place was chaotic, overcrowded, and the toilet had been broken for years. Those under the influence of cologne would relieve themselves wherever they stood.”

It was during these visits to his father's home, surrounded by his father's drunken friends, that Rasputin first encountered the harsh realities of child abuse.

When I met Rasputin in Hull, Yorkshire, he recounted how his experiences in his father's chaotic household somehow mirrored his current living situation, sharing a room with several alcoholics, including the violent man named Andrejs.

Rasputin’s father, also named Andrejs, showed little interest in him, only engaging when Rasputin brought him cologne for himself and his friends.

“My father’s only concern was drinking with his fellow alcoholics,” Rasputin confided, his voice heavy with sadness, revealing the root of his deep-seated fear of rejection.

This rejection from his father may have laid the groundwork for his own fears of abandonment.

On his father's fiftieth birthday, a celebration unfolded, attended by many, including Rasputin's mother, Natasha. Tragically, Andrejs passed away that very day, indulging in vodka and perfume during the festivities.

The truth about his father's death was confirmed during a visit to his grave in Tallinn, where the tombstone's dates revealed that Andrejs had indeed died on the day of his fiftieth birthday.

London, England, 2007

It is still unclear whether I conceived Mulato while in Tallinn in 2006 or if it occurred a few weeks after I returned to London. Regardless, it was a complete shock, as I had been trying to get pregnant with my husband Tom Granville for a couple of years before I met Rasputin. The next step for us would have been IVF, but the tragic accident that befell Tom's mother, Diana, ultimately ended my marriage.

During my pregnancy, Rasputin was not around, and being heavily pregnant, I was unable to keep up with him.

Mulato, my son, was born on April 2nd, just a day before Ajala's supposed birthday on April 3rd. Interestingly, depending on where you are, both birthdays can coincide.

Mulato was delivered via caesarean section. My contractions began on the afternoon of April 1st, and we waited until around 8 PM to call for an ambulance to Whittington Hospital in

Archway. Rasputin was with me at the hospital, where the pain from the contractions became unbearable. A nurse suggested an epidural, which provided some relief. The surgeon who performed the caesarean was surprisingly young and Asian, and I had the feeling that the hospital was using my case to train their junior surgeons on selected pregnant women.

Before the custody battle began, my sister Nat and several friends, including John and Corrado, came to visit me during my recovery in the hospital.

Three days after the surgery, I was discharged with my son. I held him in my arms as I took the bus down Holloway Road and walked to Hornsey Road, finally arriving home with my baby.

“Birth Yours not, mine My space Your Head Labour of Love, they say That place again My womb Your Pain Bright Lights
You cry
cold hands
Not Mine
Deep Voice
Not Mine
Three Slaps again, you cry Birth - Yours not Mine

Dupelola. Osaretin. Ajala: “Ten Minute Poem”, London Metropolitan University, Anthology, 2014.

Chapter Nine
Courage

London, Spring, 2007

When my son was born, my mother was the first to visit, bringing along her brother Solomon, who had traveled from Nigeria.

Following them were Rasputin’s mother and her husband Konstantin, who came from Estonia.

While Rasputin’s parents took my bed in the bedroom, I ended up sleeping on the living room floor with my son. Ironically, during our visit to Estonia, Rasputin’s parents had insisted I not sleep in their home, and I now see why.

During Rasputin's teenage years, his mother and her husband Konstantin all slept in the same bed, and they were now urging me to let Mulato join them as a baby, which I firmly declined.

There was something about Rasputin’s mother that made me uneasy, perhaps due to the

unsettling knowledge of their incestuous family dynamics.

A week after Rasputin's parents made their way back to Estonia, he experienced an overwhelming urge to return himself, coinciding with the time when our son Mulato was merely three months old.I suspected that Rasputin longed for his male companions, as he appeared dissatisfied following his casual encounters in London.I noticed that he grappled with feelings of rejection, and he longed for the companionship of young men who would stay friendly even after their intimate encounters.

Rasputin stayed in Estonia for three months, during which Mulato thrived under my care, as later noted by the authorities. While he was away,

Rasputin sent me letters, but later, during our custody disputes, he found and took those letters back, likely to hide the fact that he had left us when Mulato was so young.

Unbeknownst to him, I had made copies of those letters, and one of them, written after he abandoned us, became part of the evidence in our custody battle.

With Mulato in Talbot House, Harvist Estates, London, UK, 2007.

London, England, 2008

In April 2008, my son Mulato celebrated his first birthday, and my mother gifted him a suit. He resembled the character from 'Boss Baby' in the animated film, although he donned a suit long before the movie's release.

Meanwhile, I had moved on from Rasputin.

Once I was finished with someone, I would leave them behind without a second thought.

The turning point had been Rasputin's refusal to practice safe sex, not just with me but with his numerous partners. On two occasions, he even brought fleas into my council flat from the unsanitary places he visited for casual encounters.

“I told you before, sex is more fun without protection,” he would brag.

At this point, I found him completely revolting.

Mulato's first birthday, in Talbot House, Harvist Estates, London, UK, 2008.

Rasputin was not pleased with my choice to end our relationship and struggled to accept it.

He quickly realized that with the passage of time, his appearance would diminish and he might encounter impotence, making him reliant on others for support.

After losing me, he became fixated on the idea of maintaining a connection through Mulato. If that failed, he intended to exploit Mulato as a means to his ends. Thus, Rasputin took to pestering me by frequently showing up at my door, attempting to win me over, which only served to irritate me.

“Just go live your life. Leave us be,” I told him.

I had no interest in a dishonest partner, nor did I want a man who would come and go at his whim. I also wanted to spare my son the uncertainty of when his father would show up next. I was determined to avoid a complex family situation that included a closeted homosexual and any other potential moral issues he might bring with him.

My determination enraged Rasputin, likely bruising his ego, and he quietly promised himself to seek revenge for my casual dismissal of him.

During my journey of self-improvement, I discovered that my mother's influence often complicated matters. Our conflicting values and moral viewpoints create a divide. To weaken the relationship between my sisters and me, my mother frequently speaks ill of one sister to the other, fostering discord among us.

Despite this, I was attempting to heal from my postpartum depression and sought solace in a new environment. At my mother's urging, I traveled to Italy. She recognized that I had finally distanced myself from Rasputin, but unbeknownst to me, she had her own nefarious motives.

My mother next to one of her sports cars 2015.

Como, Italy, 2008

“Just because you are being paranoid doesn't mean to say that they’re not out to get you!”

Anonymous

During my time in Como, Italy, I encountered the persistent issue of Italian racism once again, and it was here that I observed Mulato's preference for using his left hand.

As we strolled through the charming streets of Como, we sought out museums to explore and parks to relax in.

Mulato and I, Como, Italy, 2008.

We took a break at a nearby coffee bar, which in Italy serves as both a café and a bar, providing coffee and alcoholic beverages, unlike Starbucks.

Upon entering, I ordered a cappuccino and a mint-flavored ice lolly for Mulato, who was a sixteen-month-old baby with very fair skin.

The locals were so alarmed by my son’s skin complexion that they alerted the Italian police about a possible kidnapping. The bar's owner seemed anxious, casting frequent glances my way. While I couldn't pinpoint what caught her attention, I was aware of the racial prejudices in Italy from my upbringing. The atmosphere grew tense when she approached me, demanding to know whose child I was holding, speaking in Italian. I smiled and reassured her that he was my son. She insisted that I must either be babysitting or had abducted him. When I asked her why she thought that, she responded in Italian, claiming he couldn't be mine because he didn't look like a black person. I chuckled at her ridiculousness and went back to savoring my cappuccino. Moments later, two police ‘carabinieri’ walked

into the bar. After a short discussion with the landlady, they came over to me. Towering over me as I sat, they repeated the same questions she had asked. They cautioned me that without proper identification for both myself and the child, they would have to take us to the local police station, where I could face kidnapping charges for failing to prove my relationship with the minor.

This behavior was typical of Italians. I risked arrest for supposedly kidnapping my child, as many Italians believe that a black woman cannot give birth to white children.

However, scientific evidence shows that while two white parents cannot have a black child, two black parents can indeed have an albino child.

This may explain the origins of the Vikings, who are thought to have emerged from a time when the world was predominantly populated by black individuals.

According to legend, thousands of years ago, black couples would have albino babies that were ostracized and cast out to the northern lands and left to die. Yet, the loving black mothers would secretly send wise individuals to protect and guide these albino children, helping them establish their own communities. These children eventually grew into a civilization known as the Northmen or Vikings.

This theory is supported by the discovery of the oldest human remains, belonging to a woman of African descent named Lucia, as identified by scientists (no relation to my mother).

For the poorly educated average Italians, my son Mulato could not possibly be mine due to his lighter skin.

I remembered a similar incident from nearly thirty years ago when my mother faced discrimination on a bus in Italy, being wrongly labeled an illegal immigrant despite being a citizen.

I felt a strong urge to defiantly let them take me to the police station to present Mulato's birth certificate, which would prove his identity as my son. However, I wanted the landlady to witness her own embarrassment, so I chose to provide the necessary documents for the police 'carabinieri' to examine right then and there.

The police conversed with me in Italian before leaving the bar, only to be followed by the landlady, who questioned their exit and why I wasn't being taken into custody. The police 'carabinieri' assured her that her concerns were unfounded, as my son's documents verified our identities as mother and son, both Italian citizens.

I rose, paid my cappuccino bill, left a generous tip, and stepped outside behind the officers. A quick glance back revealed the landlady's furious face, her anger evident. Mulato dropped his ice pop on the doorstep, seemingly protesting, “Why did you pick on my mom?”

Despite the incident, Mulato and I refused to let it spoil our day; we proceeded to the museum, where we marveled at the vibrant works of Gustav Klimt, the Dutch artist. Mulato giggled and pointed excitedly at the stunning colors in each painting we admired.

Later, I realized that without the correct documentation, I could have been taken away with Mulato to the local police station in Como. An investigation would have followed, separating us, and Mulato might have ended up in the care of Italian social services. They would have requested a DNA test after delays in contacting the British government in London, where Mulato was born. It would have been a distressing experience for both of us. Fortunately, it didn't escalate to that level.

The racist mentality in Italy can be dangerous, which is why many Italians opt to leave their homeland for London. They prefer to endure the dreary, cold, and unwelcoming atmosphere and the bland food of England, working as dishwashers and street cleaners, just to

escape the oppression they face, even as fellow Italians, from their own countrymen.

My closest friend John recognized that I wasn't typically a suspicious person.

Yet, my mother had been behaving oddly. She had always dreamed of having a son with my father, Olabisi Ajala, but instead, she was blessed with daughters. In her warped perspective, Mulato represented the son she longed for with Olabisi Ajala. From the first moment she saw him, my mother was filled with regret; he was the son she had always wished for.

On the day John visited Mulato and me in Como, my mother called the Italian police, accusing me of assaulting her. She had the backing of my sister Etna, who lived in Como, which I later understood was the reason my mother insisted we travel there instead of Bologna, the city of my upbringing. Whether she was aware or not, Etna held a grudge against me for having a well-known father. This

resentment made her prone to vindictiveness and untrustworthiness, as her self-esteem was tainted by her upbringing under our manipulative mother, leading her to accept mental abuse as the norm.

Unlike me, Etna did not experience postnatal depression, so she dismissed my struggles as mere imagination. My own battle with postnatal depression had been worsened by my Indian doctor in London weeks before my trip to Italy, who pressured me to breastfeed Mulato despite my natural aversion to it. Not every woman finds breastfeeding easy, a task that came naturally to my sister Etna, who nursed her son until he was three.

To further her scheme to take Mulato from me, my mother told Etna that my postnatal depression was just a cover for alcoholism. Consequently, since my arrival in Como, Etna had hardly spoken to me, having been a false sister long before I was even born.

John struggled to make himself understood to the Italian police due to his limited Italian language skills. Nevertheless, he managed to communicate effectively with the translator at the local police station, the questura. He made it clear that there was no incident involving my mother being attacked by me, her daughter, since I had spent the entire day with John and my son, enjoying the sights of the lovely city of Como.

Despite this, the Italian authorities decided to separate me from Mulato for the night, following my mother's frantic accusations of assault.

They opted to wait until the next day for an investigation by the local social worker, the formidable Claudia. Mulato spent the night with my mother in the apartment we had been sharing since I arrived in Como, while I found a place to stay in a female dormitory at a hostel nearby. John, meanwhile, stayed in a male dormitory in Como as well.

The next day, John joined me for a meeting with the local Italian social services regarding my son. Claudia, the social worker, was able to grasp John's explanation. He pointed out that my mother had a history of causing problems, having abandoned two of her daughters in London during their childhood, solely to keep them away from the nuns who had cared for them since they were babies.

John arrived to visit Mulato and me in Com, Italy, 2008.

John disclosed to the Italian authorities that my mother had previously fabricated stories about me in London. He pointed out that my sister Etna arrived after the police, which meant she couldn't have seen any supposed attack on our mother. John affirmed that no assault occurred, revealing my mother and sister Etna as blatant liers. Additionally, John testified that he had seen my mother trying to provoke me and that it was she who attempted to harm me.

We concluded that my mother had orchestrated the entire scenario to manipulate the Italians into giving Mulato to her. The Italian police, swayed by a matriarchal bias, would have been inclined to believe her. Fortunately, the combined efforts of John and Claudia successfully dismantled my mother's plot. John's involvement was vital, as the Italians, being a patriarchal society, were more likely to listen to an older white man.

Mulato and I managed to escape the trap set by my mother and Etna, but we wouldn't be so lucky during her next scheme a year later when my mother allied with Rasputin in England.

Although we survived this attack orchestrated by my mother, I would later fall prey to a similar plot in England months afterward, as my mother teamed up with Rasputin to execute a comparable scheme in London, indicating that the outcome was already destined and part of a larger plan for my life.

My mother and Rasputin's plot succeeded in London, partly because the government was eager to find a scapegoat to support an agenda advocating equal child custody rights for fathers and especially for homosexuals.

Returning to live with my manipulative mother in the Como apartment was out of the question, especially after her despicable antiques and false accusations to the Italian police. Instead, Italian social worker Claudia suggested an alternative: a women's shelter.

By that time, I was tired of the Italians and yearned to go back to London. However, Claudia wisely pointed out that my mother was determined to take Mulato for herself and would continue her spiteful schemes once we returned to London. John agreed with Claudia, and we decided to check out the women's shelter.

At first, the peaceful exterior of Casa Lavinia seemed like a refuge for mothers and their children. Yet, this idyllic appearance was misleading. The shelter was designed to take advantage of vulnerable single mothers, with a system that included the Italian judicial authorities wielding power over the women and their children, alongside support staff closely monitoring them.

Inside the shelter, I met several women, including Jennifer, a young Nigerian mother with a son around Mulato's age and four months pregnant. We quickly formed a bond. However, I soon realized that Casa Lavinia was more like a gilded cage. The barred windows and the requirement for women to carry out household chores for the benefit of the support staff made it feel like a prison.

Casa Lavinia , Como, Italy 2008.

Casa Lavinia , Como, Italy 2008.

Casa Lavinia had devised a cunning scheme to attract unsuspecting mothers and their children by presenting the facility as a sanctuary for mothers and kids.

The staff would then obtain a court order that assigned the children to their care for a significant daily fee paid by the state, regardless of whether their mothers were present. This effectively coerced the mothers into complying with the facility's demands or risk being expelled and separated from their children. The illicit profits were then distributed among the corrupt officials involved. The establishment was run by women who colluded with the Italian children's court system, fabricating evidence to support their fraudulent activities.

The court conveniently ignored evidence that contradicted the false narratives created by Casa Lavinia 's staff.

Reflecting on this, I realized that from a young age, we are conditioned to see authorities as infallible, yet the unsettling truth is that we exist

in a system designed to oppress those who challenge injustice.

“I refuse to stay here. This place is rife with corruption,” I told Jennifer, who was from West Africa and spoke fluent English.

Before I knew what was happening Casa Lavinia had secured a court order requiring Mulato to stay, while his mother had to leave if she was unwilling to follow the shelter's rules.

“You’re next. The authorities here will get a court order for you to leave, but your son and unborn child will have to stay,” I warned Jennifer one evening as we washed dishes in the shelter’s kitchen.

Each child, whether with their mother or not, was valued at 100 euros per day by Casa Lavinia , a considerable amount in 2008. The facility could accommodate over twenty mothers and children at once, generating a daily total of 2000 euros, all managed by one overnight support worker, two part-time support workers present two afternoons a week, and a facility director who appeared just once a week to 'balance' the books.

I presented Jennifer with the court order that Casa Lavinia had arranged. She was sharp enough to trust me, as the documents validated my claims. I succeeded in persuading her to leave before Casa Lavinia

could obtain a court order to take her children away.

Parting ways with Jennifer was incredibly painful. She was expecting a child and had a son the same age as Mulato, yet her options were limited: stay and risk losing her children or escape and seek safety elsewhere. Despite the undeniable logic of her situation, I couldn't help but worry for her, her son, and her unborn baby. Where would they go? How would they survive? I felt a deep sense of compassion for both her and myself, as I remained ensnared in Casa Lavinia . This was not a moment for sentiment; it was a time for women, not just mothers, to summon every ounce of bravery they possessed.

“I’ll be leaving too in just a week,” I told Jennifer as we embraced at the entrance of Casa Lavinia , saying our goodbyes. I wished more than anything that she could accompany me back to London. It was an era before smartphones and social media, where our bond was genuine and tangible, yet fated to fade away. That was the last time I would ever see Jennifer. I still cling to the hope that destiny will reunite us one day, if it is meant to be.

Jennifer and I quickly realised that Casa Lavinia was a glorified prison.”

At Casa Lavinia , the other women faced their own battles with the shelter and its corrupt system, all feeling trapped with no alternatives.

Unlike them, I had my best friend John, who was always there with steadfast support.

John had returned to London after making sure I was settled in Casa Lavinia . I later contacted him to explain how the facility had sought custody of my son, Mulato.

My mother had created turmoil in my life, claiming I was an inadequate mother, a belief stemming partly from her worries about my postnatal depression—a condition I only truly grasped when it became my own experience—and her desire to raise Mulato herself.

In the summer of 2008, she contacted social services in London, who thankfully found no issues with my parenting. Frustrated by their findings, my mother proposed a trip to Italy, which I agreed to while still battling postnatal depression.

Once in Italy, the cycle of manipulation resumed, this time with the involvement of the Italian police. Alongside my sister Etna, my mother concocted a story to persuade local authorities that I was violent towards her, thus unfit to care for Mulato.

Fortunately, Italian social worker Claudia quickly evaluated the situation, and after a brief police investigation, my son was returned to me.

My mother, who grew up in Africa, viewed having a son as the ultimate achievement for a woman. A son fathered by my own father, Olabisi Ajala, would have been like a trophy for her. However, after having three daughters, she had come to terms with the idea of not having a son. When my sister Etna had a son, my mother realized she couldn't take him away from her, as Etna's partner would never allow it. Furthermore, since Etna's child wasn't a descendant of Olabisi Ajala, in terms of status, he held little significance for her. Witnessing my struggles as a single mother to Mulato while dealing with postnatal depression, my mother seized the opportunity. She convinced me to visit Como, Italy, where my sister lived with her husband and son.

Upon arriving in Como, I gradually began to recover from my postnatal depression; the change of environment proved beneficial. However, my mother, who saw me as an easy target, resented my undeniable progress.

I had initially chosen to stay in a shelter in Italy, hoping Rasputin would cease his search for me at my London home, and ended up spending eight months in Italy during 2008.

Shortly after arriving in Como with my son Mulato, I encountered Luca, an Italian customs officer. After completing his military service, Luca, who was my age, opted for a career with the Guardia di Finanzia.

Residing in Maslianico with Mulato and my mother, I frequently crossed paths with Luca, who was stationed at the customs office close to our home, just across the border from Switzerland.

One sunny day, as I was crossing the street with Mulato on my back and groceries in hand, Luca called out to me in Italian.

“Watch out!” Luca yelled in Italian as I tried to cross the road, warning me just as a car swung into the border patrol area.

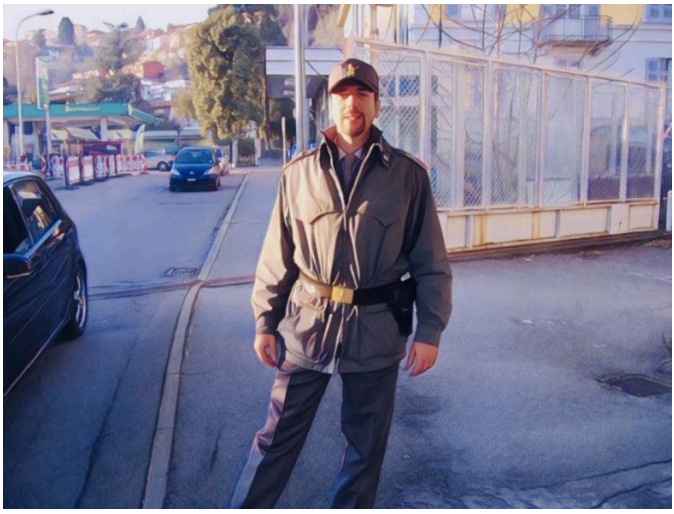
As he leaned out from the second floor window of the customs building that oversaw the traffic between Switzerland and Italy, Luca caught my eye. This was the second time I had seen him; just days before, I had arrived in Maslianico with Mulato. After getting off the bus, I had

noticed Luca walking towards his office, but I hadn't recognized him without his uniform.

One day, while I was outside a local bar contemplating whether to go in for a cappuccino, Luca approached me and initiated a conversation. After a rather uncomfortable encounter with the landlady at another bar, having Luca in his customs officer uniform beside me felt reassuring as we entered the café together.

With Luca in his official attire, we enjoyed our cappuccinos, surrounded by an atmosphere thick with unspoken tension—the locals who eyed us with disapproval kept their distance, their unease towards tax officers evident.

Before long, Luca revealed his feelings for me, leading to a series of dates that added a thrilling spark to my life.



Luca, a Guardia di Finanzia, the customs officer, Como, Italy, 2008.

As my mother began to notice my slow recovery from postnatal depression and my growing friendship with Luca, the customs officer, she escalated her underhanded plans.

It was during this period that she caused a scene with the local Italian police, prompting John to come to my aid.

I accepted a housing offer at Casa Lavinia , a facility managed by unscrupulous women colluding with the Italian children's courts.

The operation at Casa Lavinia was a cunning ruse, designed to eliminate the need for hired help. Instead of allowing mothers to bond with their children, they were ensnared in an endless cycle of cleaning and cooking for the facility. They were not only expected to prepare meals for their own children but also to cater to the very staff overseeing them. This was all presented to the judicial system as an essential part of the rehabilitation program for mothers and children.

Sadly, it became evident that the corrupt authorities endorsed whatever the shelter

proposed, pocketing a portion of the funds meant for the children in the care system.

It didn't take long for me to see through the facade, and after assisting Jenifer in escaping the questionable practices at Casa Lavinia , I began devising my own escape plan with Mulato.

A pressing question remained: how could I break free from Casa Lavinia ?

Fortunately, just when I needed him the most, John was there to help me once again.

Como, Winter, 2008

“Le donne, quelle vere sono la potenza del popolo.”

Italian language: “Real women are the nation's strength.” Dupelola Ajala, 2022.

As I reached out to my close friend in London, John swiftly arranged airline tickets for Mulato and me to head back to London.

My next priority was to escape Casa Lavinia , where the windows were barred and surveillance was relentless.

My son and I were stuck in a ground-floor room, and access to the outside required a valid excuse.

Fortunately, I had met a delightful man named Vlad while wandering through the heart of Como. An Eastern European driving a van, Vlad exuded warmth and friendliness. He was

intrigued by my knowledge of his Russian heritage, especially when I mentioned that Mulato's father shared the same background.

"Big eyes, pointed chin, his is one hundred percent Russian baby," Vlad said with a smile, gazing into Mulato's face before turning back to me, his Russian accent thick yet surprisingly clear.

"I will help you. What do you need me to do?" he inquired, extending an unexpected lifeline.

I requested that he pick me up from Casa Lavinia at 6:00 AM on our flight day. My plan was for him to wait while I quietly slipped out with my bags and then with Mulato. After that, I asked him to drive us to the airport.

In the midst of this turmoil, Vlad felt like one more guardian angel sent just for me.

That evening, I discreetly packed my essentials into a suitcase, deliberately leaving bulky items scattered to avoid raising suspicion about my departure.

At 5:00 AM, I stealthily navigated the courtyard since the main entrance was locked at night.

There was Vlad, exactly where I had instructed him, poised to act.

I climbed over the fence and set the bags on the street, and with remarkable efficiency, he jumped out, swiftly loading them into the van without a word exchanged.

His alertness made the plan flow like clockwork.

Once back inside Casa Lavinia , I waited patiently for the staff to awaken the mothers and guide us to the breakfast room.

I politely turned down breakfast, fabricating a quick excuse about needing to rush for a job interview. The staff remained oblivious, and with Mulato securely strapped to my back, I

slipped out through the front door and through the now open gate, leaving my larger suitcase behind in my room, to avoid drawing attention.

“I’ll return after picking up my son from daycare around 7:00 PM,” I assured the staff as I closed the gate behind me.

With my heart racing from both fear and excitement, I rushed to Vlad’s van and settled in, unstrapping Mulato and placing him on my lap. He looked curiously at Vlad but quickly wrapped his arms around me, perfectly calm.

As Vlad accelerated down the motorway towards the airport, I couldn't shake the anxiety that the staff at Casa Lavinia might notice my absence and unravel my escape plan.

Every moment felt like a great escape towards freedom.

Upon arriving at the airport, I found myself struggling with my bags when Vlad came to my aid.

I secured my son on my back once more, and Vlad took my hand, reassuringly saying, “You are safe now. Good luck,” his strong Russian accent adding warmth to his words. I leaned in for a quick kiss, sharing a heartfelt embrace. Gazing into his eyes, I silently wished for our paths to cross again. A compatriot of Rasputin had come to my rescue, and just like that, I

was losing another potential lifelong friend in a matter of weeks—first Jenifer, now Vlad.

“Do svidaniya devushka,” he said as he turned to get into his van, a wave of longing washing over me. I hoped once again that fate would reunite us.

Vlad, the kind-hearted Russian who had shown me the vibrant Russian street markets in Como, Italy, where cars overflowed with homemade delicacies catering to the local Russian community, had been my knight in shining armor, rescuing my son and me from the tangled web of Casa Lavinia and its corruption. He restored my faith in humanity, especially in those from the former Soviet Union. Saying goodbye to Vlad felt like losing a true friend, a reminder of how rare and valuable loyal friendships are. In another life, perhaps Vlad could have been Mulato’s Russian father, and things might have unfolded differently.

I was quickly learning to hold back tears; there simply hadn't been enough time with Vlad for deep connections—no opportunity for passion or intimacy, and now there was no time for regrets.

It wasn't until later that I understood the reality of life's unexpected meetings: sometimes, angels come into our lives for a short time, to help us through our darkest moments. These providential encounters were never meant to linger beyond a brief instant.

From that moment forward, suppressing my tears became my new normal.

I now found myself escaping from Casa Lavinia and its dubious activities, with time slipping away.

There was no time to reflect on life's harsh lessons or to cry over its bitter ironies.

At that moment, my sole focus had to be to complete my escape.

I rushed through security at Como airport, adrenaline propelling me forward.

Everything was unfolding perfectly. Mulato and I boarded the plane, my heart pounding as a whirlwind of thoughts raced through my mind.

“Please, just take off,” I murmured, anxiety creeping in.

In an instant, the plane ascended at 4:00 PM, a moment of liberation blossoming before me.

As I settled into my seat for the flight back to London, Mulato was beside me, blissfully asleep and sprawled across his seat like he owned the aircraft, looking completely serene.

He slept through the entire flight.

I realized that if I didn’t return to Casa Lavinia by 7:00 PM, it would set off an alarm. The mere thought of being detained at Heathrow made my stomach churn.

But I needn’t have worried; it turned out that in their arrogance they didn’t raise the alarm until they heard from me, as they were sure of my return.

Once we touched down, I navigated through security and spotted my best friend, John, waiting for us. He helped me load my bags into the back of his car, and I settled in beside Mulato and my luggage.

It was already 8:00 PM, and I began to feel anxious about Casa Lavinia . Surely, alarms must be ringing by now.

"You might want to give them a call," John suggested. "Just to reassure them that you're back in London safely."

I reluctantly agreed and dialed the number as we headed toward Islington. Mulato, now awake and alert, was staring out the window.

"We made it, biscuit! We're safe now!" I cheered, showering him with kisses, overwhelmed with joy to be back in London, a place where racism, though still present, was often more subtle.

John, my steadfast friend of thirty years, seemed relieved too.

When I finally got through to Casa Lavinia , their reaction was explosive. They were enraged that I had managed to slip away from their control and threatened to call the police.

A wave of indifference washed over me as I firmly declared that I would not be going back; my mind was made up—I was staying in London with my son.

Casa Lavinia warned me they would seek legal action to have Mulato returned to Italy, claiming jurisdiction due to his Italian nationality.

Years later, my research into Admiralty Law revealed that, similar to cargo arriving at a port, the country of ‘birth’ or origin had the final say over him.

I felt a new set of challenges looming on the horizon.

As fatigue began to set in, I remember thinking that once I found a moment to rest, I would prepare to fight once more for my son's right to be with his mother.

Little did I realize that fate had already decreed Mulato and I were meant to be separated, and I was fighting a losing battle.

Although I would ultimately lose custody of my son, the struggle to protect him at all costs shaped me into who I am today and was perhaps the fundamental reason for my ordeal.

London, England, Winter 2009

“Now is the winter of our discontent.”

William Shakespeare* “Richard III”, spoken Gloucester,16th century.

My son Mulato and I took refuge in our council flat in London. Mulato was a delightful boy, always purposeful, like the time he slipped on his mother's running shoes.

While I was in Italy, Rasputin had made his way back to Hull, having nowhere else to turn in London. In Hull, he began to annoy my mother, inquiring about when I would be back

in England. Although he had my phone number, he couldn't afford to call me while I was away and feared the possibility of being ignored, which would further bruise his ego. Rasputin thought he could influence me better face-to-face, so he bided his time.

Meanwhile, Casa Lavinia had alerted the Italian police about my return to London, leading them to contact my mother in Hull to ask about my whereabouts. My mother, ever the schemer, concocted a plan with Rasputin, believing that if they teamed up to create issues for me with social services in London, Mulato would eventually be placed in my mother’s care.

They agreed to take turns reporting me to the authorities, alleging that Mulato was in danger under my supervision.

The authorities looked into the false claims, which seemed ridiculous given that my council flat was in London while my mother resided two hundred miles away in Hull, Yorkshire, and had no way of knowing what was happening in London. However, with the added pressure from Casa Lavinia's persecution and Rasputin's vendetta, my mother's scheme began to take shape.

Having not seen my mother in over six months made it hard to believe she could persuade the authorities to investigate allegations of neglect that she could not have possibly witnessed.

The same applied to Rasputin's accusations.

In an unexpected turn of events, Lucia, my mother, was taken aback when Rasputin’s mother, Natasha, seized this unexpected chance to establish her son in London permanently. Rasputin had come to the realization that if Mulato were placed in his care, he would secure residency in the UK and be allocated a council flat or a privatized housing association flat in London, making the stakes quite high for him. Rallying around

Rasputin, Natasha quickly made her way to the city, prepared to support her son.

Caught off guard, my mother felt ill-equipped to face the new challenge, as Rasputin, now a claimant for custody, had more rights to his son than she did.

The turning point for my mother came when she met Mr. Gee, the ethical social worker assigned to the case. Recognizing my mother's manipulative tactics, he wrote a report that did not portray her in a positive light. After reviewing the events in Italy and the Italian social worker Claudia's report he concluded that my mother, Rasputin, and Casa Lavinia were instigating false allegations against Mulato's mother.

Despite Mr. Gee's efforts to unravel this complex situation, his concerns were overlooked by Mrs. Hayes, the Court-appointed children's guardian from CAFCASS.

I tend to think that Mrs. Hayes, the Court-appointed children's guardian from CAFCASS, was part of a high-profile pedophile ring and swiftly connected with Rasputin, whom she saw as a kindred spirit sharing her amoral beliefs, demonstrating a significant willingness to give him custody of Mulato.

Following this, Mulato's fate was sealed, and I could only postpone the inevitable as I fought fiercely for years, first for custody and then for visitation rights.

Rasputin found himself in a remarkably advantageous position. The British government, through Mrs. Hayes began to depict Rasputin as a tool for pushing various unilateral political agendas. They seized the

moment to publicly advocate for fathers' rights, coinciding with a time when men were taking to rooftops dressed as superheroes to assert their paternal claims.

Furthermore, Rasputin's custody battle could also be used as a Trojan Horse towards acknowledging the rights of homosexuals in child custody disputes.

All of this, combined with the enhancement of foreign relations, was significant, as Rasputin represented the minority Eastern European workforce in a pre-Brexit era.

While Mulato's mother being part of the black minority wasn't a major deterrent, it certainly contributed to the government's narrative and made their objectives more attainable.

Soon after, social services acted on the questionable claims made by my mother and Rasputin, leading to the devastating separation from my son, Mulato.

He was placed with a foster family, while my life was thrown into chaos.

The local authorities, along with the police, came to take him away from me. In a state of panic, I reached out to my sister Nat, who lived close to the Arsenal Stadium. Having just graduated from the London Metropolitan Police, she arrived at my side within twenty minutes. Tears streamed down my face as I cradled little Mulato, so delicate and innocent.

I couldn't fathom that after going to such lengths to bring him from Italy, English social services would snatch him away.

Little did I know, my mother and Rasputin had conspired to execute this cruel act right at my mother's doorstep in Hull.

For forty long years, my mother had longed for Olabisi Ajala's son, and she was determined to

claim Mulato as her own. After I was born, my parents had another daughter, Nat, who did not meet their expectations of a son, which significantly altered my mother's relationship with Olabisi Ajala. Eventually, my father moved on, having sons with other women.

When the local authorities and the police arrived to take my son away, I still saw Nat as a dependable sister, and in many respects, she seemed like a younger brother to me. The bond between us sisters was only threatened by our mother, who couldn't stand the thought of our connection overshadowing her control over us. Our mother, exhibiting traits of a grandiose narcissist, relentlessly demanded our complete love and loyalty. Eventually, Nat fell victim to my mother's manipulations, becoming ensnared in her web of deceit.

When social services intervened and took Mulato away, I was devastated.

In a moment of despair, unaware of Rasputin's role in orchestrating my son's removal as a punishment for my rejection, I reached out to him to share what had transpired. His pretended shock was almost laughable as he quickly offered to come over. He arrived in mere minutes, as if he had been waiting nearby, possibly even alerted by social services about their actions.

Under the pretense of supporting me as a fellow parent, Rasputin proposed to join me in visiting a solicitor the following day. However, his real motive was to establish a legal foothold, positioning himself strategically to influence the outcome.

Thus, the chess game began, with two separate lawyers entering the fray, signaling the start of an intense battle.

On the first day in court, the threshold criteria were presented, exposing the collusion between my mother and Rasputin that resulted

in Mulato being taken from me. I still keep a copy of that document as a testament to their betrayal.

Although I was unaware at the time, this ordeal was meant to impart several lessons: we do not own our children; they belong to the state and are under the state's jurisdiction; family can often be our greatest enemies; and one should trust their instincts about morally ambiguous individuals and keep their distance.

I learned these lessons well, but my education came at a steep price.

Throughout the court proceedings, I had to maintain a facade of friendliness towards Rasputin, fully aware that he was my opponent.

This exhausting and mentally draining struggle lasted six years, from 2009 to 2015.

Throughout the custody battle, Rasputin showed no regard for the pain our son endured

while in the care of strangers. His aim was to exploit our son, and profit from the British child custody system to its fullest. But, his real objective was to punish me by taking my son from me, driven by revenge for my rejection of him.

I enrolled at City and Islington College during this particularly tough chapter of my life, deeply troubled by the fact that my baby was placed with foster carers. In the midst of this challenging period, I dedicated myself to my studies, eager to grasp the intricacies of the childcare system. I was determined to arm myself with knowledge to advocate for Mulato's right to remain with his mother.

Despite feeling overwhelmed, I was resolute in my fight.

This situation arose from my mother's fixation on Olabisi Ajala's grandson and Rasputin's quest for revenge after being ousted from my life. By disregarding Rasputin, I unknowingly condemned him to the harsh realities of London, where he resorted to exchanging sexual favors to survive while I spent eight months with Mulato in Como, Italy.

Rasputin's retaliation for my rejection aimed to ensnare Mulato with two primary objectives: to expose our son to homosexual activities at a young age for his own benefit within elite pedophile networks, and to disturb my peace of mind, knowing my child was under the care of a morally compromised individual and his associates.

After assessing my mother, social services concluded that she might be mentally unstable, a fact I could have easily pointed out.

During the custody proceedings, they also evaluated Rasputin and initially deemed him too immature and irresponsible to gain custody of Mulato. Mr. Gee, the social worker assigned to Mulato's case, advised the court that there was no legitimate reason to prevent Mulato from being returned to my care.

Mulato whilst in the childcare system, London, UK, 2009.

Mulato whilst in the childcare system, London, UK, 2010.

With my mother no longer involved, the social services report from Mr. Gee was rejected by the children's guardian, Mrs. Hayes from CAFCASS (London Region).

She leveraged government policies to advocate for Mulato's placement with his father, insisting on a new evaluation that favored Rasputin above all else. Mrs. Hayes issued directives that portrayed Rasputin positively, positioning him as the top candidate for Mulato's care.

Shortly thereafter, in a strategic move to eliminate a perceived threat, the guardian used her power to oust the well-intentioned social worker Mr. Gee, leaving him with no option but to resign.

Enter Ms. Len, the newly appointed social worker, officially designated as “Targeted and Specialist Children and Families Services.”

The term 'targeted' was key, indicating her role in dismantling the cases of parents deemed 'targeted' by the system, a role orchestrated by the unscrupulous Mrs. Hayes.

Ms. Len was thoroughly briefed and aligned with Mrs. Hayes' recommendations, which aimed to 'target' vulnerable families throughout this process.

Thanks to a robust paper trail of email communications, I still possess emails showcasing malpractice by Ms. Len.

Following the directives of the children's guardian, Ms. Len made arrangements for Mulato to be placed with a foster family, allowing Rasputin unrestricted access while my visitation privileges diminished from bi-weekly to monthly, then to every three months, then twice a year, and finally reduced to just video calls, until my visitation rights were entirely stripped away without any court ruling.

Parents are then made to lose access to legal aid after a certain period. The entire system, a sham, aimed at stripping the disfavored parent of their right to see their children. For nearly two years, Mulato lived with this foster carer as the custody battle unfolded like a Shakespearean tragedy.

In the meantime, Mrs. Hayes, the children's guardian, arranged for her protégé Rasputin to be allocated a flat in London.

The court ensured that the solicitors, social services, and notably Mrs. Hayes all worked in concert to place Mulato with his father.

During a time when the government was keen to demonstrate that fathers deserved equal rights in custody disputes, this manipulation of the system was a masterstroke.

Mrs. Hayes, the children’s guardian, was an elderly and rather peculiar figure.

When I shared the unsettling aspects of Rasputin's family background, her response was simply, “Well, if that's their way.”

It felt as if she was indifferent to my obvious concerns.

This cold reaction made me suspect that she too subscribed to Rasputin's questionable and morally ambiguous practices concerning children—practices that are more prevalent than many would like to admit, particularly among those who are deemed respectable in

society, a truth that the notorious Jimmy Saville scandal has made impossible to ignore.

Time and again, Mrs. Hayes sought reasons to justify removing Mulato from my care, despite lacking any valid grounds. The police, during their visits, noted that Mulato was flourishing and my home was pristine, which should have been a strong indicator.

The court-appointed guardian had the authority to influence the custody case in any direction she wished, and her inclination was for Rasputin to obtain custody of Mulato.

Judge Pillow seemed reluctant to contest the guardian's power. However, perhaps acknowledging the grave consequences of the unjust separation from my son, Judge Pillow did grant me monthly visitation rights with Mulato.

Despite the inconclusive police investigation into Mulato's repeated claims of sexual abuse while in his father's custody, social services revoked my court ordered visitation rights, a decision that was never approved by the courts.

Rasputin, with the backing of social services, made the unilateral and illegal decision to sever Mulato's contact with me, which again raises my suspicions that he was being shielded by a high-level pedophile network.

I am grateful for the emails exchanged among those involved in the child custody litigation, as they offer a comprehensive and verifiable account of the events that unfolded.

London, England, Autumn, 2009

“When you see that to produce, you need to obtain permission from men who produce nothing - When you see that money is flowing to those who deal, not in goods, but in favours - When you see that men get richer by graft and by pull than by work, and your laws don’t protect you against them but protect them against you - When you see corruption being rewarded and honesty becoming a self-sacrifice - You may know that your society is doomed.”

Ayn Rand 366

City & Islington College provided me the opportunity to demonstrate my capabilities, confirming what I had always believed about myself.

Just months later, I was elected as the Student Union President by an overwhelming majority, garnering nearly 500 votes—a record for colleges in Europe at that time. After winning the elections in the spring of 2009, I officially assumed the role of Student Union President in 2010.

In October, I had the opportunity to meet Boris Johnson at the London Town Hall during the Black History Month event, where he addressed attendees in his role as the Mayor of London.

During that time I also collaborated with Jeremy Corbyn on various events and workshops supported by the college.

As the Student Union President, I later had the honor of being introduced to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, and her consort, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

I was introduced to the late Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, in 2010..

I was introduced to the late Queen Elizabeth, in 2010..

I met with Boris Johnson in October during the Black History Month.

“I liaised with Jeremy Corbin while SU Governor at City & Islington College.

“Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.”

Latin phrase: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts.”

Under the current legal framework, individuals are considered subjects of the ruling monarchy.

A British passport identifies you as a British subject, establishing a connection between you, your descendants, and the state. However, the rights of naturalized British citizens are often limited and can be disregarded. When foreigners receive a British passport, they are expected to adhere to the authority of the monarchy's representatives, yet their country of origin still holds significance regarding their identity.

This notion of ownership over one's identity by their homeland, as previously mentioned, aligns with the principles of Admiralty law.

A person is akin to cargo transported by a ship, and thus, the place of 'birth' determines

ownership in relation to the property linked to the 'body' or 'person'.

Foreigners who are allocated a council flat also fall into this category, but they maintain the option to leave at any time. However, accepting a council flat, which can be seen as a form of confinement, means that foreigners exchange their freedom for housing, ultimately compromising their independence as individuals in a foreign land.

“To understand what your eyes truly see is to unveil deception.”

Dupelola Ajala, 2022.

A word to the wise.

A cautionary note: Many individuals resemble a herd of sheep, seeking direction.

We have been trained to accept authority figures, much like children in front of a teacher, trembling before those we view as superior.

Observing children in their everyday environments reveals their yearning for approval, making them susceptible to manipulation.

Young people today are bombarded with social media influences that lead them toward obscure ideologies.

In a society where the powerful flourish by dominating the masses, the institutions we depend on often pursue their own hidden agendas.

We inhabit a world populated by both manipulators and the manipulated, with manipulators frequently rationalising their actions as being for the greater good, often labeled with names like 'FreeMasons', 'Illuminati', 'World Government', and 'Babylonians'.

It is evident that we are under the influence of an ancient force.

Those we trust as our mentors and guardians—who influence our lives, educate our youth, and supply vital resources—may not have our best interests at heart.

As a community, we are being systematically 'dumbed down' under the pretense of technological progress.

Even more concerning are the ritualistic practices involving 'blood sacrifice' that most people either cannot or will not recognize, which appear to dominate the realm of those who control this plane of existence.

“In an interview about his video “Run This Town” (2009), the rapper Jay-Z wears a hoodie emblazoned with “Do What Thou Wilt”... the video itself is said to be rife with Thelemic occult and other esoteric symbolism, mostly over Masonic, Illuminati bent... Jay-Z is also making a mark – of the beast – in the fashion world with an esoteric fashion line that sports a medley of Masonic symbols: pentagrams, pyramids, and “All-Seeing

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, pages 342-343-345.

Among the fascinating symbols of the elite is the Christian fish, resembling the gesture made by the forefinger touching the thumb, with the remaining three fingers extended upwards.

This raises questions about the ancient meanings embedded in the language of symbolism, which seems to govern our world and create a divide between the powerful and the oppressed.

“Two previous ages have been that of Pisces, which started just before the birth of Christ, and Aries. Pisces is a fish, and one of the symbols of Christ is the fish. Aries is a ram, and in the Arian age, the ram was a sacrificial animal.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, pages 113-115-116.

Although many interpret this hand sign as symbolizing three sixes, it can also be linked to the Eye of Horus. This ancient Egyptian emblem, which signifies health, resembles the pineal gland located in the skull and is often associated with the 'third eye.'

The 'devil's horns' gesture is explored in Gary Lachman's work on Aleister Crowley.

“The devil's horns sign, made by clinching the thumb and middle fingers and extending the fore and little fingers, has become very popular, and figures like Rihanna and Eminem have branded it. Does this mean that Jay-Z is an agent of the Illuminati? More likely, he is, as Mick Jagger was in the late 1960s, an astute tactician, cannily addressing a felt appetite for some elite knowledge and vocabulary available only to those “in the know” and rediscovering that occult imagery has a strange appeal to rebellious youth, eager to shock anyone they can. Magic and the music industry use much of the same materials - imagery, special effects, illusion, trance - and both reach below the conscious mind to the deeper, older, calmer, more visceral levels of ourselves. Both also cater to that adolescent appetite to be someone “special,” to stand out, be noticed, belong to the elite, and influence the people around you.”

77 Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, pages 342-343.

Religion often fosters divisions among individuals and should not be accepted uncritically. While I believe in a Creator, the significance of religion is debatable.

A notable aspect of the world government agenda seems to involve obscuring gender identity. Those in authority argue that children do not naturally identify their gender but rather do so through societal influence.

The global government, NASA, the media, and the entertainment industry function as a unified corporate entity, both globally and locally, presenting different faces of the same organization. With this perspective, let's explore this revolutionary theory.

In entertainment, it's widely recognized that men frequently take on female roles and vice versa, making the presence of biological women or men in leading roles in acting and reality shows quite rare.

Everything displayed on screen is just another layer of illusion, akin to the enchanted mirror of the ‘evil’ queen in the Snow White fairy tale.

Acting is inherently a masculine endeavor, involving either a man pretending to be a woman or a woman pretending to be a man, with 'man' being the operative term.

This is why the award statue presented at the Oscars is a male figure, regardless of the actor's gender.

Actors are, by their very nature, adept deceivers, and their captivating performances are merely them executing their artistic roles.

Trust me when I assert that the concept of biologically distinct leading ladies or genuine leading men is a myth.

While there are biological male and female actors in the industry, they are seldom cast in leading roles because an actor's worth is measured by their capacity to deceive.

William Shatner, who portrayed Captain Kirk in the 1960s TV series 'Star Trek,' exemplifies the essence of the acting craft as a woman impersonating a man.

William Shatner, a biological female, skillfully portrayed a man, demonstrating that as an 'actor,' mastering the craft of deception is essential.

Recognizing reality involves not just what we see, but also understanding the distinction between reality and illusion.

For those in pursuit of truth, self-doubt and denial are unacceptable; only the truth holds significance, no matter how implausible it may seem.

“Devotion to the truth is the hallmark of morality; there is no greater, nobler, more heroic form of devotion than the act of a man who assumes the responsibility of thinking.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

Initially, I believed that the exclusion of real women from the stage stemmed from a protective instinct against the dangers of sexual innuendos and the potential embarrassment of performing. However, I've come to realize that this practice is more about a ritualistic performance that necessitates a reversal of gender roles, both in film and in reality, serving a purpose that remains shrouded in mystery.

It's crucial to recognize that women have been part of amateur adult films since the 1930s. However, since the inception of the film industry over a century ago, there has been a notable lack of biological women in leading roles within mainstream contexts.

Mainstream adult films frequently deceive viewers by showcasing female impersonators that mimic models from Playboy or Victoria's Secret, who are also female impersonators.

This trend of gender role reversal isn't confined to film; it also permeates the music industry, where popular artists often adopt personas of the opposite gender.

These talented performers deserve recognition for their remarkable ability to embody characters that differ from their own identities, including male actors portraying women and vice versa.

A significant group of academics argues that these performers are not associated with the transvestite and transgender community, but

rather belong to a clandestine ‘inverted’ community.

The inclusion of gender impersonators in the entertainment industry enriches performances, showcasing their unique skills in bringing to life characters that are not their own.

The option of gender impersonators narrows the pool of talent available for casting. In the world of performance, it makes perfect sense for men to portray women and the other way around. After all, if acting were as straightforward as it appears, everyone would be a star!

A negligible amount of actors emerge through random discovery, with most being born and bred within the industry itself.

A striking example of actors being nurtured in the craft can be found in the classic 1932 film 'Freaks,' featuring Olga Vladimirovna Baklanova, which highlights the profound depth of performance art in the industry.

While some impersonators are easily recognized under their disguises, others seamlessly take on leading roles thanks to advancements in recombinant DNA technology, skillful cinematography, hormonal treatments like puberty blockers—ancient practices using horse urine for hormone alteration—, surgical enhancements, and the wonders of CGI.

The difference in physical proportions between men and women means that actors in these roles often need to be surrounded by others of similar size to maintain the illusion; thus, a supporting actor is often also an impersonator.

The reality becomes clear when these performers are seen up close, as the true proportions of the impersonators shatter the illusion.

The effectiveness of any disguise relies heavily on our willingness to believe; but once the truth is revealed, it cannot be unseen.

Hollywood's elite are intentionally kept away from the public, not for their safety, but to

prevent their true identities from being discovered. When a celebrity is shown interacting closely with a member of the public, it is typically a staged performance meant to portray the actors as relatable, which is far from the reality, as celebrities seldom experience genuine interactions with the public.

Because these leading actors have captivated the hearts of everyday people, many are hesitant to accept that their idols may not be who they claim to be.

However, truth seekers find it impossible to ignore reality due to their inquisitive nature.

In the past, gender expression was much simpler than it is today.

The term 'transvestite' used to refer mainly to men who dressed as women, without any deeper implications regarding their identities.

On the other hand, 'transgenderism' encompasses a more significant, often medical transition that individuals may undergo at different points in their lives.

We should also remember the 'castrati' from ancient history—men who took extreme measures to preserve their singing abilities.

In contemporary terms, these 'castrati' can be likened to 'inverted' individuals, who are elite transgenders seeking romantic relationships with others like themselves.

Unlike traditional transgenders, inverted individuals are typically attracted to the opposite sex, adding complexity to this discussion.

My interactions with various transgender individuals have revealed a wide range of perspectives.

It's puzzling to label transgender men attracted to women as lesbians; this classification often feels inaccurate. In the realm of inverts, however, such labels are common.

During my own exploration of attraction, 'experimenting' was simply a right of passage, and a natural part of life, devoid of the need for today's LGBTQ labels.

Back then, it was about being honest with oneself and others, rather than conforming to government-sanctioned categories.

Nowadays, society seems to prioritize personal sexual preferences as if they hold national significance, which may be a tactic to create further division among us.

This new societal framework celebrates sexual orientation as a point of pride, but should it truly matter who we are attracted to, as long as it involves consenting adults?

Why is our sexual orientation so prominently featured, almost as if it defines our value?

I find myself questioning the deceit prevalent in the film industry, as well as the government's

invasion of our privacy and the tendency to categorize individuals into groups.

Looking back at the media propaganda of the 1980s, it's evident that it subtly promoted discrimination against homosexuals while pretending to raise awareness.

The media and film industries played a deliberate role in creating division between heterosexuals and homosexuals by emphasizing violent incidents targeting the LGBTQ community.

Before the sensationalism of homosexuality by the media and films, people's intimate choices were of little interest to the public.

The witch hunt against homosexuals was a calculated effort to elevate the LGBTQ agenda.

With public figures like Caitlyn Jenner making headlines for transitioning, we are misled into thinking that men cannot genuinely become women.

However, anyone familiar with the red-light district in Thailand knows that men can often appear more feminine than biological women.

Historically, homosexual men have been raising children for centuries; take Oscar Wilde, who was said to be gay, yet fathered a brood of children.

With that in mind, I now believe that Oscar Wilde may have originated from an inverted community, hinting at a potentially intricate relationship dynamic.

All available evidence suggests that affluent families, dating back centuries, were predominantly part of inverted communities and continue to be so today.

Many people may be unaware that they have been deceived, as evidenced by the widespread use of false baby bumps, a gimmick with historical precedent.

The ongoing dialogue surrounding identity, attraction, and societal norms is intricate and compelling, making it essential for us to engage with it candidly.

“Crowley's lust for the forbidden and antagonism to Christian morality is very reminiscent of Wilde. Oscar Wilde’s trial for “gross indecency” – homosexuality – took place in 1895, the year Crowley went to Cambridge. Crowley’s remarks about Wilde are mostly negative. Crowley suggests that Wilde became homosexual because he was a snob and it was a way to meet the “right people”; it was, Crowley infers, a “career move” and remarks that Wilde had adopted the standards of the English middle-class and thought to become distinguished by the simple process of outraging them ....”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 48.

Hollywood frequently takes advantage of the innocence of the general audience.

By succumbing to illusions, unaware viewers inadvertently contribute to the glorification of ethically dubious content.

The most troubling part is the common misconception that anyone can achieve the

same success as the impersonators in the entertainment world.

Even though the reality is that the chances are practically nonexistent, many still hold onto the hope that they will eventually be ‘discovered’ by a talent scout.

Additionally, it is alarming that genuine women feel the need to compare themselves to actresses who are, in reality, biologically male and the result of genetic engineering.

“The Scarlet Woman is an office many women can, did and do occupy to work the work of wickedness.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 116.

In a fantastical realm devoid of authenticity, discerning the genuine gender of performers can be an almost impossible task.

It's clear that 'screen productions' were likely crafted, possibly by the CIA, to shape public perception and condition societal behavior.

Ironically, everyday women are often criticized for emulating the actions of female impersonators depicted in films, despite this being the very aim of the indoctrination.

While this 'fantasy' world seems to navigate biological men and women through emotional challenges, the truth is that by imitating what they observe on screen, many couples find themselves trapped in a perpetual emotional whirlwind.

“In this world, either you're virtuous or you enjoy yourself. Not both, lady, not both.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

I want to reiterate that the belief that 'anyone' can become an actor is fundamentally false.

The industry, operating under the strong assumption that all men possess hidden homosexual tendencies, grants the title of 'leading actors' solely to exceptional individuals, often influenced by the fluidity of their gender.

It raises the question of just how deep this rabbit hole truly goes.

“Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other; for thereby cometh hurt” is the outlook of a child, for only a child believes that being “emancipated from all limitations” is an unqualified good.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 118.

The constant promotion of the rainbow by the alphabet brigade acts as a misleading cover for a deep-rooted secret in Hollywood that has endured for over a century.

The truth becomes apparent to those who can perceive it clearly.

The vibrant drag queens in cabaret performances offer an exaggerated portrayal of the iconic actresses we know, serving as a playful nod to the LGBTQ community's inside joke that these leading ladies are, in fact, biological men.

So, what drives this ongoing deception by the government, which is undoubtedly complicit in the entertainment industry's cover-up?

What is the true agenda?

Is it simply to mislead the public?

Or does it exist because the public is unable to come to terms with the truth?

I tend to believe the latter.

I expect many will quickly parrot the conditioned response that “it doesn't matter” and that people should be free to express their sexuality as they choose.

That's precisely my argument.

Despite the government's propaganda and the entertainment industry's relentless conditioning, we all have the freedom to express ourselves as we choose.

So, what is the purpose of this indoctrination?

For now, the deeper motivations behind the deliberate deception of the masses remain a mystery.

It should be noted that by suggesting that the matter of hidden gender reassignment is trivial, one might unintentionally reveal a propensity for moral decay.

“The Key of Joy is Disobedience” – Crowley’s “right of man” reminds us of the fact that Crowley never grew up. Crowley swallowed enough experience to fill a dozen lives, yet he emerges from it all exactly as he began and remains a colossal example of arrested development.

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 297.

As someone deeply committed to uncovering the truth, I am more disturbed by the possibility of being misled without understanding the reasons behind it than by the genetic alterations of artists.

Therefore, I have become skeptical of so-called historical facts, realizing that if the government is willing to support the falsehoods in the entertainment sector, then history itself might not just be skewed as I once thought, but entirely manufactured.

Conversely, the act of placing a finger to the lips and covering the mouth, a frequent motif in entertainment, could symbolize a vow of silence.

“The sign of Harpocrates (putting one's left forefinger on the lips).”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 151.

The gesture of covering one eye, commonly used by performers, seems to represent the concept of 'turning a blind eye' to wrongdoing and allowing inappropriate actions to take place.

Mulato doing the one eye gesture, whilst in his father's care, 2010-2013, London, UK.

“Holy sinning” has been a part of the Western spiritual tradition. Grigori Yefimovich Rasputin, a Russian mystic and self-proclaimed holy man who befriended the family of the last Emperor of Russia, since the Gnostics, saw the God of the Bible as an evil demiurge, and the world he created as false. One way to loosen the chains of falsehood is through acts of reversal, switching sides in the great battle between Jesus and Satan. This antinomian sentiment believed that God was in everything and that we become one with him and therefore incapable of sin, and so can act as we please. In 1969, Charles Mason's “Family” who also wanted to go beyond good and evil, committed several gruesome murders, which they claimed they did out of love.

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, pages 57-58.

If anything goes – meaning the norms no longer apply – then very questionable practices can be excused as expressions of more intense spirituality that the lukewarm adherents to the straight and narrow are too cowardly to pursue."

(Nietzsche himself wrote, "That which is done out of love always occurs beyond good and evil.")

The prevailing viewpoint suggests that the 'new world order' aims for a centralized authority and a cohesive gender identity.

While the concept of a unified world government has its advantages, it is essential to understand that such systems often prioritize collective structure over individual well-being.

Principles such as morality, integrity, and ideals are frequently regarded as antiquated and exploited as weaknesses.

The underlying aim appears to be fostering division among the populace.

We are constantly encouraged by media, films, and video games to engage in conflicts over religion, race, and gender. This conditioning leads us to view the government as a mediator, when in truth, it acts as the instigator—similar to a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Furthermore, we are bombarded with deceptive news coverage. Both before and post pandemic, we have been entertained by sensational trials involving figures like OJ Simpson, Bill Cosby, and Harvey Weinstein, as well as the Amber Heard and Johnny Depp case, R. Kelly, Puff Daddy, and Jeffrey Epstein's island, and the list goes on, all serving as blatant distractions for the public.

Given humanity's natural tendency to idolize, this suggests a manipulative agenda orchestrated and influenced by a secret society.

In times of conflict or dissent, the government may deliberately create a false resistance group to control rebellion, a strategy known as 'controlled opposition.'

“They wish to put forward certain aspects of the Universe; establish certain doctrines; to declare certain modes of working, proper to the existing political situations. Charged with the guardianship of humanity, they have the authority to “modify” the pack when deemed appropriate.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 293.

You might call me a 'conspiracy theorist', but as the saying goes, 'the most recent conspiracy theory is only three months away from being accepted as fact'.

It's perplexing to me why some people still embrace outlandish and obvious falsehoods like evolution and the moon landing.

If we acknowledge the Holocaust as a historical reality, then the progress in transgender medicine could be associated with experiments conducted by doctors, often deemed mad scientists, in concentration camps during World War II. Significant advancements in transgender medicine can be

traced back to the 1930s, likely influenced by treatments developed in labs post-war.

It seems that the quest for knowledge among scientists is leading them towards recreating the androgynous, genderless image of the legendary 'fallen angels'.

“In the 1990s, Orridge embarked on an experiment in “body modification” with his second wife, aiming at producing a “pandrogyny” or single nonmale nonfemale sex. Among other expedients, this included breast implants and the use of non-gender-specific pronouns.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 338.

A significant number of individuals contend that the origins of centuries of human trafficking can be traced back to government-supported institutions.

“In any case, in this new age, there will be many who must stick to their orbits “The slaves shall serve” – but there will be a few who are allowed more leeway. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect”: in other words, “Just do it.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, pages 113-115-116.

Understanding the truth can shed light on the identities and actions of morally corrupt individuals and those who defend them.

While I wish I could offer further insight, I worry it may not bring much comfort.

Like many harsh truths, we will eventually come to terms with reality.

In time, we can find solace in no longer deceiving ourselves.

Now, let's return to my personal story.

London, England, Autumn, 2010

In 2009-10, I took on the role of a voluntary parent mentor at The Parent House in North London.

The following year, I began volunteering at a school for children with disabilities, a commitment I maintained until 2012 when I enrolled in university and secured a position as a full-time specialist support teacher at a ZEN school.

By October 2012, I had written a children's story that was published in 2013, addressing the critical issue of abuse after Mulato was placed in the care of his father, Rasputin.

This journey fueled my dedication to advocating for children's rights to a childhood free from sexualization.

During my freshman year at university in London, I was presented with the chance to study abroad as an exchange student at either Roosevelt University in Chicago, USA, or Kansai Gaidai University in Osaka, Japan.

While I was initially inclined to follow my father's path—Olabisi Ajala being a graduate of Roosevelt University—I ultimately decided to embark on the exchange program in Osaka, Japan.

I studied at Kansai Gaidai University from August 2013 to January 2014.

“Learn to distinguish the difference between errors of knowledge and breaches of morality. An error of knowledge is not a moral flaw, provided you are willing to correct it; only a mystic would judge human beings by the standard of impossible, automatic omniscience. But a breach of morality is the conscious choice of an action you know to be evil, or a wilful evasion of knowledge, a suspension of sight and thought. That which you do not know is not a moral charge against you, but that which you refuse to know is an account of infamy growing in your soul. Make every allowance for errors of knowledge; do not forgive or accept any break of morality.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

London, England, 2010

“The man who lets a leader prescribe his course is a wreck being towed to the scrap heap.”

Ayn Rand

As I was finishing my college education, the courts, under the guidance of Mrs. Hayes from CAFCASS, the children's guardian, decided to place Mulato in his father's custody.

I felt a whirlwind of emotions about this decision, but in the end, I embraced it with a newfound wisdom.

“When they get you by the testicle, the heart and mind will follow.”

Anonymous

For the sake of Mulato's wellbeing, now in his father's care, I found myself grappling with the challenge of keeping Rasputin appeased.

When I resisted relinquishing custody of Mulato, Mrs. Hayes, the children's guardian, threatened to have my son placed for adoption with strangers.

Absurd inquiries were directed at me: 'Don't you believe a father can raise a child just as effectively as a mother?' and 'Are you homophobic?'

I ultimately acquiesced, all the while reflecting on how these arguments appeared entirely unrelated to me wanting to be a mother to my son.

I never anticipated that Rasputin's difficult upbringing would come back to haunt me.

The government was determined to depict heterosexuals as the sole perpetrators of child exploitation, enabling local authorities to favor homosexuals while unjustly targeting heterosexual parents without consequence.

The authorities excel at constructing narratives that render their statements seemingly indisputable, despite the substantial evidence to the contrary.

The proceedings surrounding family and child law in the UK are deliberately cloaked in secrecy, leaving parents battling for custody feeling utterly powerless.

Many overlook the struggles of parents attempting to resist the system and retain custody of their children, but discerning individuals will sift through the available facts and draw their own conclusions.

In an institution plagued by and led by pedophiles in high-ranking government roles, when Mulato revealed his father's abuse in front of multiple witnesses, I was swiftly branded a virago and whistleblower.

Many viewed me as a threat for refusing to acknowledge the dubious 'rights' of a father who would sexualize his own child.

My friend John also witnessed Mulato's revelation, as evidenced by his letter to social services, yet his testimony was dismissed.

The government’s agenda appears to be the only priority.

In child care proceedings, the truth, which is vital for a child's safety, is often overshadowed by the illicit desires of the twisted individuals that make the laws.

---- Forwarded Message -----
From: John@.com>
To: "rus@i.gov.uk" <rus@gov.uk>
Sent: Monday, November 12, 2012, 3:06 PM **Subject:** (IMulato)

Private and Confidential Social Services Dear Ms Rus
Section 7 report.

My friend Lola has sent me a copy of your initial report in which I am mentioned. I believe she has made a complaint about Len. about whom she had originally complained to her superior Foster.

When Ms Len wrote her report, my lengthy telephone discussion was reduced to "Mr (John) said (Mulato) did a little dance". As a result, I felt it necessary at the time to write the attached letter, as all my observations had been reduced to no importance.
Your investigation seems to take the same view, or more likely failed to find my letter. Social services must have a very thick carpet.I do not wish to make more of this matter than necessary, but (Mulato) s' "dance" can ONLY be interpreted as an invitation to a gay person to interfere with his private parts. When Lola first saw this performance, she was overcome

with shock and horror, and for a poor mother's sake, I have attempted to downplay the implications.

The most optimistic interpretation I can surmise is that it was taught to the child as a humourous performance to entertain his Father's gay friends. Hopefully, the social services investigation, although sloppily conducted, has been enough to warn off further action on the part of the Father and his gay boyfriends.

In no way can (Mulato) 's performance be inspired by any television programme. We do not have a paedophile channel yet, as far as I know. I hope you will take note of my observations.

An inquiry into a complaint should be expected to look under the carpet, or to remove the carpet altogether. I would be obliged if you would not pass on the contents of this letter to Lola, as she is harassed enough already. We shall only know the full situation when (Mulato) has reasonable access to his Mother, and it seems fairly obvious why his Father is preventing this. This fact, at least, is not lost on his Mother.

Yours sincerely John

John’s letter to the social services regarding one of the multiple disclosures, London, 2012.

“Crowley used children in his sexual rituals – to what extent is unclear.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 235.

Rasputin was never my adversary; my own naivety was. Witnessing Mulato in peril opened my eyes to that truth.

Rasputin clung to both Mulato and me like a parasite, despite my obvious contempt.

By the time Mulato reached eleven, Rasputin had coerced him into watching 'Pulp Fiction', a film infamous for its explicit portrayal of homosexual violence and its celebration of drug culture.

When a child suffers harm in subtle ways without direct violence, it becomes challenging to evaluate the true extent of the damage done.

“All forms of physical and emotional ill-treatment, sexual abuse, neglect or negligent treatment or commercial or other exploitation, resulting in actual or potential harm to the child’s health, survival, development or dignity in the context of a relationship of responsibility, trust or power.”

Child abuse defined by: The World Health Organization ([WHO], 2006, p. 9).

Child protection services assess the need for intervention only when a child has been hospitalized or has died, suggesting that subtle inappropriate behaviors should be ignored.

“Child protection proceedings focus on whether the child is in need of protection.”

(ALRC, 2010; Plum, 2014).

The fact that child protection services are not tasked with condemning suspected child molesters, indicates that they do not support any police inquiries into the alleged abuser.

“A child protection response is not, nor should it be, contingent on securing a conviction.”

(ALRC, 2010, p. 939).

The diabolically worded sentence implies that either parent can sexually abuse a child if they choose to construe that the child consents and is capable of comprehending the nature of sex.

“The involvement of a child in sexual activity that they do not fully comprehend is unable to give informed consent to, or for which the child is not developmentally prepared, or else that violates the laws or social taboos of society. Children can be sexually abused by both adults and other children who are – by virtue of their age or stage of development – in a position of responsibility, trust or power over the victim.”

The WHO (2006, p. 10) defines child sexual abuse.

The attitude of child protection services towards sexually abused children seems to be one of indifference, almost as if they are saying, ‘They were abused, so what? It happens all the time.'

This is similar to the notion of, 'They are hungry, so what? Lots of children go hungry.'

As I contemplate the illogical nature of our society, I now perceive the works of Charles Dickens, particularly 'Oliver Twist' or 'The Parish Boy’s Progress,' in a new light. The protagonist, Oliver Twist, likely endured horrific

mistreatment within a system dominated by abusers.

As a Russian-identifying Eastern European, Rasputin would have needed to gain custody of Mulato to obtain residency or a council flat in the UK. Rasputin, seeking vengeance for my rejection, resorted to using Mulato as a pawn, all while trying to secure a council flat in London for himself.

The bottom line is that Rasputin's family exploits the sexualization of their children to manipulate other deviants and generate enough income for their survival.

It has become clear that in London, Rasputin can pursue his perverse desires without any fear of repercussions.

“Crowley was a kind of pre-echo of our own moral and spiritual vacuum. For better or worse, we find ourselves in an antinomian world, beyond good and evil, where practically anything goes, and we are urged to give in to our impulses and “just do it”. Giving into impulse is good for business. But we'll all live in a world with constant distractions, constant allurements to have, do, or be “more” – we have lost touch with life so that we have to “capture” it on our cell phones as if it were a wild creature on the loose, and display our trophies on social networks. But if Crowley was right, and this is the era of the “crowned and conquering child”, I can only hope that he grows up soon.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 346.

People are free to earn an income in ways that resonate with their values. Personally I am convinced that pursuing ethical avenues for income generation, while respecting others, leads to a more satisfying and meaningful life.

“Ancient man's consciousness was “bicameral”, meaning “two- chambered”, the chambers being the right and the left cerebral hemispheres. The ancient man experienced voices in his head. He believed that these voices were the gods. So, when confronted with some difficulty, the ancient man did not ask himself “What shall I do?” but waited until the right brain gave him directions.”

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 109.

I feel a deep resentment towards my son's predicament.

If Mulato's claims to me and others are accurate, then Rasputin, supported by government officials has gotten away with committing a heinous crime,

As I investigated further, I was faced with a grim truth: England is a country that not only allows but also encourages different types of child exploitation.

The concept of ‘safeguarding’ seems to shield not the children, but the offenders.

Given our heavy dependence on local authorities, the phrase 'Pigs to the slaughter' resonates strongly.

Osaka, Japan, 2013

Visiting Japan was truly a dream come true.

I was eager to discover what makes this nation such a magnet for travelers worldwide.

My choice to study abroad in Japan wasn't driven by the appeal of technology or video games.

Although I had the chance to attend Roosevelt University in Chicago, my father's alma mater, I found myself more intrigued by the distinctive elements of Japanese culture—manga, ninjas, sushi, and more—rather than the stark realities of American life, particularly concerning issues like gun rights.

Grasping the intricate web of Japanese customs and traditions can be daunting for many, yet it's evident that Japan, with its clearly defined social norms, provides a sense of stability for its numerous salarymen and workers.

Their daily lives reflect a lifestyle that resonates throughout Japanese culture, simplifying their existence and nurturing a sense of harmony. Some suggest that the modern Japanese way of life is a social experiment backed by the US government.

During my exchange program in Osaka, I uncovered a Japan that transcended the realms of anime and the romanticized notions of the Samurai era.

Japan envelops you in entertainment, with karaoke venues at every turn, and Osaka Prefecture proudly serves as the nation's culinary and entertainment capital.

My time in Osaka was a cultural awakening.

Here, life is a careful equilibrium, blending age-old traditions with deep mutual respect, fostering an atmosphere of stability.

While I may not have experienced Tokyo and its famous Bullet Train, I was fortunate enough to meet several Geishas in the captivating streets of Kyoto.

Visiting Kyoto feels like stepping back into the Edo period. Kyoto beautifully blends the ancient with the modern, earning its fame for exquisite cuisine. This city is home to the Geisha, whose name reflects their artistic mastery as the “gei” for geisha stands for art.

Geisha are skilled in various arts, including singing, dancing, and playing traditional Japanese instruments, providing entertainment throughout meals.

In Japan, much is conveyed through silence, which can sometimes lead to misunderstandings.

I discovered that politeness can often mask insincerity; the Japanese practice a unique form of 'politeness over truth.' For instance, when receiving an undesirable gift, one might feign delight to spare the giver's feelings, a concept significantly elevated in Japanese culture. It is therefore wise to approach compliments with caution, as they may not always hold the significance we expect.

A phrase that encapsulates the Japanese perspective is 'wakarenai,' meaning 'I don’t know,' but it can also imply 'I don’t wish to know' or 'please leave me be.'

Japanese culture prioritizes community and togetherness over individuality, likely a reflection of their history of collective endurance through adversity.

The Japanese fascination with technology is primarily focused on business interactions with foreigners, especially Americans. Consequently, while socializing, the Japanese

can set aside gadgets and biases, fully enjoying each other's company.

My journey through Osaka Prefecture stands out as one of my most unforgettable international experiences.

I believe that understanding Japan's mysteries lies in observing how its people interact with one another.

Osaka, Japan, 2013.

Tallinn, Estonia, 2011

To take my mind off the ongoing custody dispute over my son Mulato, I briefly took to the stage for stand-up comedy in Estonia.

During the initial phase of Mulato's stay with Rasputin, I would find out the details of their trip and follow them to Estonia, hoping to provide some comfort to Mulato during his journey.

Although Rasputin was not thrilled about my presence, he couldn't prevent me from boarding the same flight.

When Rasputin's mother spotted me at the Tallinn airport with Mulato, her expression was one of shock and irritation, but I chose to overlook her reaction.

I knelt down to say goodbye to my four-year-old son, who reassured me, “Don't worry, mummy,” as he pulled his suitcase behind him, trailing after his father and Natasha, Rasputin's mother.

I stayed in Estonia to feel closer to Mulato, couch surfing and performing stand-up comedy whenever the opportunity arose.

One of my most popular jokes was one I had heard from Valeri, Antonia's boyfriend and Rasputin's former roommate in Hull, about two men sitting on the edge of a cliff with their legs dangling over the side.

The first guy asks the second guy: “What are you doing?”

The second guy replies: “I am masturbating.”

The first guy then asks: “Why?”

The second guy replies: “Because I want to have an orgasm.”

The first guy sits in quiet contemplation for a while, then states: “You will not have an orgasm.”

The second guy then asks: “Why not?”

The first guy replies: “Because you are masturbating me”.

Estonia, 2011

My train journey through the former Soviet Union was another unforgettable experience.

I had the joy of hosting my Russian friend Natalia in my London flat for a few weeks. She was a secretary from Estonia with Russian heritage and stayed with me during her visit.

After her return home, we kept in touch, and Natalia later invited me to visit her in Estonia.

I eagerly accepted, but soon realized I was unprepared for the long trip ahead.

Natalia had mentioned that once I got off the plane, I would spend days on the train before reaching my destination.

I sought her advice on what to pack for the journey, and to my surprise, she insisted I fill my backpack and a couple of plastic bags with bottles of vodka—she claimed that was all I would need, not even food.

I can’t quite remember the name of her town—perhaps it was Tarvastu—but it was covered in beautiful snow when I arrived.

Following her suggestion, I headed to the local shops near the station and collected about eight bottles of vodka.

As I settled into my train seat, a chill ran through me. I recalled Natalia's advice: once the train left, I was to place one bottle prominently on the seat next to me for the other passengers to notice. I wondered how I would manage to drink eight bottles of vodka alone. Little did I know, I wouldn’t have to.

Not far from me sat a Russian-looking Babushka, easily distinguishable from the typical Estonian grandmothers. She wore the signature colorful clothing of a matryoshka doll. Her basket was overflowing with an array of treats—mostly fruits and vegetables, along with some rich, fatty meat reminiscent of Italian pancetta and hearty rye bread. In many ways, she resembled the grandmother from Little Red Riding Hood.

As I peered out of the train window after departing the station, a breathtaking landscape of snow rushed past in a captivating illusion.

Moments passed, and I noticed a group of passengers, each exuding a unique Russian charm, pacing the aisle.

Initially, I thought they were simply looking for the restroom. However, it soon became evident that they were all intrigued by me, curiosity lighting up their faces.

I carefully took out another bottle of vodka and placed it beside me, admiring its stability as the train sped along. When I looked up, I saw the light reflecting in the eyes of the Babushka, her interest unmistakable.

Whispers began to circulate among the other travelers, their discussions flowing in Russian.

I had expected a more diverse mix of Estonians on this trip, but the majority were clearly Russian.

In the midst of this vibrant scene, one man, his eyes locked on my vodka, approached my seat. He asked if I was feeling cold, to which I admitted I was. With a knowing nod, he turned and moved to the next carriage. Meanwhile, the Babushka, who had been sitting not far from me, began to inch closer, her gaze fixed intently on my vodka.

Ten minutes passed, and finally, she spoke to me in Russian.

My grasp of the language wasn't perfect, but I managed to express my thoughts well enough.

"Delicious," Babushka joyfully exclaimed in Russian, "Are you hungry?" as she pointed to a basket brimming with tempting local treats.

"Yes, please," I responded in Russian with a thankful smile.

Heeding Natalia's advice I had refrained from picking up any food before boarding the train.

The old woman beamed at me, revealing a toothless grin. With careful precision, she pulled out a pickled tomato and a cucumber from a jar tucked away in her basket. Like a treasure being unveiled, she spread out a lovely handkerchief and gently placed the pickled goodies inside, adding a few fresh vegetables that resembled spring onions. With her endearing toothless smile, Babushka set the handkerchief on my lap and then produced two elegant crystal glasses, each with a delicate stem. She gestured towards my vodka bottle resting on the seat, encouraging me to pour. Grabbing the vodka by its neck, I twisted off the cap and filled both glasses to the top, savoring the delightful food as I took a sip. Just then, the man who had previously checked if I was warm returned.

Wrapping a cozy coat around my shoulders, the man gazed intently at the nearly empty

vodka bottle. Without a moment's hesitation, I reached into one of the plastic bags and pulled out another bottle of vodka, handing it to him as payment for the coat.

Though completely intoxicated from the generous amounts of vodka, I found myself exchanging food, clothing, and a snug sleeping compartment for the vodka I had brought along.

The remainder of the journey faded into a blur of vodka, laughter, delicious local produce, and the comforting warmth of good company.

The chill that had settled in my bones dissipated, and as I looked out the train window, the snow seemed less threatening.

In the heart of the former Soviet Union, it became evident that vodka was indeed ‘currency’.

In Estonia, 2011.

London, England, 2012

“Perfer et obdura; dolor hic tibi proderit olim”

Latin phrase translation: “Be patient and tough; someday this pain will be useful to you”.

I started crafting my first children's storybook shortly after Mulato revealed his father's alleged abuse. The idea to write this story was largely inspired by Mulato himself, and I embraced it wholeheartedly.

Mulato, under the care of his father, spent his formative years at Drayton Park School on Holloway Road.

I often visited his school to read to the children, participating in this joyful tradition alongside other parents. At just four years old, Mulato was not fond of sharing his mother's attention with his peers. One day, while I was reading a fairy tale—though the title escapes me—Mulato interrupted with a candid remark: “This story is boring!” His eyes sparkled with determination as he looked up at me.

“You tell a story, mummy.”

In that instant, a new idea ignited within me—I would write a story that could shine as a beacon of hope for children who felt ignored, disbelieved, or silenced. I understood that writing could be a powerful tool to inspire them to continue seeking understanding and protection from their challenges.

“All things are impermanent. This is the law of life and extinction. When both life and extinction perish, Nirvana will be bliss.”

The Buddha

On a bright sunny afternoon, while I was riding my bike near Drayton Park School, where my son Mulato goes, the bell chimed to mark the end of the school day, and the playground erupted with the cheerful laughter of children.

Suddenly, I heard a familiar voice calling, “Mummy, Mummy! Stop!”. It was Mulato, excitedly waving at me. He was carefully following Tuma, a young man I recognized as one of Rasputin’s lovers visiting from Estonia.

In an instant, Mulato rushed over, trying to climb onto the back of my bike.

We had shared numerous rides together, and I first showed him how to ride his bicycle outside our council flat when he was merely three.

It was a bittersweet moment that tugged at my heart as I gently told him he couldn't join me this time.

"Let's go, mummy, let's go!" he pleaded, continuing to reach for me.

I glanced at Tuma, expecting him to smirk, but instead, I saw tears in his eyes as he witnessed this emotional scene.

I knelt down to Mulato and spoke softly, "You can't come with mummy right now. Mummy has to go to university, but next time, I promise you can come along." I had no choice but to lie to him, knowing he was too young to grasp the complexities of the custody battle.

I fought back tears as he said, "But I want to come with you now, mummy," his reasonable tone making it even harder to refuse him.

Holding back my emotions, I replied, "Mummy and Mulato have to be strong."

I managed a brave smile, even though it felt like my heart was shattering. As I kissed him

goodbye, I could feel the tears threatening to spill over.

I called Tuma over, who had stepped aside to allow us some privacy, and asked him to take my six years old son Mulato, by the hand.

At that moment, there was little else I could do.

I watched them walk away, Mulato waved goodbye, and I waved back until they turned the corner and vanished from view.

My heart still seethes with anger towards the British government, represented by Mrs. Hayes from CAFCASS and the local authority.

Their systematic emotional abuse of me and my son, Mulato, is something I can never forgive.

Behind the scenes, a game was unfolding, where the push for homosexuals to gain custody of children was being normalised.

This agenda had been developing over time, and ultimately, my case, along with others, set a precedent for figures like Elton John and other LGBTQ+ celebrities to adopt children.

The lines of morality were being irreversibly blurred.

As the law sought to allow anyone, who disguised their true intentions under the pretense of homosexuality, to gain access to a child.

It reminded me of the wolf in Grandma's clothing from the story of Little Red Riding Hood—a tale whose true meaning I was just beginning to grasp.

The British government seemed determined to clip my wings. Yet, it’s true that what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger.

I observed Mulato grappling with mixed emotions as he tried to remain loyal to me.

Now at eighteen, after years of manipulation and grooming, Mulato has chosen to align with his father.

Initially, he attempted to find a middle ground, but he soon realized that his efforts were in vain against his father and the authoritative figures backing him.

Perhaps one day Mulato will come to understand that true power belongs to those who confront their fears and refuse to be controlled by anyone.

I can’t help but feel a mix of pity for Mulato and disdain for Rasputin.

As for my part, the good and bad experiences in my life have forged a resilience within me.

“Bog otmechayet moshennika.”

Russian phrase translation: “God marks the crook.”

From the start Rasputin viewed me merely as a means to advance his own ambitions. While this is somewhat understandable, what is truly inexcusable is his manipulation of Mulato.

In 2021, I informed the Italian Consulate about Rasputin's forgery of my signature, which he used to renew Mulato's passport.

As Mulato's mother, my signature is legally necessary for him to renew his passport with the Italian consulate prior to turning eighteen years old.

I presented photographic proof that Rasputin had indeed forged my signature to secure the passport.

Unsurprisingly, the Italian Consulate ignored the evidence that revealed Rasputin's illegal actions.

I can't help but feel that had I been the one to forge a signature, the consulate would have certainly taken swift action against me and imposed harsh penalties.

Above is my signature, while below is a forgery attributed to Rasputin.

At this stage in the book, you might find yourself either more acutely aware or somewhat desensitized to the terrible realities of child exploitation.

The real-life accounts I will present seek to illuminate the persistent suffering endured by children.

If you are particularly sensitive, you may want to consider skipping the upcoming section.

In a serene part of England, a football coach named Mr. Brent held considerable sway over the most talented young players on his team.

He strategically leveraged this power, often telling the boys that while their abilities were remarkable and full of potential, he couldn't endorse all of them for advancement to the next level.

This left the boys heartbroken, begging Mr. Brent for help in realizing their dreams.

Among them was Carl, a gifted and resolute boy who was determined not to give up on his goal of playing professionally for his cherished team.

When Mr. Brent invited Carl to his home to discuss his future, the young boy was thrilled and eagerly accepted.

However, the situation took a sinister turn when Mr. Brent subjected Carl to drugs and exposed him to inappropriate content.

The consequences were devastating; Carl ended up in the hospital with severe spinal injuries, his body immobilized in a cast and his limbs propped up in stirrups.

His confused parents struggled to understand how their son had incurred such injuries, convinced they couldn't have come from sports.

They urged Carl to share what had transpired.

Eventually, Carl revealed the sexual abuse he endured at the hands of Mr. Brent.

The damage to Carl's lower back was so extensive that it necessitated surgery.

Following this revelation, Carl's parents confronted Mr. Brent at his residence, where they violently attacked him.

After the furious Jamaican parents assaulted Mr. Brent, it was reported that the malicious coach, having sustained serious injuries from the beating, fled the hospital and escaped the country, vanishing without a trace.

An Italian proverb states, 'Tutto il mondo e' paese', which translates to 'the whole world is a village'.

This implies that happenings in London can often be reflected all around the world.

During my stay in Estonia in 2006, I encountered two news stories that greatly disturbed me.

While having lunch at Natasha's apartment, who is Rasputin's mother, I saw a TV segment covering two recent inquiries in Russia.

The first story centered around a nine-year-old boy named Ivan.

This account is from a genuine news report and took place in Estonia. The Baltic region is characterized by various communist buildings and monuments from the Soviet past. Each of the Baltic countries has its share of these Soviet-style apartment complexes, mostly inhabited by Russian families.

In one of these buildings resided a young boy named Ivan, who frequently played on the shared stairway.

One day, a report emerged about nine-year-old Ivan, who was playing on the communal stairs of his apartment building, prompting the Eastern European police to take him into custody.

At this juncture in the news report, I sought clarification from Rasputin regarding the reasons behind the boy's escort to the police station, as it was not clear. He clarified that the child was allegedly causing a disturbance.

The reports went on to reveal that Ivan had endured horrific sexual abuse, with cigarette burns covering his body, which occurred while he was in custody at the police station.

'The boy is foolish. Why does he need to play on the stairs?' Rasputin commented coldly in his thick Russian accent as we observed the news unfold.

The gripping saga of Nikolai captured the attention of news outlets across Estonia, illuminating the eerie and unresolved mystery surrounding the eleven-year-old boy.

Once a radiant child who thrived with his loving parents, Nina and Igor, Nikolai was part of a well-to-do Russian family living in the Baltics.

The family basked in their prosperity, boasting strong morals and high aspirations for their talented son.

With an array of gold medals showcasing his athletic prowess, Nikolai seemed destined for great things.

However, darkness struck when Nina's brother, Lev, paid a visit.

Just three months later, tragedy unfolded—Nikolai was discovered hanging in his room.

Lev, who had only been a temporary guest in their home, was cleared of wrongdoing, and the grim case was ruled a suicide.

Heartbroken, Nina and Igor found it impossible to understand why their seemingly happy son would choose to end his life.

A prodigy, a star athlete, and a model student, Nikolai had shown no signs of distress, leaving the police bewildered and the case sealed.

Yet, for Nina and Igor, acceptance remained out of reach.

Grieving, they embarked on an odyssey across Russia, desperate to uncover the truth behind their son’s tragic demise.

Their journey took them all the way to Siberia, where they encountered a mysterious native woman who claimed to possess prophetic abilities.

The enigmatic seer hinted that she held the key to Nikolai’s fate but hesitated to unveil the truth, warning that the crime leading to their son's death was so profoundly horrific that it pained her to even speak of it.

Undeterred, Nina and Igor pressed on, eventually finding another seer, a young man of around twenty-seven, who agreed to share his insights about their beloved son’s untimely end.

What revelations would this new encounter bring?

The search for answers was far from over, and the depth of their quest only heightened the suspense of Nikolai's tragic story.

The seer began by asking Nina if she had a brother, and she nodded, mentioning Lev.

Lev had paid the family a visit but had left just a month before their son took his own life.

Then the young seer probed deeper, inquiring whether Lev had asked Nina and Igor for money, knowing they were well-off.

Nina confirmed that Lev had indeed pressed for a significant amount—but it wasn't a loan Lev wanted. Instead, he was looking for a handout. Nina and Igor, hesitant to set a dangerous precedent, declined Lev's request for financial assistance.

Soon after, the male seer revealed something that sent chills down the spine of everyone in the room: as a result of having been denied the money, Lev had nurtured a simmering resentment towards both Nina and Igor, plotting a twisted form of revenge.

This kind of vindictive thinking is not unheard of among Russians.

But the seer's revelation didn't stop there; he also recounted the tragic reality that Lev had sexually abused young Nikolai.

Following Lev's visit, Nikolai, overwhelmed with shame and despair, took his own life.

As these revelations unfolded on the television screen, I could see a silent look of understanding pass between Nina and Igor.

It was the kind of look that spoke volumes—two parents silently considering their next move against the abuser, Lev, in the wake of unimaginable loss.

I glanced over at Rasputin, who was sitting nearby in his mother's living room, watching intently.

The documentary had English subtitles, making everything crystal clear for me.

"Lev was right. Nina and Igor should have given him the money," Rasputin chimed in, his comment dripping with an unexpected irrationality. There was a glint in Rasputin's eyes that hinted at something unsettling.

That gleam in Rasputin's eyes was telling, as if he was mentally cataloging this horrific tale and pondering how to weave such vindictiveness into his own life.

His words stirred my suspicions, but I could hardly fathom how deeply his depravity ran.

Once again, I disregarded God's warning and subsequently came to deeply regret my encounter with Rasputin.

I have faced the repercussions of my negligence and the mistake of trusting someone unworthy.

I should have recognized the danger in trusting Rasputin; my lack of caution resulted in serious consequences.

I acted unwisely and learned a tough lesson. However, I cannot understand why Mulato had to suffer alongside me.

The courts allowed Rasputin to take Mulato abroad for twenty-eight days each year, a privilege he abused by keeping Mulato outside the UK for extended periods, sometimes for months.

It didn't take long for Rasputin to realize that any wrongdoings on his part would go

unpunished by both the British government and the Italian Consulate.

Despite being of Estonian heritage, Rasputin does not communicate in that language and considers himself Russian. He must have felt incredibly lucky to have made England his home.

It appears that Rasputin is unconcerned about Mulato's feelings; his attention is entirely on seeking revenge against the woman who turned him down, someone he yearned for because he understood that no one would ever replace me.

Rasputin took delight in sending me images of a despondent Mulato, who was forced to travel to Estonia.

Despite being just five years old, Mulato displayed no fear, only a deep sense of contemplation.

As a child, he was fiercely resistant to his father's mistreatment of his mother.

Mulato stood firm until he was compelled to watch everyone around him, including his aunt, my younger sister Nat, side with Rasputin.

A pensive, five years old Mulato on his way to Estonia looking thoughtful 2012.

“Protivnik - khoroshiy uchitel'.”

Russian phrase translation: “The enemy is a good teacher.”

I feel a profound empathy for Mulato as I watch him deliberately downplay his intelligence to prevent inciting his father's jealousy and anger.

In the various images, Mulato looked defiant, deep in contemplation, likely experiencing the same pain from our distance. The most difficult moment for me was the haunting image captured by Rasputin of a seven-year-old Mulato, vulnerable and exposed in bed with him. It seemed as though Rasputin was intentionally taunting me.

If Mulato had not gone through this hardship himself, he might never grasp the enormity of life's hardships.

There's no benefit in wallowing in self-pity; this struggle will either strengthen him or become his new normal.

My own challenges seem insignificant compared to what Mulato has endured, yet he must learn to face his internal battles.

As a genuine descendant of Olabisi Ajala, he needs to summon the courage to escape this cycle of oppression, even as a young man.

The key to liberation rests in Mulato's hands.

London, England, 2015

In 2015, my half brother Lupin, one of Ajala's eldest children, traveled from Australia to London, where he joined me for my graduation ceremony and a visit to Hampton Court in August.

That same month, I also visited Japan for the second time.

With Lupin, my half-brother, Hampton Court, 2015, London.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, 2014.

In Christiana, Copenhagen, Denmark, 2014.

Rome, Italy, 2015.

Chapter Ten

Japan

Tokyo, Japan, 2015

“Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis,”

Latin quote meaning: "Times are changed; we also are changed with them".

My initial journey to Osaka, Japan, took place in 2013 as an exchange student during the autumn semester.

After completing my studies in London in 2015, I returned to Japan to teach English to Japanese language learners.

This time, I ventured to Tokyo to immerse myself in its dynamic culture.

Upon landing at Narita Airport, the bustling energy reminded me of any major capital city.

I opted to stay at a hotel close to the airport, not feeling the urgency to explore the city just yet.

I found Tokyo to be quite overwhelming, with the locals often seeming brusque and even rude, which didn't sit well with me.

While I was at my airport hotel in Tokyo, I reached out to my friend Kamran in London, who suggested I buy a ticket to Okinawa, a southern part of Japan known for its relaxed vibe.

Taking his advice to heart, I quickly booked a connecting flight and soon found myself on my way to Okinawa.

Okinawa, Japan, 2015

After years of practicing Aikido in England, I realized that martial arts can awaken a survival instinct. Regardless of how many times you fall, the essential part is to get back up, move forward, and persist.

As I stepped foot in Okinawa, a place famous for its martial arts legacy, the vibrant tropical scenery instantly reminded me of my visit to Tobago more than two decades ago, with its dancing palm trees and stunning shorelines.

My friend Kamran, a former Aikido sparring partner and fellow martial arts enthusiast, had urged me to explore Okinawa, and he was absolutely right.

The island's warm ambiance and the laid-back lifestyle of the locals enchanted me from the start, and I felt grateful to Kamran for his recommendation.

I quickly formed friendships in Okinawa, and the locals guided me to a prestigious

vocational college. Within a few days, I landed a job as an English teacher at the academy.

A few weeks later, I celebrated my fortieth birthday in Okinawa, surrounded by my newfound friends.

Okinawa, Japan, 2016

“I never found beauty in longing for the impossible and never found the possible to be beyond my reach.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

On August 15, 2016, I tied the knot for the second time in Japan with a Japanese man named Aki.

I began my teaching career, which quickly gained momentum. Initially, I taught elementary students, then progressed to high schoolers, eventually becoming a lecturer and

earning a promotion to assistant school principal in 2019.

However, teaching often feels like a thankless task. When students show little genuine interest and respond negatively to learning, teaching becomes as futile as trying to teach geese the alphabet.

Many Japanese students are reluctant learners, forced to study English against their will. For many Japanese students, pursuing a teaching career solely for the uncertain prospect of career advancement can be exhausting and unfulfilling. The challenge intensifies when you realize that many prefer to remain uninformed and are content in their ignorance, even resenting your efforts to enlighten them.

In the end, I decided to focus on educating adults who have clearer goals.

Teaching elementary school children, Japan, 2018.

English Teacher at Vocational High School, Japan, 2015 to 2019.

Many people find it challenging to think independently, which allows the government to retain its authority. This reality justifies the existence of governance for society as a whole.

As an educator, I have met many adults grappling with their sense of purpose and a feeling of being average. My goal was to guide them in understanding that remaining passive will not alter mediocrity; genuine understanding is achieved through a combination of life experiences, commitment, perseverance, and purpose.

Teaching mature students, Japan, 2019.

Peer Mentoring, Japan, 2021.

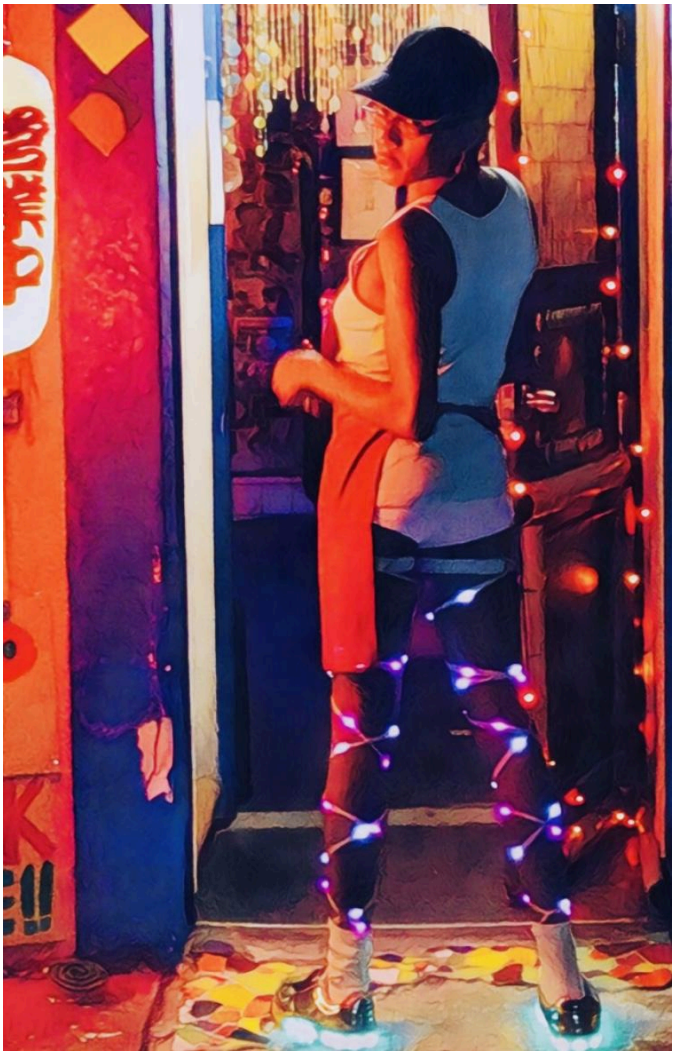
‘If one is not willing to learn, no one can help them. If one is determined to learn, none can stop them.’

Anonymous

Over the years, my passion for teaching waned as I came across numerous individuals who showed little interest in learning.

My second husband, Aki, a Japanese national, runs a bar in Okinawa. Aki, my second husband, has shown himself to be a reliable, loyal, and beloved partner. Together, we successfully merged my background in the adult entertainment industry with his knowledge of Japanese laws, allowing my experiences in clubs, modeling, and pole dancing to finally pay off.

My Japanese Husband and I on our honeymoon in Okinawa, Japan, 2016.



Cooking in my husband’s bar, Japan, 2018.

In 2017, my mother, Lucia, visited Japan for the first time, eager to escape the confines of Europe and the pervasive racism directed at black individuals.

While Japan also has its own issues with foreign discrimination, it was eye-opening to see that the focus was often on white foreigners.

In her seventies, Lucia fell in love with the Japanese lifestyle and was hesitant to return to England. My mother's financial ties to England forced her back, leaving her heartbroken and feeling as though she had missed out on a life in a place where white individuals faced the same challenges as other foreigners.

To truly move on, one must release their attachment to material things, as hoarding can become a binding burden.

Imprisoned by her own greed, my mother could never bring herself to part with her hard-earned possessions.

“If you saw Atlas, the giant who holds the world on his shoulders, if you saw that he stood, blood running down his chest, his knees buckling, his arms trembling but still trying to hold the world aloft with the last of his strength, and the greater his effort, the heavier the world bore down upon his shoulders - What would you tell him?"

I...don't know. What...could he do? What would you tell him?"

To shrug.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

London, England, 2017

The only time I physically interacted with my son Mulato since he turned seven was during my visit to London when he was eleven.

I met him outside his school, took him out for lunch while his father was at work, and bought him some video games on Holloway Road before safely returning him to his father's flat.

Eleven years old, Multato, and I, London, UK, 2018.

Eleven years old, Multato, and I, London, UK, 2018.

Eleven years old, Multato, and I, London, UK, 2018.

After dropping Mulato off at his father's council flat near the Holloway Road underground station, I tried to reconnect with him the next year.

However, Mulato, having been reprimanded by Rasputin for spending time with me, began to avoid meeting me.

It soon became clear that his father had instructed him to never accompany his mother, and to treat me as if I were a complete stranger.

Rasputin had twisted Mulato's perception, making him believe I intended to kidnap him. I reassured Mulato that I had no desire to take him away from his father, and in truth, I had many opportunities to do so if I had wished.

Despite my personal beliefs, and in stark contrast to the corrupt staff at Casa Lavinia and the malevolent children’s guardian involved in the custody battle, I acknowledged that Mulato’s father had a right to guide him in adhering to his cultural traditions, however misguided I thought they were. It would be up

to Mulato to choose his own path. I was aware that Mulato might later hold me responsible for preventing him from following in his father.

This reminded me of how I had previously held my mother accountable for persuading me to leave the relative safety of 'Casa Della Donna', a decision that could have steered me towards a life as a nun.

Rasputin quickly became disillusioned with London's acceptance of homosexuality.

It seems Rasputin only feels genuine excitement when engaging in something improper. His upbringing and heritage are steeped in depravity, and in the UK, he found influential allies who shared his views.

I still have proof of Mulato's confession regarding the sexual abuse he allegedly suffered as a child, along with evidence of his father's grooming.

As Mulato grows older, he will have the chance to reflect on this video evidence.

Having turned eighteen in April 2025, after enduring years of systematic grooming and abuse, he appears to have come to terms with his father's cult-like beliefs.

It strikes me that a significant number of individuals have been victims of childhood exploitation.

Those of us who, like myself, narrowly escaped such horrors may not fully grasp the depth of the damage—both conscious and subconscious—that a child has to endure.

Individuals who struggle with dysfunction are often more susceptible to manipulation through fear compared to those who are fearless.

This principle helps maintain order in institutions like asylums and is a reality we encounter daily.

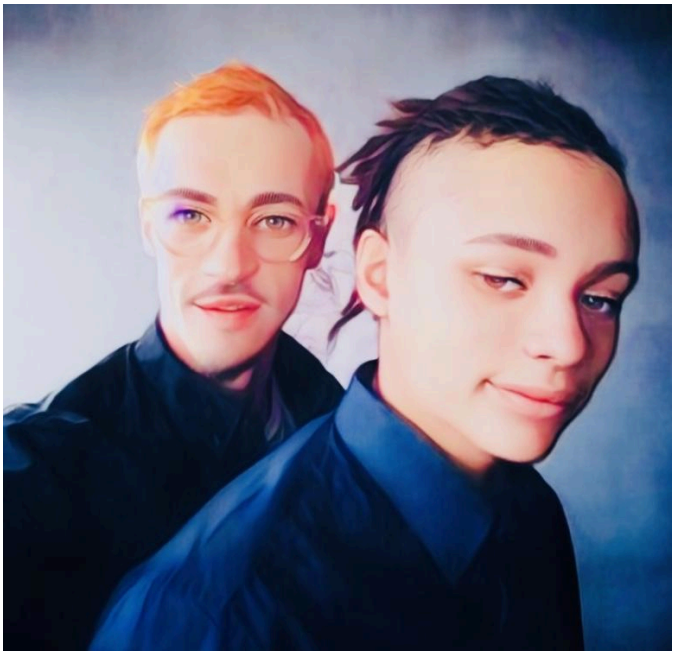
It's widely recognized that people tend to lie for two primary reasons: to conceal their shame and to deceive the naive and trusting.

Thus, lying reflects a person's struggle with self-esteem.

Just because Mulato endured his father's abuse doesn't mean he should perpetuate that cycle unless he has become corrupted.

If Mulato were to adopt his father's disturbing interests, such as child exploitation, he might not escape the consequences as his father did and could face imprisonment.

That said, society seems to be shifting towards normalizing paedophilia, as indicated by current trends.



Rasputin, with his hair dyed orange to signify his subservience to the Freemasons, and an adolescent Mulato, 2022.

“Boroda ne delayet filosofa.”

Russian phrase translation: “A beard does not make a philosopher.”

Historically, the aristocracy has often accepted incest to preserve their bloodlines.

This may be what the British government hints at with the phrase 'If that’s their way' when condoning child exploitation. However,in this context, relationships between men and minors only serve to foster moral decline.

I believe Rasputin's alleged inappropriate actions towards Mulato stem from a perverse pleasure he derives from escaping accountability.

Although no one wishes to make bad decisions, they can sometimes be inevitable.

I've come to recognize my own naivety during my two-year involvement with Rasputin. As Mulato grows into adulthood, he may eventually muster the strength to confront his own gullibility.

The painful truth of having been misled is difficult to admit, but time is a great healer.

Mulato is still young, and as time passes, the scars left by his father's actions will fade.

It's important to note that abusers often wield 'reactive abuse' as a powerful tool, crafting a narrative that paints the victim or whistle-blower as unstable or delusional. Reactive abuse occurs when a victim responds to their mistreatment in a manner that appears irrational. This reaction does not indicate that the victim is an abuser; rather, it reflects the toll of prolonged abuse that has driven them to lash out. This tactic not only undermines the victim's credibility but also diverts attention from the actual abuser and the abuse itself, enabling the abuser to persist in their harmful actions without repercussions.

I attribute my resilience against the numerous challenges in my life to my father's heritage.

When I registered Mulato's birth, I made a conscious decision to omit Ajala's surname. It is crucial for Mulato to earn the privilege of carrying his ancestors' name. Until that moment arrives, my sister Nat's daughters, who bear part of the Ajala name, will continue the legacy of Olabisi Ajala.

I am fully aware that Mulato has likely developed a bond with his father, particularly since Rasputin has been his sole role model. It is vital to recognize and validate Mulato's feelings for his father, even though his loyalty has been the result of many years of grooming.

During one of my last conversations with Mulato, Rasputin deliberately incited him to act out against me.

I cannot support my son mimicking his father's disrespectful behavior, which I find unacceptable, leading me to halt our Court Ordered FaceTime sessions.

I refuse to tolerate my son's disrespect, and I have chosen to distance myself indefinitely, or at least until he matures and gains clarity.

I am at peace with the possibility that this day may never come.

What does it really mean to 'turn the other cheek'?

This phrase suggests that God is in control of all things. Our efforts to intervene often lead to more suffering. The key is to move forward with gentle resolve.

Rising above petty revenge elevates us beyond worldly concerns, placing us in a remarkable state of existence.

There is an underlying conflict—a lifelong battle between two opposing ideologies. One thrives on the exploitation of children, while the other acknowledges the damage such actions cause to innocent, trusting youth.

If child exploitation were just, it would not be concealed; it would be openly endorsed, more visible than any well-known brand. Instead, those who commit child abuse hide in the shadows. I firmly oppose this and any form of unnecessary oppression.

Like historical figures Joan of Arc and Margaret Beaufort, I will not be diverted from the path I believe the Creator has laid out for me. My only tools are my determination and intellect, and I plan to use them. I aspire to motivate others who share my vision to bravely protect children from harm.

As a person thinks, so they create. Let us concentrate on ensuring our children's safety, and together we will bring forth the protection they rightfully deserve.

Simply believe that children should be safe, and you will naturally act in accordance with that belief.

Choosing honesty often leads to losing family and friends.

As long as people convince themselves they are not at fault, they unintentionally continue to cause harm. Many opt for silence to sidestep challenges, but difficulties in life are unavoidable; they can only be postponed. A single positive thought can spark transformation. Staying neutral is not an

option; one must take a stand and voice their opinion. The choice is ours to make.

I embrace differing viewpoints, as I have shared my own strengths and weaknesses, along with those of others I've discussed. There is no definitive right or wrong—only those who persevere until the end. Those who ignore reality must acknowledge their complicity in the injustices they choose to overlook.

I have been accused of opposing 'their way' because I refuse to accept the corruption and exploitation of children, and my resistance is perceived as a threat to their assumed authority.

Moreover, those of us who stand against the exploitation of children are frequently labeled as liars or bigots, charged with disregarding the rights of abusers and invalidating their perverse desires.

We are often advised against encouraging children to report their abuse.

Many choose to overlook the grim realities of our world, but I refuse to shy away from addressing these unsettling issues.

People frequently ignore the sexual abuse of children. I am not merely implying that such

atrocities exist; I am firmly asserting that they are a reality.

With the growth of the internet, the truth about child exploitation is becoming increasingly difficult to hide.

As more people speak out against this alarming issue, it is only natural for me to raise my voice as well.

While I don't claim to have all the solutions, I have yet to hear a convincing rationale for child exploitation. When asked if there are any positive aspects to it, I can confidently say there are none; it remains one of the most atrocious acts imaginable.

We must acknowledge our part in this matter, as our silence only perpetuates the concealment of abuse against children and vulnerable adults. I am committed to standing with those who have courageously raised their voices in a society that often tries to silence them.

It's disheartening to see how few are willing to take a strong position on this vital issue. Many choose to sidestep uncomfortable realities that could disturb their peace, while others opt for neutrality, disguised as caution. Our society is rife with individuals who prefer to ignore the problem, as it is the easier route.

Responses can differ widely; some individuals opt to stay neutral, pretending not to notice or disconnecting entirely, while others boldly advocate for their convictions and strive to create change.

Only a small number of public figures have had the courage to advocate for action against child exploitation.

Historically, attempts to engage local representatives, authorities, or law enforcement have frequently been in vain.

It's crucial to understand that those you approach with your concerns may be reluctant to listen or recognize the issue; their aim might be to discredit you and discourage others from voicing their opinions. In such situations, it often becomes your word against many, and not everyone has the fortitude to face such daunting odds. As a result, the narratives of victims and the suffering they have endured frequently go unnoticed, leaving them unheard and accused of fabricating their experiences.

For victims, the most urgent need is to be believed, as they have nothing to gain from exaggerating their pain, except to compound their suffering with humiliation.

While I may not be a pioneer in the battle against child exploitation, I proudly stand as a supporter of this vital cause. I am

wholeheartedly dedicated to fighting against child exploitation in all its manifestations.

The journey starts with acknowledging the problem and actively participating in the struggle against it.

The film 'Intolerance' the 1916, American anthology silent film directed by DW Griffith, powerfully depicts this battle, highlighting a young mother unjustly targeted and separated from her child by local authorities.

Child exploitation not only fractures families but also causes enduring psychological damage to the affected children.

Drama/Silent: “Intolerance”, released in Japan in 1919.

In this memoir, I contemplate my mistakes and the challenges I've encountered.

My experiences have reshaped my understanding, allowing me to see the world as a place for growth before we meet the Creator.

The journey towards enlightenment often disconnects us from our surroundings and relationships.

Reflect on what matters more: the truth or the emotions it stirs?

The only way to overcome evil is by embracing the truth and facing the darkness, regardless of the cost.

Photo of me at four years old and photo of a three years old Mulato, 2010.

“We can ignore reality, but we cannot ignore the consequences of ignoring reality”.

Ayn Rand

I started this story on Christmas Day in 2021, and with the help of divine inspiration and the tranquility I discovered in Japan,

I successfully completed and published the first draft in 2022. At the time of my memoir's initial release, Mulato was only fifteen, and my experiences were still very raw.

By 2025, I had the opportunity to revise the memoir to more accurately convey my emotions.

When I ended my relationship with the then fifteen-year-old Mulato, he was older than I had been at fourteen when I was suddenly left in London back in 1990, and now he must forge his own path in life.

My final lesson to Mulato emphasizes that 'Strong individuals will stand up against injustice.'

“Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will also be.”

132 Matthew 6:19-21

Chapter Eleven

Freedom

“Vanity of Vanities, All is Vanity.
I have seen All the works done beneath the sun, and behold, All is vanity and vexation of spirit. With much wisdom comes much grief, and he who increases knowledge increases sorrow. Therefore, I perceive that there is nothing for a man to rejoice in but his own works, for that is his potion.”

King Solomon: *“Vanities of Vanities”*, Book of Ecclesiastes, Old Testament, [200 and 300 BC].

“Joy is the goal of existence, and joy is not to be stumbled upon, but to be achieved, and the act of treason is to let its vision drown in the swamp of the moment's torture.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

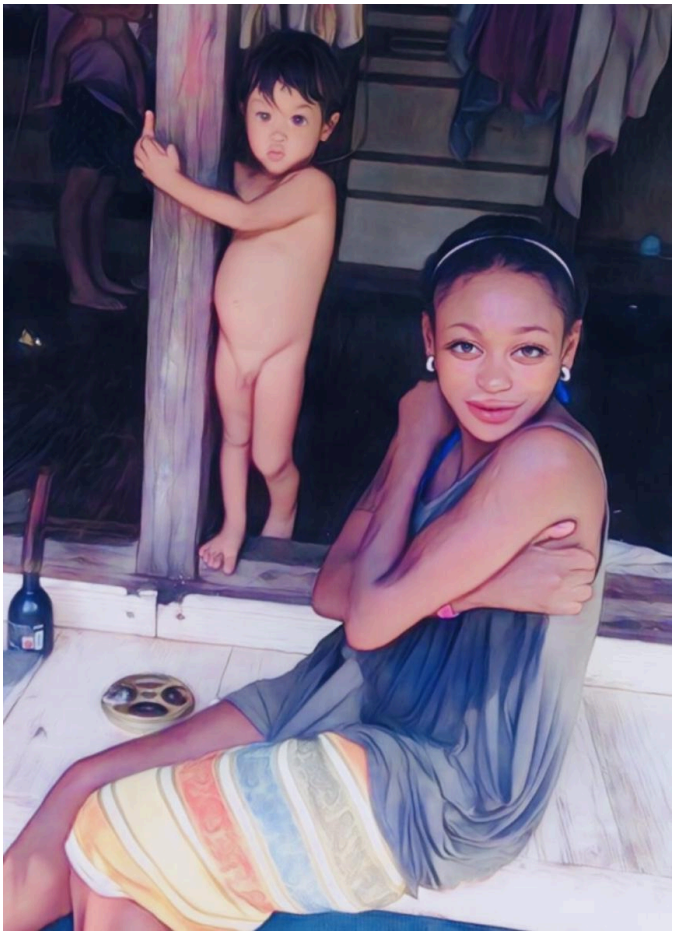
So, I am free.

I have survived.

I have saved myself.

I have lost my naivety and emerged victorious against my enemies.

Zamami Island, Okinawa, 2018, Japan.



With the natives, Okinawa, Japan.

I celebrate my freedom from Rasputin, a man who would have destroyed my life for rejecting him, from the chains of a son's love who was never meant to be faithful, and from a custody struggle and a system that would have eagerly watched me spiral into madness, running through the streets like the man who attacked Arturo the 'mammone' in Finsbury Park at the start of my story.

I have emerged from the depths of the childcare system and its injustices, having outwitted Rasputin.

The last time I encountered John was the day after Mulato rejected me on his twelfth birthday in London back in 2018.

John was one of a kind.

In 2023, I had the chance to share several farewell conversations with John, who was in his mid-80s at the time, while he resided in a Scottish nursing home before his passing in early 2004. I will mourn the loss of my dear friend John, just as the absence of my dogs deeply affects me.

I will endure the sorrow of their absence in my life until I am reunited with my beloved friends in the afterlife.

John and I, Hampton Court, London 2016.

“Yet you do not know what tomorrow will bring. What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes.”

James 4:14

In Japan, where politeness often conceals the truth, the skill to distinguish reality from falsehood is incredibly important.

Although the Japanese are generally seen as compassionate, my experiences in London prepared me for the more challenging aspects of life in Japan.

This beautiful and tranquil country allowed me to reflect on my courage during a custody

battle that spanned nearly ten years, helping me to let go of the guilt I felt for not protecting my son from his father and the British child care system.

My journey in Japan aided my healing and personal development, as I accepted that a parent's primary responsibility is to prepare their child to face their own fears in the world.

There comes a time when a child must learn to defend themselves.

Throughout my life, I have always had faith in my own resilience.

Raised as a Catholic in Italy, I was thought to admire the Blessed Mary, mother of Christ, despite my mixed heritage of paganism from my father's side and Christianity from my mother's. As a child in Italy, I was drawn to pagan beliefs, and as an adult, I embraced them fully, much like my father.

The most devoted and powerful pagans act as sacred vessels, capable of delivering and interpreting divine messages. True faith empowers only when it is coupled with a genuine understanding of reality.

When you love yourself and trust your Creator, you will never be alone.

“All human effort seemed pointless. The deep truth of Vanitas Vanitatum Omnia vanitas (“Vanity of vanities all is vanity”) Became painfully clear. Even Shakespeare or Napoleon would amount to nothing when the Earth and the entire cosmos were eventually destroyed. What was the point? Crowley embraced the Buddha's grim truth that “everything is sorrow”. The material world is destined for decay, the world of the mind and spirit can transcend this corruption and achieve a kind of immortality.

Gary Lachman: Aleister Crowley, Wickedest Man in the World, page 49.

Japan, present day

“Per volar sunata”

Latin phrase translation: “Born to soar”

When you're in an unfamiliar setting, it's crucial to remain vigilant.

I trained in Brazilian Jiu Jitsu while in Japan.

Unlike Aikido, which emphasizes a vertical defensive posture, Jujutsu is practiced in a horizontal manner, and this horizontal approach can feel akin to moving underwater.

Jujutsu class, Okinawa, Japan, 2020.

“Aisuru koto wa nanimo arimasen. aisareru koto wa nanika ga arimasu. demo, aisurukoto to aisareru koto wa subete desu.”

Japanese proverb translation: “To love is nothing. To be loved is something. But to love and be loved is everything.”

“I swear by my life and my love of it that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine.”

Ayn Rand: “Atlas Shrugged”, Penguin Publishers, October 10, 1957, USA.

We come into this world alone, even twins experience their arrival one after the other.

In death, we also confront our end in solitude, unable to take anyone or anything with us into the beyond.

It is crucial to liberate ourselves from attachments, as love can sometimes feel like a burden.

My loyalty is to the Creator, who nourishes me each day and sustains my existence.

The Creator will lead me on my final journey, while everything else is just a fleeting distraction.

You may care for others if you wish, but tread carefully, for one must learn to control their emotions instead of being influenced by them.

Life's essence teaches us to forge connections while preserving our individuality; to remain detached and spiritually liberated from all beings and possessions.

“Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world—the desires of the flesh and the desires of the eyes and pride in possessions—is not from the Father but is from the world. And the world is passing away along with its desires, but whoever does the will of God abides forever.”

John 2:15-17

Cherish yourself and the Creator, for they are your only true and everlasting companions.

Epilogue

In my mother's eyes, aging is akin to a terrifying horror movie.

In 2022, Lucia, now in her 80s, reluctantly acknowledged her past errors, or at least as much as someone with narcissistic traits can manage to do. Despite her age, she often travels to Japan, where my introduction to this culture has given her a new outlook on life.

It's crucial to remember that a child does not choose to be born, and respect should not be automatically granted just because of family connections. Once a child can articulate their feelings, it's vital for a parent to consider their role as a mentor, not just as a parent. Recently, I caught my mother discussing my fifteen-year-old son, Mulato, who raised his voice during a video call to defend his father, prompting me to pull away.

It's common for Russian men to express their frustrations towards women.

Mulato, influenced by his father Rasputin and still living with him, was encouraged to direct his anger at me.

My mother remarked to my sisters, Etna and Nat, 'My middle daughter, the mother of Mulato, has always stood firm against disrespect, regardless of family ties.'

Rasputin had agreed to take Mulato to the same family event at my mother's estate in Yorkshire in the summer of 2022.

Overhearing my mother’s comment he said, “Your middle daughter, Mora, is a bitter bitch.”

“The truth is what’s bitter.” my mother retorted to Rasputin, the Russian man who had tried to hold me hostage through my son.

Osaka, Japan, 2020.

Author’s Notes

When I released my memoirs in 2022, my son was just fourteen, and the entire process felt incredibly raw, fresh and emotional. It felt like reopening old wounds and confronting past traumas.

I struggled to face my painful history, let alone share it, as it felt like I was reliving those moments. As a result, writing it all down was more therapeutic than precise.

It wasn't until my son turned eighteen in April 2025 and, after years of being subjected to systematic grooming and abuse, he seems to have reconciled with his father's cult-like mindset, that I finally felt liberated from my feelings of being trapped with him.

Now, I can reflect on those past events with a sense of objectivity, allowing me to articulate my emotions and experiences more accurately and impersonally. For this clarity and the lessons I've learned in life, all praise be to the Creator, my ancestors, and my guiding angels.

Nearly five decades have gone by, and only now have I chosen to document my journey.
Why, you ask? Perhaps it's because my life experiences have given me a wealth of stories to share.

As a mystic and a lover of literature, I've come to understand the true essence of writing.

Reflecting on my past, I can assert that everything happens for a reason. I liberated myself from a bond with a son who ultimately succumbed to influences that led him to forfeit my love and trust, paving the way for me to create a fresh start while I was still in my youth.

Many women devote their lives to raising unfilial children and I feel extremely lucky to have avoided such disappointment.

In the end, the obstacles I encountered were worthwhile, as the insights I gained are priceless.

The pain I endured became a springboard for my personal development, honing my intuition and teaching me to rely on my instincts.

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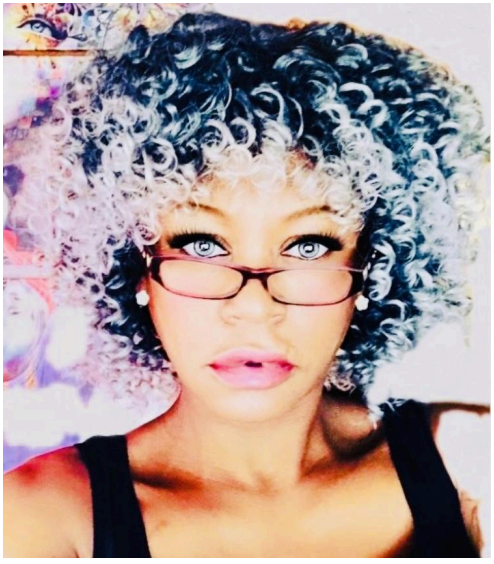
About the Author



An Italian national, Aurora Mizutani, born Dupelola Osaretin Ajala, also known as Dupelola Ajala, is the daughter of socialite, journalist and actor Olabisi Ajala.

Mizutani, an English Literature and Creative Writing graduate of the London Metropolitan University and an alumna of Kansai Gaidai University in Osaka, is a journalist, author, publisher, and blogger.

Aurora Mizutani currently resides in Japan with her Japanese husband.